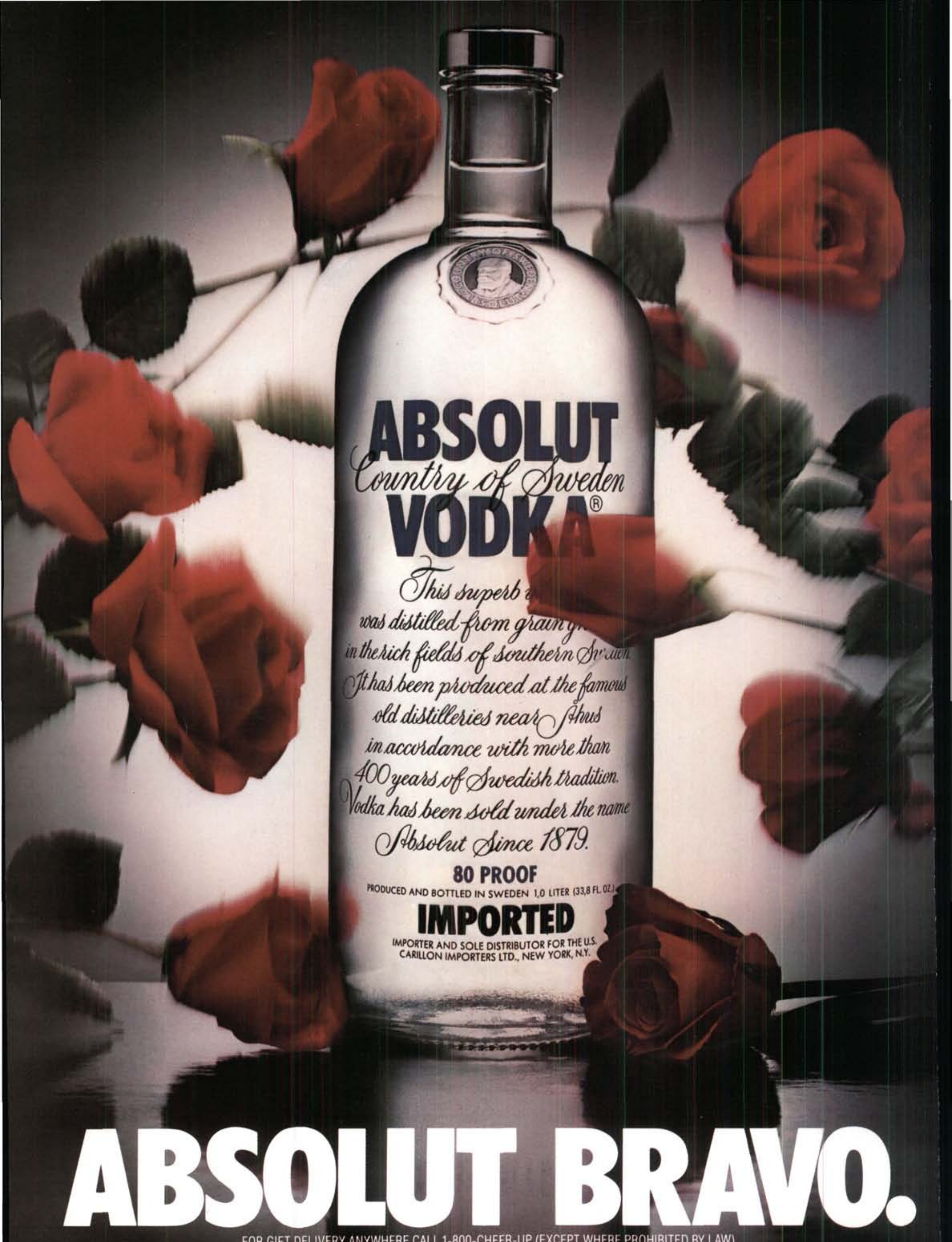
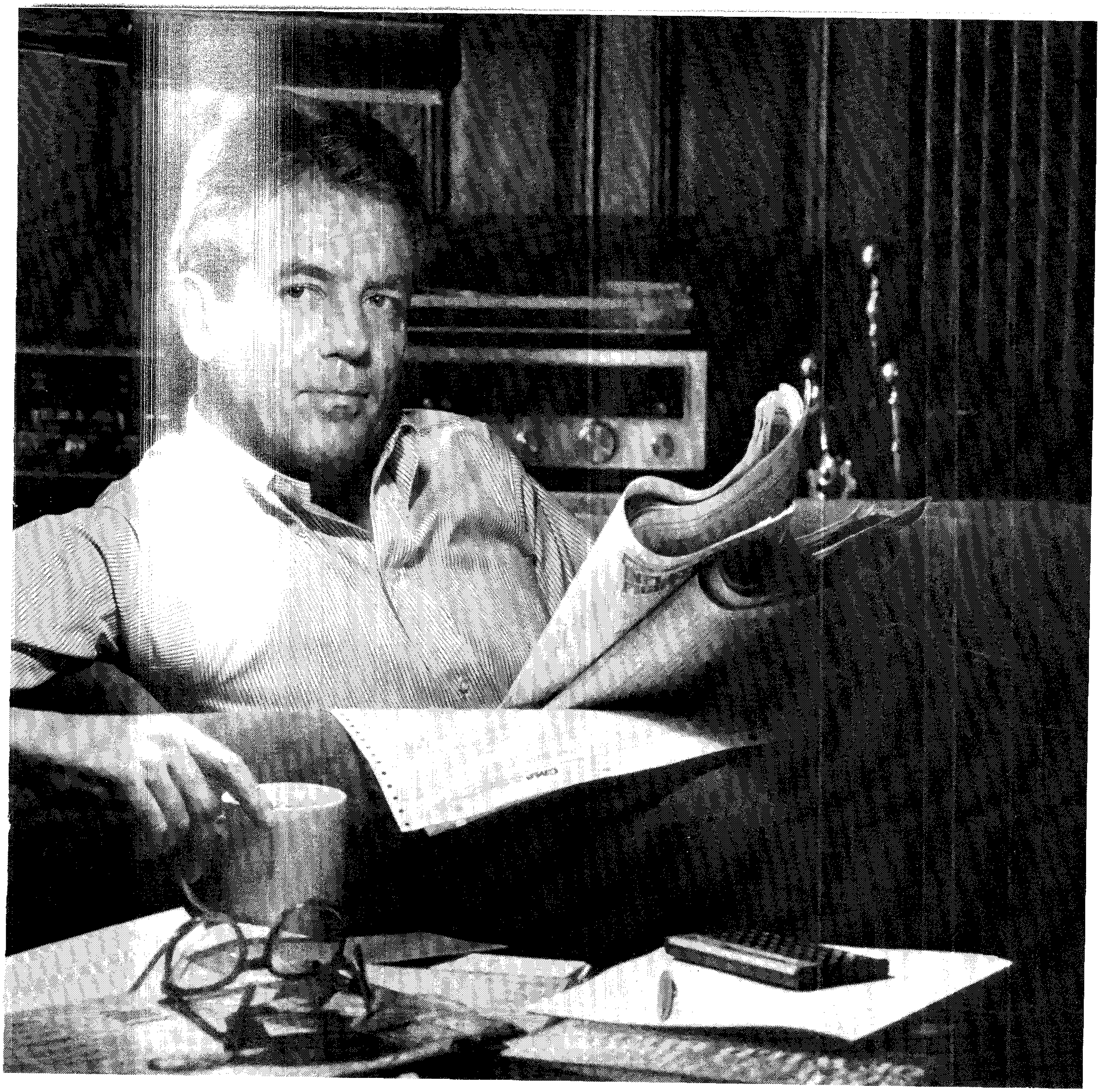
Feb. 29, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb
was distilled from grain
in the rich fields of southern Sweden.
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition.
Vodka has been sold under the name
Absolut Since 1879.
80 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1,0 LITER (33,8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
ABSOLUT BRAVO.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1985 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.



When you're unsure about your investments, you'd better be sure where to go for advice.

If you're like many investors, ongoing volatility may have made you decide to sit out the current market altogether.

But this is no time to bury your head in the sand and do nothing.

It *is* a time to rethink such fundamental matters as how you allocate your assets, and how to lay a solid foundation for the future while maintaining a healthy measure of short-term flexibility.

And that makes it more important than ever to have an ongoing source of investment information and advice you can trust: a Merrill Lynch Financial Consultant. Our Financial Consultants have access to the most respected securities research on Wall Street. They can guide you in selecting from a wide array of safe, timely investments, such as CDs, money market funds and Treasury bills.

Or they can help you find opportunities in bonds, or in carefully-selected stocks with a potential for appreciation.

This is no time to go it alone. So talk to a Merrill Lynch Financial Consultant soon, and read our *Smart Investor's Guide to Money Management*. For your free copy, call 1-800-637-7455, ext. 6310.

Merrill Lynch Financial Consultants like Kenneth Miller understand your changing financial needs, and have access to unsurpassed resources to help you reach your goals.

Merrill Lynch

© 1988 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. Member SIPC

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

After Crystal Night—A play by John Herman Shaner. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

American Notes—A play by Len Jenkin. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Anchorman—A musical with a score by Julius Hemphill and a book and lyrics by Paul Carter Harrison, who also directed. With Al Freeman, Jr., Micki Grant, and Giancarlo Esposito. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, *does more than justice to* the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys Next Door—The "boys" are three retarded men and a schizophrenic who, under professional supervision, share an apartment. Tom Griffin's good play, though inevitably touching, is also often very funny, and never sentimental. It is acted to near-perfection by a first-rate company, which includes Christine Estabrook, Josh Mostel, William Jay, and Dennis Boutsikaris. (2/22/88) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi is accomplished and fascinating as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	1	2			

The Cherry Orchard—Even *the fine* performances of Erland Josephson as wistful, hapless Gaev and Željko Ivanek as scruffy, passionate Trofimov cannot shed light on Peter Brook's opaque production of Chekhov's masterpiece. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—CAVE LIFE, by David Steven Rappoport, is a *poignant, amusing,* and highly theatrical play that pictures insanity as a ménage à trois between a man, his unbalanced wife, and the hallucination she lives with. The *excellent* cast, led by Robin Bartlett, Bruce McCarty, and Mark Blum, is directed by Paul Lazarus. (2/22/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through *Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30.* Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **THE ELEPHANT MAN,** Bernard Pomerance's 1979 play, is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call *663-2028.*)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (*Martin* Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 28.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's self-indulgent 1979 play, mired in seventies sensibility, is not helped by performances from Terry Kin-

---

TABLE OF CONTENTS

RECEIVED
FEB 28 1988

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21
"YOU NAME IT" . . . . . *Jeffrey Shaffer* 27
"REPETITION" . . . . . *Peter Handke* 28
"SPRING THAW IN SOUTH HADLEY" (POEM) . . . . . *Mary Jo Salter* 30
"WHAT THE NIGHT IS LIKE" (POEM) . . . . . *Robert Mazzocco* 34
A REPORTER AT LARGE (BATS) . . . . . *Diane Ackerman* 37
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 63
THE CONTROL OF NATURE (VOLCANO—PART II) . . . . . *John McPhee* 64
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION . . . . . *Berton Roueché* 80
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . *Andy Logan* 82
BOOKS . . . . . *Alistair Cooke* 92

COVER: *Barbara Westman*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Mankoff, Peter Steiner, Bernard Schoenbaum, Charles Addams, William Steig, Tom Cheney, Frank Modell, Mort Gerberg, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, Sidney Harris, Michael Rothman, Joseph Mirachi, Roz Chast, Charles Barsotti, Michael Crawford, Donald Reilly, Mike Twohy, J. B. Handelsman, Jack Ziegler, Lee Lorenz*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 525-0643 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief *executive officer; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president;* Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human-resources director; Lynn W. Guthrie, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 2, February 29, 1988. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1988 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

CLINIQUE
daily
nail saver
no formaldehyde

© 1986 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

No Splitting Headaches.

Some nails can't face life alone. Even with the simplest activities they tend to split, peel, break.

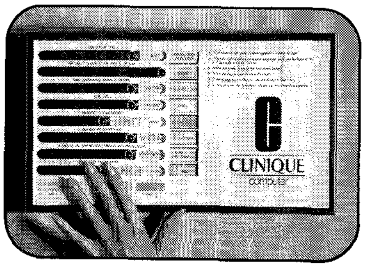
Nails like these need protection. They need strengthening. They need the unique fortification of Clinique Daily Nail Saver.

This guardian of weak and fragile nails has a special distinction: It works with no formaldehyde—which, to many people, is a source of discomfort and irritation.

Daily Nail Saver protects from splits and peeling. Shields against softening when nails go under water. Prepares a smoother surface for nail enamel. Then helps keep enamel glossy and chip-free all week.

Find it, along with a fast, free skin analysis with the Clinique Computer, at any Clinique counter.

Daily Nail Saver. For nails that fall apart and suffer from strain, it's extra-strength relief.



CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested
100% Fragrance Free

ney and Jane Kaczmarek, as two vacuous, self-involved people trying to figure out what to do with their lives and each other. (2/22/88) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—This is as much a celebration of Shakespeare's comedy as a presentation of it, with A. J. Antoon at the helm. The real source of magic lies in the beautiful scenery of Andrew Jackness and the rich, gorgeous score by Michael Ward. (1/25/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The No-Frills Revue—An unpretentious, jokey little show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by Thomas Meehan. (2/22/88) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Equity Fights AIDS Fund Monday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of the beguiling "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

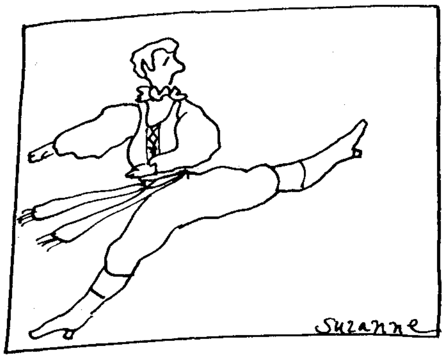
Penn & Teller—Back with an even lighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by the notion of theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sarafina!—This musical, an explosion of talent, has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway. An import from South Africa, it was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	1	2			

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($90 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

A Walk in the Woods—Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky in a two-character play by Lee Blessing. Directed by Des McAnuff. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 27. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 28, at 6:30. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Woman in Mind—Alan Ayckbourn, the English dramatist, has written a comedy about a woman who sporadically departs from reality for a dream world of her own, and he has done it with such wit that it takes the audience quite a while to realize that her mental unbalance is more serious than it first appears to be. Stockard Channing is fine in the leading role, and she is ably supported by Daniel Gerroll, Remak Ramsay, Patricia Conolly, and Michael Countryman, among other good actors. Lynne Meadow directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,584 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams now has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol, in the title role, and Robert Joy. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Liliane Montevecchi on the Boulevard—A one-woman show. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

DANCE

Peridance—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 25, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2: The premières of "Sinfonia," "Folk Songs," and "The Last Curtain." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, and Friday, Feb. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2: "Songs," "Saudades," "Valses Poeticos," and "Misa Criolla" (première). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Jane Comfort Dance Company—Presenting "Cliffs Notes: Macbeth" (première) and "Let's Just Settle Back and Think General Thoughts." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 25-27, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3. Through Sunday, March 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA PRESENTS

THE TALES OF HOFFMANN

TALES OF
LOVE, MAGIC, SEDUCTION
AND BETRAYAL.

JACQUES OFFENBACH'S
ROMANTIC MASTERPIECE
THE TALES OF HOFFMANN

GWENDOLYN BRADLEY
ROBERTA ALEXANDER
TATIANA TROYANOS
SUSAN QUITTMEYER
NEIL SHICOFF
JAMES MORRIS
CHARLES DUTOIT CONDUCTOR

JOANNE WOODWARD
HOSTS.
TELECAST ON PBS
WEDNESDAY,
MARCH 2, 1988 AT 8 P.M.
(CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS.)

TO ORDER YOUR
FREE GUIDE TO ALL
TEXACO METROPOLITAN
OPERA BROADCASTS
WRITE: THE MET
BOX 200
NEW YORK,
NY 10023

BROUGHT TO YOU IN PART BY THE
TEXACO PHILANTHROPIC FOUNDATION INC.,
PROUD TO BEGIN ITS SECOND DECADE OF
METROPOLITAN OPERA TELECASTS.

© Beth Bergman 1988.

that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **ANDREA MARCOVICCI,** who sings here, in the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays at nine-fifteen, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Ballroom, *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)*—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **JACK JONES,** a crooner tried-and-true, will be on the premises Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 23-27. Shows at nine Tuesday and Wednesday, and at nine and eleven Thursday through Saturday.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. The club's annual Latin-jazz jamboree winds up on Sunday, Feb. 28. A combo run by Rio-born trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** performs on Monday, Feb. 22; the next six nights belong to the New York Samba Band and a group led by **FLORA PURIM** and **AIRTO.** Saxophonist **WAYNE SHORTER,** a Miles Davis and Weather Report alum and a frequent flier into jazz-rock cloudland, brings in his quintet on Tuesday, March 1. Music from nine. Dining.

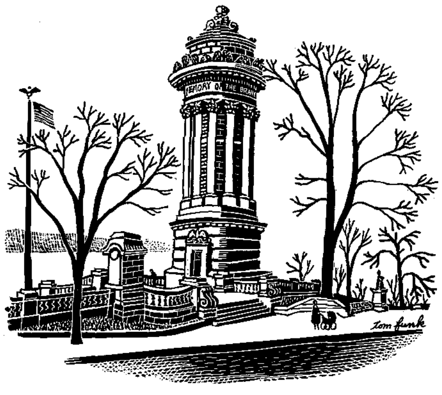
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and bluegrass fans. Several locally based string bands and itinerant pickers—including mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN, TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE, BREAKFAST SPECIAL,** the Lazy Aces, and the Wretched Refuse String Band—will fill the room with bluegrass and neo-bluegrass on Saturday, Feb. 27. The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 24, Special EFX, a jazz-rock band; Friday, Feb. 26, **BONNIE KOLOC** and **MIMI FARIÑA;** and Tuesday, March 1, the Dubliners and Cahal Dunne. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Bassist **RED MITCHELL,** a pillar of strength in this room, works with **MIKE MELVOIN** through Saturday, Feb. 27, and with **ROGER KELLAWAY** on Sunday, Feb. 28. Pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** a Bud Powell admirer, will be in charge starting Monday, Feb. 29. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **HAMIET BLUIETT,** the bearded baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his Telepathic Big Band on Mondays. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL'S** quartet performs Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 23-28. **ARNETT COBB,** a tenor saxophonist of the hard-blowing Texas school, arrives with his foursome on Tuesday, March 1. Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING** is in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle, transmitting Porter and Parker and Weill and himself ("Lullaby of Birdland") through his fingertips and his swaying shoulders. **LYNN SEATON** is his bassist. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* **HAL GALPER,** Phil Woods' longtime pianist, leads a trio Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 23-24; a band of four—pianist **STEVE KUHN,** bassist **RON CARTER,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** and singer **SHEILA JORDAN** (who sometimes pretends to be a horn or some other melody instrument)—holds forth Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 25-28; and on Tuesday, March 1, Foster returns as part of guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** trio. Mondays are in the hands of **LES PAUL** and his two sidemen. Music from eight. Dining.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	1	2			

Grand Sea Palace, 346 W. 46th St. (265-8133)—The pink bower in the back of this Thai restaurant is called Dannys' Skylight Room—two Dannys hang by a thread on that apostrophe: manager Danny Nak and singer-pianist Danny Apolinar, who can be found out front most nights, in the bar, knocking out show tunes by the handful—and it features a skylight view of somebody's air rights and the pleasing sight and clear voice of **MARLENE VER PLANCK.** She sings a program of love songs—from "Nice 'n' Easy" to "All or Nothing at All"—at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 25-27.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. **RAHN BURTON** mans the piano Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 23-27. Sundays are reserved for Dave Berkman. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six-thirty on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar that features a jukebox stocked with Swing-era tunes, darkness to ruminate in, and a view of the traffic surging north and west. It's been here sixteen years, but it'll be gone after February 28; the landlord wants a tenant who can pay major Manhattan bucks. Stan Edwards sings adios on Monday, Feb. 22; guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** a veteran of many long-gone Fifty-second Street jazz rooms, leads his trio on Tuesday, Feb. 23; **ALICIA SHERMAN,** whose duties here include tending bar, sings for her customers, with support from a quartet, Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 24-27. Things end with a bash on Sunday, Feb. 28. Music from ten.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** a guitarist whose models include his easygoing dad, Bucky, and a singer whose inspirations include Nat Cole ("Hit That Jive, Jack" and "This Will Make You Laugh" are in his repertoire) and bassist Slam Stewart (from whom he picked up the trick of unison humming), is here on Thursdays with his trio. Pianist **DICK HYMAN** performs on Monday, Feb. 29. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. It's been in business for a year now—Jan Wallman herself has been in the cabaret business since the late fifties—and First Birthday sounds may be heard within on Monday, Feb. 22. **JUDY KRESTON** and **DAVID LAHM** are the performers that night, and also on Saturday, Feb. 27. **BARBARA LEA** sings on Friday, Feb. 26. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays, and at six and eight on Sundays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **JOANNE BRACKEEN,** a pianist with a lavish, intricate style, works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 23-27; **STEVE KUHN** and **RON CARTER** swing into action on Tuesday, March 1. Sundays and Mondays, New Orleans whiz kid **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** is on duty. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Mondays, Feb. 22 and 29, a septet led by trombonist **CURTIS FOWLKES** and saxophonist **ROY NATHANSON;** Tuesday, Feb. 23, the Continental Drifters; Thursday, Feb. 25, guitarist **VERNON REID** and others; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, saxophonist **JOHN ZORN,** organist **BIG JOHN PATTON,** guitarist **BILL FRISELL,** and drummer **BOBBY PREVITE.** Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Monday, Feb. 22, accordionist **STANLEY (BUCKWHEAT) DURAL** and his zydeco band; Tuesday, Feb. 23, Robbie Dupree; Wednesday, Feb. 24, rock-and-roll pioneer **HANK BALLARD;** Thursday, Feb. 25, Louisiana bluesman **LAZY LESTER;** Friday, Feb. 26, the **FLESHTONES;** and Monday, Feb. 29, Chicago blues guitarist **JIMMY ROGERS.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. A revue celebrating Irving Berlin's centennial—it jumps the gun a little; May 11 is the big day—is on view Tuesdays through Saturdays. It's called "Puttin' on the Ritz: One Hundred Years from Today," and it stars Danny Holgate (piano and arrangements), Adam Wade, Jeree Palmer Wade, and Karen Saunders. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. A group led by Dominican pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** holds forth Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 25-27. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the Theatre District, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. Wednesday, Feb. 24, the Red Hot Chili Peppers; Thursday, Feb. 25, Paul Carrack's band, with Nick Lowe; Friday, Feb. 26, Meat Loaf; and Saturday, Feb. 27, Warlock. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 23-24, the Itals, a Jamaican vocal trio, with Roots Radics; Thursday, Feb. 25, the **MIGHTY SPARROW,** a calypso singer; Friday, Feb. 26, Skah Shah, a Haitian dance band; and Saturday, Feb. 27, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). The visiting performers include David Ray on Thursday, Feb. 25; folk humorist Gregory Fleeman and his Fleewomen on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27; and Breton guitarist (and former Fairport Convention-eer) Dan Ar Bras on Sunday, Feb. 28. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **SUN RA** turns up here often, usually in his gaudy vestments and space traveller's chapeau and with his big band (a.k.a. his Arkestra) on his heels. He'll be around Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 23-28. **PAUL BLEY,** a Canadian-born pianist whose music tends to be austere and crowded with silences, brings in his quartet on Tuesday, March 1. On Mondays, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his youth corps, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** hold forth. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. Mondays, Feb. 22 and 29, the **SURREAL MC COYS;** Wednesday, Feb. 24, the Strip, Maximum America, and Bonnie & the Lads; Thursday, Feb. 25, P.B.R. Street; Friday, Feb. 26, Royal Nonesuch, Black Light Chameleons, and the Cellar Dwellers; Saturday, Feb. 27, saxophonist **A. C. REED** and his blues band; and Sunday, Feb. 28, Tijuana Bible and others. Shows from nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**SHIRLEY SCOTT** and **BIG JOHN PATTON,** two blues-oriented organists, lead trios in the downstairs rumpus room on Monday, Feb. 22, after eight. Flutist **HERBIE MANN,** a veteran pop-jazz hybridizer, will be here with a band called Jasil Brazz on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, pianist **MULGREW MILLER** and bassist **IRA COLEMAN** collaborate Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 23-28. **BOB DOROUGH,** a bop-rooted pianist and twangy country-hip singer, will be here with bassist **BILL TAKAS** starting Tuesday, March 1. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo alternates with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Mondays are set aside for pianist Frank Ferrucci and his Latin-jazz trio. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **DAVID MURRAY,** a tenor saxophonist whose rowdier pieces (as played by his octet) sometimes recall Mingus, will be here Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 23-28, with his quartet, whose members include **ED BLACKWELL,** a flowing, easy-going New Orleans-style drummer. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** moves in with his trio on Tuesday, March 1. Mondays belong to **MEL LEWIS'S** big band, which made its début here (with Thad Jones as co-pilot) twenty-two years ago this month. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Pianist Eddie Bonnemère's trio will be on the bandstand Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 24-28. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **HILTON RUIZ** and **JIMMY ROWSER** play piano-bass duets nightly except Sundays, when the long-running duo of **GENE BERTONCINI** (guitar) and **MICHAEL MOORE** (bass) have the floor. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Boys of the Lough—With Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys and Garrison Keillor. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Jeffrey Essmann—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays, Feb. 23 and March 1, and Wednesdays, Feb. 24 and March 2, at 8. Through Wednesday, March 16.

Linda Ronstadt—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 25-28, at 8.

Roy Orbison—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.

Zusaan Kali Fasteau—With Sirone and Badal Roy. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Billy Curmano—In his "Performance Pod." (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 8:30.)

Rodney Jones, Bobby Broom, and Jimmy Ponder—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 9 and 11.

Viveca Vasquez and Awilda Sterling—P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 26-28, at 9.

Randy Weston—With a group of traditional Gnaoua musicians, from Morocco. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Chelsea Percussion Ensemble—With Steve Elson. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8 and 10.)

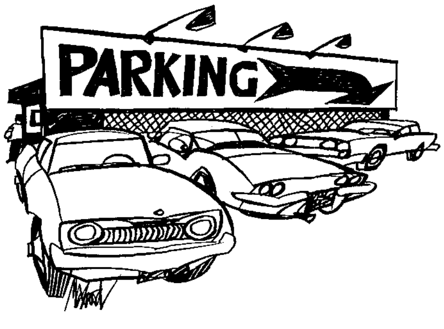
Cassandra Wilson—With Pam Patrick and Tiyé Giraud. (Greenwich House. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the performances.)

Bosho—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 8.

Tribute to James Baldwin—With Clark Terry, George Coleman, Ted Dunbar, Randy Weston, and others. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. Tuesday, March 1, at 8. Admission is free, but reservations are required. For information, call 998-2372.)

Fast Forward—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.

The Kitchen—Electronic music festival. Thursday, Feb. 25: Maryanne Amacher . . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26: Ron Kuivila and Mark Trayle. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27: Lois V Vierk and Clarence Barlow. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 28: David Tudor. (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Evenings at 8:30.)



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Cecile Gray Bazelon—Precisionist paintings of long hallways and similar interiors. Through March 5. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—New collages. Through March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Glenn Goldberg—Abstractions painted on wood. Through March 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Marsden Hartley (1877-1943) / **Walt Kuhn** (1877-1949)—Paintings and drawings from throughout his career. / Landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St., is showing late paintings by Hartley.

David Levine—A new set of caricatures. Through March 19. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings of nudes posed with assorted objects—a wood mannequin, a decoy, cast-iron toys. Through March 15. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Drawings from his last ten years. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Paul Resika—Pastels and oils of Provincetown and vicinity. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Donald Sultan—Prints and drawings from the past five years, complementing his show at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK,** 20 E. 67th St.: Early modernist paintings by Alfred Maurer, Ben Benn, and Marsden Hartley. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Eighteen artists of the New York School are each represented by a work on paper and a painting, selected by Irving Sandler. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SIMON-NEUMAN,** 42 E. 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Barbro Bäckström, David Storey, and Alan Uglow. Through March 19. . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Realist paintings and drawings by six contemporary Spanish artists, including Claudio Bravo and Antonio López García. Through Saturday, Feb. 27.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Thomas Bang—Sculptures combining such disparate materials as fabric and cast iron. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Glen Baxter / **Jan Knap**—Humorous pastels of gravity-defying people and objects. / Narrative paintings with religious references. Through March 19. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ronald Bladen (1918-88) / **Anne Ryan** (1889-1954)—Wood-and-aluminum wall sculptures in what has become a memorial exhibit for the artist, who died recently. / Paper-and-fabric collages. Through March 19. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karen Breunig—Expressionist landscapes on unstretched canvases. Through March 10. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Matthew Daub / **Peter Fraenkel**—Realist watercolors of cityscapes. / Still-life oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Deacon—Five large-scale sculptures. Through March 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Adolf Dehn (1895-1968)—A retrospective of prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New paintings. Through March 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd / **Amy Scott**—Landscapes of Maine and the Delaware Water Gap. / Still-life paintings on paper. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sondra Freckelton—Recent watercolor still-lifes. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Geiger—Urban landscapes on panels, and paintings of nudes. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dieter Hacker—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Hull / Steve Currie—Paintings depicting baseball games in small towns. / Freestanding and wall sculptures made primarily of lead. Through March 5. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David Humphrey—New surreal paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richards Jarden—Laminated-paper sculptures that sit atop faux-marble columns. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Gwen John (1876-1939)—Thirty drawings and watercolors, with examples from her entire career, and three oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Terence La Noue—Mixed-medium paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leo Manso / Sideo Fromboluti—Collages and assemblages. / Charcoal drawings of figures and landscapes. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

André Masson (1896-1987)—Bronze sculptures and related drawings. Through March 5. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—Prints from late in his career. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Paul Rotterdam / Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Recent paintings and drawings. Through March 12. / Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through April 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Zakanitch / Milan Kunc—Chairs and cherubs are among the images painted on abstract backgrounds. / Photocollages. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by Lovis Corinth, Käthe Kollwitz, and Paula Modersohn-Becker. Through April 2. . . . **kent,** 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Richard Artschwager, James Lee Byars, and Joel Shapiro. Through March 5. . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by ten artists which were first exhibited by the artist-dealer Betty Parsons. Jackson Pollock, Agnes Martin, and Barnett Newman are among those included. Through Saturday, Feb. 27.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Vito Acconci—Several sets of annotated photographs, taken in 1969-70 (and printed recently), that are based on games the artist played with a Kodak Instamatic 124. The texts describe the rules of the games. Through March 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. A retrospective of Mr. Acconci's work is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Robert Ackerman—Recent geometric abstractions. Through March 12. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Thomas Bacher / Eugene Brodsky—Night views of cities done in phosphorescent paint. / Abstract paintings. Through March 5. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Four large paintings, plus wood sculptures of the rowboats and houses that appear in the paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Bruno Ceccobelli—Wall sculptures. Through March 12. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Charles Clough—Recent abstract paintings. Through March 15. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Pat Colville—Encaustic paintings. Through March 5. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Louis Comtois—New multiple-panel color-field paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	1	2			

Bill Creevy—Conventional and idiosyncratic pastel still-lifes and landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway.)

Hanne Darboven—A photographic reproduction of the pages of a 1986 *Esquire* engagement calendar in which the artist has noted only one event—Leo Castelli's birthday. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Gene Davis (1920-85)—A survey of his stripe paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Henry Finkelstein—Bosky landscapes by an artist who counts Bonnard as a significant influence. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Steve Gianakos—A new set of satirical black-on-white paintings. Through March 12. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Grace Hartigan—Figurative paintings. Through March 5. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Roni Horn / Donald Lipski—A sculpture installation. / Three sculptures made from mooring buoys the artist found about a hundred and fifty miles from the sea, in a Washington State scrapyard. Through March 5. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St., has additional work by Miss Horn.

Will Insley—Abstract paintings on Masonite. Through March 19. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Cletus Johnson—Constructions and collages dating from 1974 to 1986. Through March 5. (Walls, 137 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.) . . . ¶ New work is on view at Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Saturday, Feb. 27.

Richard Kalina—Abstract paintings. Through March 12. (McDonald, 560 Broadway.)

Jane Kaufman—Painted-and-collaged quilts. Through March 5. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

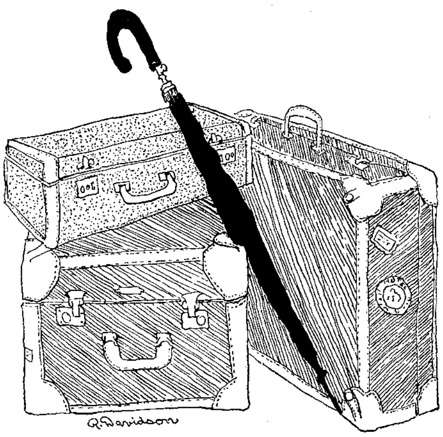
Steve Keister—Sculptures coupling wire-frame chairs or chair parts with abstract fibre-glass forms. Through March 5. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Ronnie Landfield—Abstract paintings. Through March 3. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Tom Lieber—Large abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Bernard Maisner / Suzanne Vincent—Paintings on stretched paper and linen which resemble illuminated manuscripts. / Realist portraits and still-lifes. Through March 5. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Allan McCollum / Daniel Buren—Ten thousand hand-painted two-by-five-inch Hydrocal sculptures; no two are alike. / Drawings documenting an installation the artist designed for the Palais-Royal, in Paris. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ The prolific Mr. McCollum is showing another seventeen hundred of his sculptures at Nosei, 100 Prince St.



David McDermott and Peter McGough—Thirty autobiographical drawings by these collaborators. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Nachume Miller—Large-scale oil-and-encaustic landscapes, and preparatory drawings. Through March 19. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

John Okulick—Monumental mixed-medium wall reliefs and freestanding cast-bronze sculptures. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Pedro Perez—Whimsical sculptures incorporating working clocks. Through March 5. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Sigmar Polke—Four paintings and a hundred drawings dating from 1963 to 1969. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Richard Saba—Large abstract acrylic paintings. Through Wednesday, March 2. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Fred Sandback—Drawings and prints by a minimalist sculptor. Through March 19. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Christina Schlesinger / Tomme Potter—A series of paintings entitled "Twenty-one Ways of Looking at a Waterfall." / Silver-gelatin prints of aquatic subjects presented as abstractions. Through Sunday, Feb. 28. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

Carole Seborovski—Geometric abstractions on paper, wood, or metal. Through March 5. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Nancy Spero—A two-gallery exhibit. Forty-three collaged drawings from her "Artaud Series," dated 1969-70. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.) . . . ¶ "War Paintings," a series from the sixties. (Baer, 270 Lafayette St.) Both shows through March 5.

Tom Uttech—Landscapes of wilderness areas in the upper Midwest. Through March 26. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Paul Waldman—A joint show of allegorical paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Cadot, 470 Broome St., and Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Allan Wexler—Proposals for houses, furniture, and other projects by this conceptual architect. Through March 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

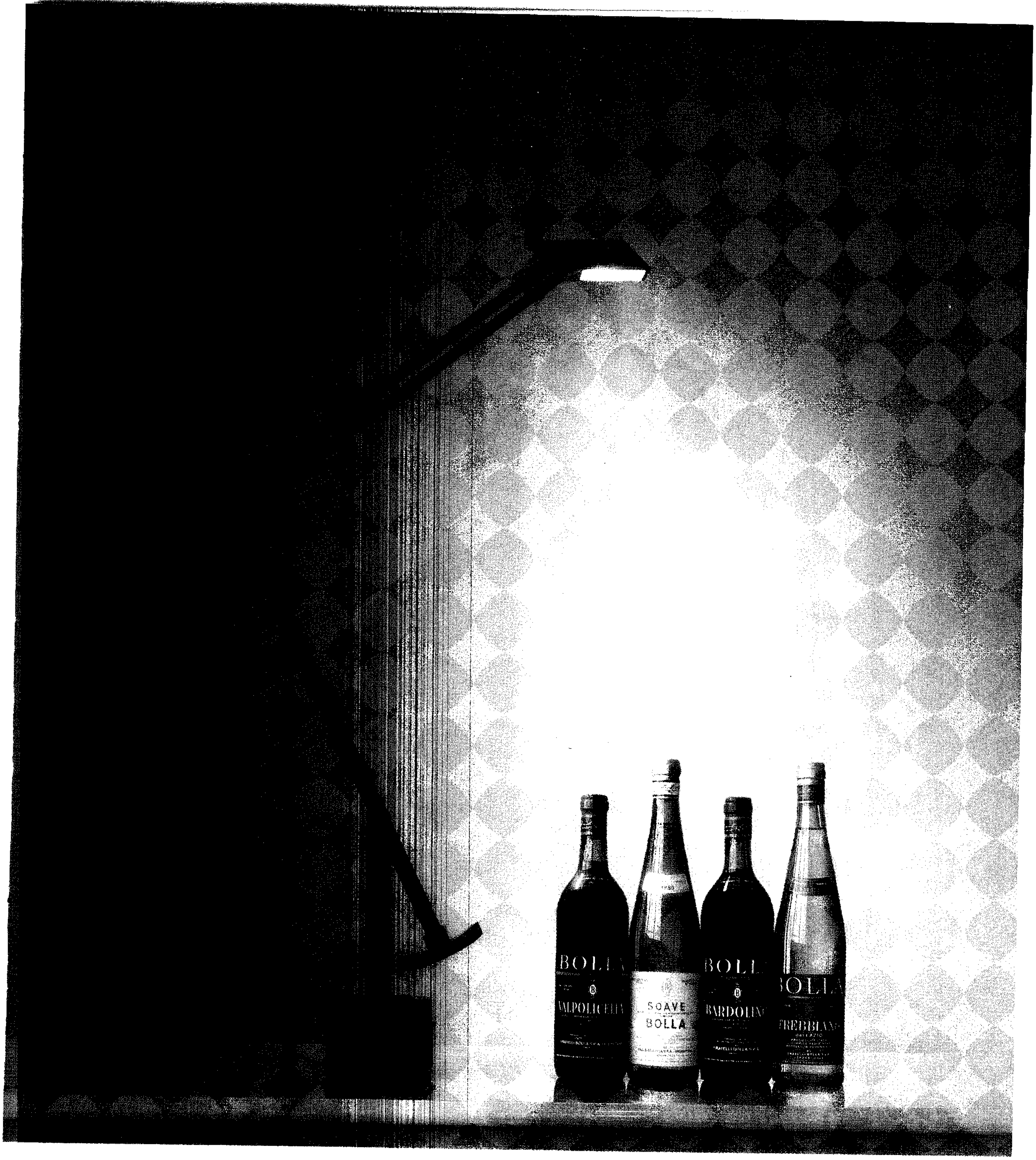
Roger Williams—Monumental Corten-steel sculptures. Through March 5. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman,** 70 Greene St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by eighteen artists who have been in residence at the Edward Albee Foundation art colony, among them Denise Green, Michael David, and Mia Westerlund Roosen. Through March 5. . . . **ingber,** 415 West Broadway: Paintings by young artists who have been influenced by the late painter Gretna Campbell, including Deborah Rosenthal, Christian White, and Elizabeth Higgins. Through March 5. . . . **marcus,** 578 Broadway: Works on paper by Jene Highstein, Ellen Phelan, Will Mentor, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **szoke,** 164 Mercer St.: Handmade-paper reliefs, sculptures, and collages by Sara Garden Armstrong, Charlotte Brown, Werner Pfeiffer, Phyllis Gaughran, and others. Through March 12. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Sculpture—At **sperone westwater,** 142 Greene St.: A pile of white granite rocks measuring thirteen feet across, by Richard Long, and six steel floor plates by Carl Andre are among these minimalist works. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **twining,** 568 Broadway: Monumental works and related drawings by Grace Knowlton, Ruth Hardinger, and Elsbeth Woody. Through March 5.

OTHER GALLERIES

Macyn Bolt / Krzysztof Wodiczko—Styrofoam wall sculptures. / Cibachrome prints of a slide project the artist did at Documenta 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 28. (Bromm, 170



BOLLA. THE ITALIAN CLASSIC.

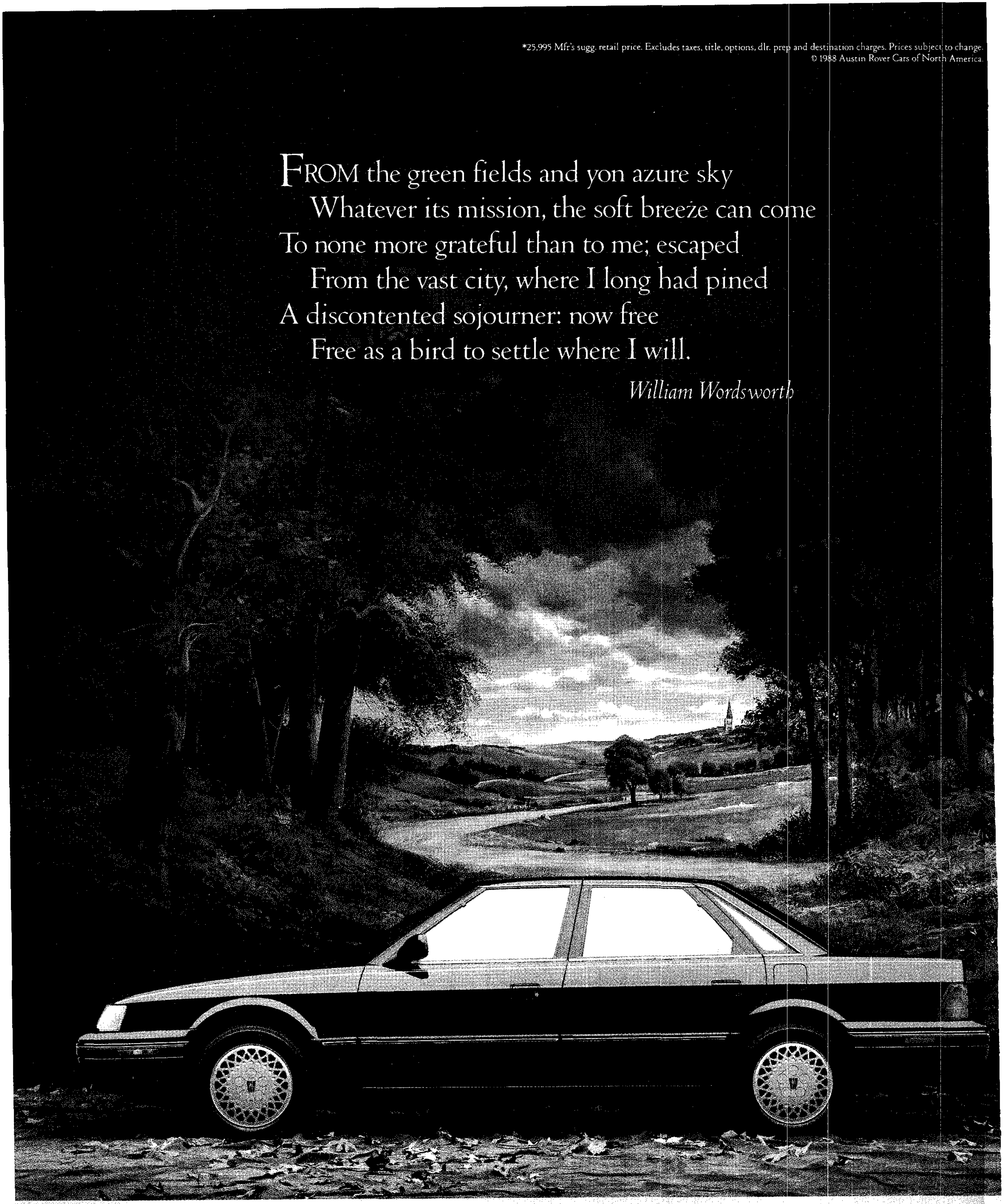
There's an Italian Classic that's been brightening lives every day for years. It's Bolla Wine. We've been producing classic premium wines for over a century.

In fact, Bolla is the largest family owned and operated winery in all of Northern Italy, one of the richest grape producing regions in the world.

It's this heritage that enables us to produce a Valpolicella, Soave, Trebbiano and Bardolino that continue to taste exactly as they should year after year.

Maybe that's one reason the most popular premium wine from Italy is Bolla. And why you may begin seeing Bolla in a slightly different light.

© 1987 Imported by Brown-Forman Beverage Company, Louisville, KY.



*25,995 Mfr's sugg. retail price. Excludes taxes, title, options, dlr. prep and destination charges. Prices subject to change.
© 1988 Austin Rover Cars of North America.

FROM the green fields and yon azure sky
 Whatever its mission, the soft breeze can come
To none more grateful than to me; escaped
 From the vast city, where I long had pined
A discontented sojourner: now free
 Free as a bird to settle where I will.

William Wordsworth

Such a timeless sense of freedom, such effortless motion, can only come from a land where traditions of craftsmanship and luxury are skillfully combined with the precision and power of modern engineering. Connolly leather and burled walnut coupled with a 151 horsepower V6 engine and Bosch Anti-lock Brakes, for instance.

All for a sum that could hardly be described as unreasonable (around twenty-six thousand dollars*).

Before you buy another car, be sure you drive the Sterling. Simply telephone 1-800-622-0550.

Sterling. The inevitable British road car.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Bruce Conner—Drawings, photograms, and collages by an artist who also makes experimental films. Through March 19. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Howard Halle—New works. Through Sunday, Feb. 28. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—His Picassos, dating from 1962 to 1964. Through March 31. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Walter Martin—Sculptures. Through Sunday, Feb. 28. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Justin McCarthy (1891-1977)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through March 12. (Cavin-Morris, 100 Hudson St.)

Tom Radloff—New paintings and wall reliefs. Through March 20. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Small Works Show—The twelfth annual, this year selected by Carlo Lamagna. Through March 11. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University. Open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

P.S. 1—The main galleries have separate shows by Noriyuki Haruguchi (a sculptural installation), Jackie Winsor (sculptures), Richard Tuttle (sculptures), James Bishop (drawings and paintings), and Peter Fischli and David Weiss (sculptures, photographs and a video), and a group show, called "The Logic of Display," of paintings and sculptures incorporating photographs. Through March 6. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **burden**, 20 E. 23rd St.: Photographs and sculptures by John Baldessari, Annette Lemieux, Haim Steinbach, Mary Ellen Mark, and others, in an exhibit titled "The Return of the Hero." Through March 12. (Opens at noon.) . . . **city gallery**, 2 Columbus Circle: Artists' proposals for projects at city-owned sites are documented in a show of models, drawings, and photographs. The works include Valerie Jaudon's brick paving for Police Plaza walkways, and Stephen Antonakos's neon lighting for the Fifty-ninth Street Marine Transfer Station. Through March 5. (Open Mondays.) . . . **franklin furnace**, 112 Franklin St.: Conceptual works on the theme "Products and Promotion," by, among others, Erika Rothenberg, Jenny Holzer, David Wojnarowicz, and Barbara Kruger. Through March 12. (Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of thirty-eight black-and-white prints by this painter, whose photographs, dated from 1928 to 1932, were found after his death. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Tina Barney—Large-scale color photographs of nice people in nice houses. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Bernd and Hilla Becher—Up-close views of coal mines, oil refineries, cement plants, and other industrial sites. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Photographs of India. Through Sunday, Feb. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Allan Chasanoff—Still-lifes in black-and-white and color from the past three years. Through March 10. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Arturo Cuenca—Hand-painted prints, including one that gives you the illusion of a park bench seen through frosted glass. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Thirty photographs of African sculptures that were in a 1935 exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art are on view at the Metropolitan. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Nancy Goldring—Cibachromes of tableaux the artist set up in her studio. Through March 5. (Baum, 109 Hudson St. Open Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	1	2			

Grace Knowlton—Photographs, including hand-painted prints of the artist's outdoor sculptures. Through April 2. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Gilad Ophir / Peggy Ann Jones—Black-and-white photographs. / Pinhole-camera prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Large-format Polaroids of Miami, and manipulated black-and-white prints. Through March 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Laurie Simmons—Cibachrome prints of the Venthaven Museum of Ventriloquism, in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Fragonard paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Through May 8. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). . . . **photography:** Prints of African art, made by Walker Evans. Through July 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of Vito Acconci's work has as its centerpiece three reconstructed outdoor installations that are meant to be climbed through, sat on, whatever. One of them uses a half-dozen formerly abandoned cars. Through May 3. (A complementary show is at Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ A show of prints scanning the political and social views of more than a hundred artists working in this country during the past twenty-five years, among them Miriam Schapiro, Jane Dickson, Romare Bearden, and Hans Haacke. Through April 19. . . . ¶ Large-scale prints of black lemons by Donald Sultan. Through May 3. (A complementary show—ending Saturday, Feb. 27—is at Martina Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.) . . . **photography:** Prints by Josef Albers. Through April 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Of special interest are forty-seven paintings by postwar American artists, including Pollock, Rothko, Stella, Lichtenstein, and others, and large-scale sculptures by Nevelson and Calder. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of Richard Artschwager's paintings and sculptures from the past twenty-five years. Through April 3. . . . ¶ A Charles Sheeler retrospective offering paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through April 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Monday, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ A display of primitive wood carvings by natives of the South Pacific island New Ireland. Through May 9. . . . ¶ A survey of prints by Alex Katz. Through April 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. Through May 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A survey of present-day Scandinavian crafts comprising the work of thirty-five artisans. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A show of ancient terra-cotta objects—toys, fertility figures, reliefs—from South and Southeast Asia. Through May 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love," which is often considered his greatest work, are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show of the artist's work at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by Leonid Pasternak (1862-1945), the Russian Impressionist painter and the father of Boris Pasternak. Genre scenes, landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits (of, for instance, Lenin, Tolstoy, and Einstein). Through May 22. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Drake Manuscript consists of two hundred captioned watercolors of life in the West Indies, thought to be the work of someone on the voyages of Sir Francis Drake. The manuscript is on view along with transparencies of the individual pages. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Bird prints in the library's collection, organized chronologically (1550-1900) and selected so as to show a range both of birds and of print techniques. Through May 7. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5:45.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Elizabeth Knighton, Stefania Toczyska, Wieslaw Ochman, and Denés Gulyás; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Kathleen Battle, Vinson Cole, Alberto Rinaldi, and Giuseppe Taddei; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 7: "Siegfried," with Linda Kelm, Hubert Delamboye, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Elizabeth Knighton, Stefania Toczyska, Wieslaw Ochman, and Denés Gulyás; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Kathleen Battle, Vinson Cole, Gregg Baker, and Giuseppe Taddei; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 29, at 7: "Siegfried," with Hildegard Behrens, Horst Hiestermann, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Elizabeth Knighton, Stefania Toczyska, Wieslaw Ochman, and Denés Gulyás; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Marita Napier, Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—A benefit performance of Berlioz's "Beatrice and Benedict," in an English translation by Geoffrey Dunn. Staged by Jack Eddleman, with an orchestra conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Vineyard Opera—Stephen F. Vasta conducting Domenico Cimarosa's 1792 opera "Il Matrimonio Segreto," which the director, Joseph LoSchiavo, has set in Brooklyn in the nineteen-thirties. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3. Through Sunday, March 6.)

Center for Contemporary Opera—Presenting the final two performances of Benjamin Britten's "Curlew River," accompanied by a small orchestra playing without a conductor, as the score specifies. Staged by Patricia Heuermann. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-0245.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting final performances of "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:30.)

After Dinner Opera Company—In a concert of excerpts from Joyce Solomon's "Elegies for the Fallen" and from William Grant Still's "Troubled Island." (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Feb. 29, at 4. For information about free tickets, call 477-6212.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting a Telemann-Schubert-Dvořák program, with Lynn Harrell, cello, and Thomas Stacy, oboe d'amore. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 25-27, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Jeffrey Tate conducting three different Strauss-Mozart programs. At Avery Fisher Hall: With Mitsuko Uchida, piano. (Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.) . . . ¶ At Carnegie Hall: With Frank Peter Zimmerman, violin. (Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.) . . . With Neil Black, oboe. (Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Yakov Kreizberg conducting. With assisting artists. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Youth Symphony—David Alan Miller conducting Britten's "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," with narration by Steve Allen, and other works. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3. Free tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Orchestra of Europe—Claudio Abbado conducting, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Suzanne Sonnenschein, soprano; Rebecca Russell, mezzo-soprano; Frederic Kalt, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

RECITALS

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Mario Escudero—Flamenco guitarist, with the Al-Andalus Dance Company. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Marta Eggerth Kiepura—Soprano. With assisting artists. (Austrian Forum, 11 E. 52nd St. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 7. For information about tickets, call 1-718 896-2603.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—Playing works by Elliott Carter, Lou Harrison, and four young composers. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Nina Tichman—Piano, in the second concert of her three-concert series devoted to the complete piano works of Debussy. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—Playing the première of Eric Ewazen's "Colchester Fantasy," the New York première of Milton Babbitt's "Fanfare," and other works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Aurora—Playing baroque chamber music from Germany. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jorma Hynninen—Baritone, singing five Finnish folk songs, eight songs by Sibelius, and other works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Andrew Bolowtowski, Robert Shaughnessy, and Chris Shaughnessy—Flute, guitar, and viola. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Alban Berg Quartet—At Carnegie Hall: Playing three Beethoven quartets. (Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ At Alice Tully Hall: Playing three more Beethoven quartets. (Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

Takács String Quartet—Chamber music. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Benita Valente and Cynthia Raim—Soprano and piano, in a tribute to Lotte Lehmann. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Performing the New York première of John Harbison's Second String Quartet and works by Debussy and Ravel. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Performing music from the time of Chaucer and Boccaccio. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma—Piano and cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

North / South Consonance—Playing five new pieces by contemporary American composers. Max Lifchitz conducting. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The fifth in a series of six chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

James Levine—Piano, with members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, playing chamber music by Schubert, Verdi, Debussy, and Mozart. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Arleen Augér—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 7:30.)

Speculum Musicae—In a program that includes Anthony Davis's "Behind the Rock," with Mr. Davis at the piano, and Miriam Gideon's "Steeds of Darkness," with Constantine Cassolas, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Contemporary chamber music. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble, with André Emelianoff, cello, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Note—The Colorado String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 6, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 22, in the order that mailed applications are received. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

"The Musical Seminar"—A staged piece by Gheorghe Costinescu for instrumentalists, actors, electronic tape, and dancers; David Hoose, conductor. Presented by the Chamber Players of the League/ISCM. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—Flute and harpsichord, playing the music and reading from the correspondence of Frederick the Great and his court musicians. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Monday, Feb. 29, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Leonard Bernstein Song Celebration—Composers' Showcase presenting a program performed by, among others, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Ben Holt, Angelina Reaux, Linda Lavin, and a small group of instrumentalists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 29, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee Bucks, Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers, Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Portland Trail Blazers, Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana Pacers, Saturday, Feb. 27, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 27, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, March 1, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Feb. 26, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Feb. 28, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, March 2, at 7:45. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Monday, Feb. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 2, at 7:35.

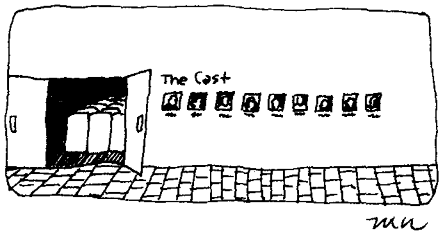
Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championship Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 26, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	1	2			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 25: "Los Ambiciosos" (1959; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Gérard Philippe, Maria Félix, and Jean Servais.
Feb. 26-28: "Marius" (1931; Alexander Korda; in French), with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Démazis; and "Angele" (1934; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel, Orane Démazis, and Jean Servais.
From March 1: "Harvest" (1937; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel; and "Angele."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 25: "Empire of the Sun" (†). From Feb. 26: "Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "Julia and Julia" (†).
Theatre 3: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 25: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson.
From Feb. 26: "Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hope and Glory" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Travelling North" (Carl Schultz), with Leo McKern and Julia Blake.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman. From Feb. 26: "A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon" (William Richert), with River Phoenix.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Feb. 25: "Empire of the Sun" (†).
From Feb. 26: "Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "Julia and Julia" (†) From Feb. 26: "Hairspray" (John Waters).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern. From Feb. 26: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"A Month in the Country" (Pat O'Connor).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 25: "Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman.
From Feb. 26: "A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon" (William Richert), with River Phoenix.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "Cop" (†). From Feb. 26: "Apprentice to Murder" (R. L. Thomas), with Donald Sutherland and Chad Lowe.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson. From Feb. 26: To be announced.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 1: "Frida" (1984; directed by Paul Leduc; a Mexican film, in Spanish). From March 2: "A Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden" (Michal Goldman; in English and Yiddish), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Computer Animation Show."

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: Theatre closed. From Feb. 26: "Hairspray" (John Waters).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: Theatre closed. From Feb. 26: "Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done" (Antony Thomas), a documentary.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 2: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "Housekeeping" (†). From Feb. 26 (tentative): "Anna" (†).
Theatre 2: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 3: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman.
Theatre 2: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 3: "Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Dead" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Distant Harmony" (DeWitt Sage), a documentary about Luciano Pavarotti's 1986 tour of China.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Feb. 25: "Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version. From Feb. 26: "The Last Minute" (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Grand Highway" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
(Separate admissions) "Jean de Florette" (†) and "Manon of the Spring" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Mélo" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "High Tide" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Family" (1988 †).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson. From Feb. 26: "End of the Line" (Jay Russell), with Wilford Brimley and Levon Helm.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Last Emperor" (†).
Theatre 5: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Dead" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Empire of the Sun" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"School Daze" (Spike Lee).

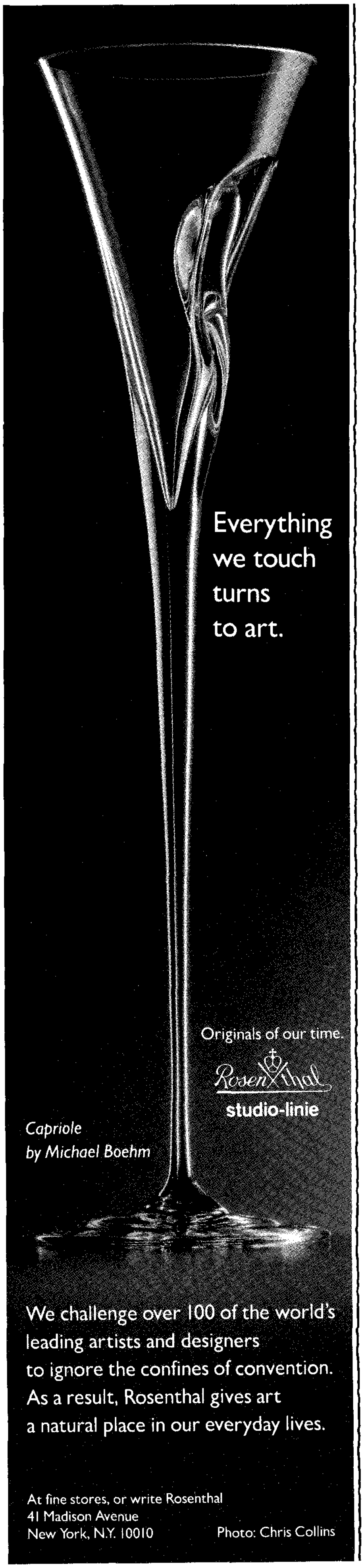
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 2: "Cry Freedom" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Cry Freedom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 3: "School Daze" (directed by Spike Lee).
Theatre 4: "Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman.
Theatre 5: Through Feb. 25: "Empire of the Sun" (†). From Feb. 26: "Aloha Summer" (Tommy Lee Wallace), with Chris Makepeace.
Theatre 6: "The Nest."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "The Untouchables" (†). From Feb. 26: "Hairspray" (John Waters).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 25: "Stranded" (Tex


Everything
we touch
turns
to art.

Originals of our time.

Rosenthal
studio-linie

Capriole
by Michael Boehm

We challenge over 100 of the world's
leading artists and designers
to ignore the confines of convention.
As a result, Rosenthal gives art
a natural place in our everyday lives.

At fine stores, or write Rosenthal
41 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10010

Photo: Chris Collins

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fuller). From Feb. 26: "The Untouchables" (†).

Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 25: "Cop" (†).
From Feb. 26: "Apprentice to Murder" (R. L. Thomas), with Donald Sutherland and Chad Lowe.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson. From Feb. 26: "Frantic" (Roman Polanski), with Harrison Ford.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Moonstruck" (†).

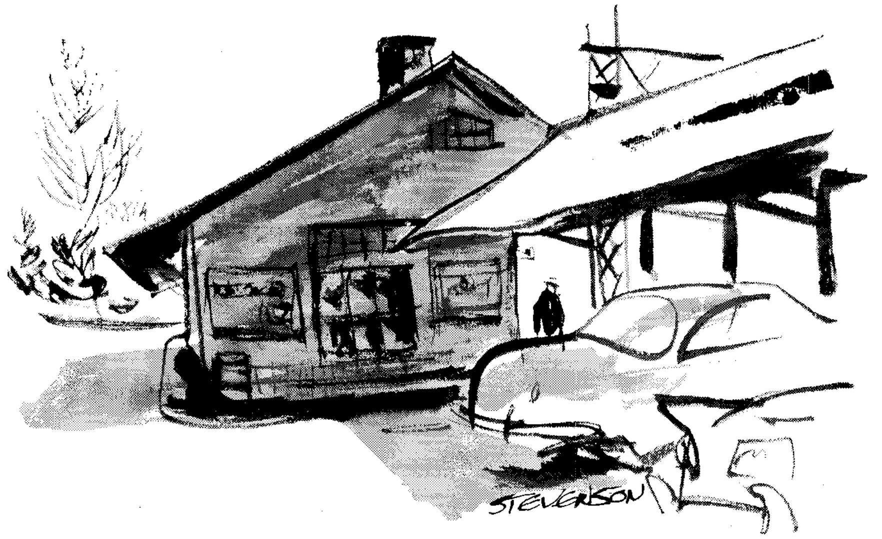
REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema (formerly called the New Carnegie), 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Feb. 23: "The Thin Man" (1934; directed by W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.
Feb. 24-25: "Manhattan Melodrama" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy; and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (1937; Richard Boleslavsky), with Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, and Frank Morgan.
Feb. 26-27: "Love Me Tonight" (1952; Rouben Mamoulian), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.
Feb. 28-29: "Penthouse" (1933; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter; and "Too Hot to Handle" (1938; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy and Clark Gable.
March 1-2: "The Prizefighter and the Lady" (1933; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy, Walter Huston, and Max Baer; and "Topaze" (1933; Harry D'Arrast), with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 23: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.
Feb. 24-25: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (1987; Norman Mailer), with Ryan O'Neal, Isabella Rossellini, Lawrence Tierney, and Debra Sandlund; and "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, and John Randolph.
Feb. 26-27: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Feb. 28: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.
Feb. 29-March 1: "Caravaggio" (1986; Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry; and "L'Homme Blessé" (1985; Patrice Chéreau; in French).
From March 2: "River's Edge" (1987; Tim Hunter), with Daniel Roebuck, Crispin Glover, and Dennis Hopper; and "The Stepfather" (1987; Joseph Ruben), with Terry O'Quinn, Jill Schoelen, and Shelley Hack.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Feb. 22: "A Bucket of Blood" (1959; Roger Corman), with Dick Miller; "Color Me Blood Red" (1965; Herschell Gordon Lewis); and "To L.A. . . . With Lust" (1961; Vernon Zimmerman).
Feb. 23: "Guns of the Trees" (1961; Jonas Mekas); and "Queen of Sheba Meets Atom Man" (1963; Ron Rice).
Feb. 24: "Expresso Bongo" (1959; Val Guest), with Laurence Harvey and Sylvia Syms; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, and Kay Thompson.
Feb. 25: "Heart Beat" (1980; John Byrum), with Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, and John Heard; and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974; John Magnuson).
Feb. 26-27: "Me and My Brother" (1969; Robert Frank); and "Wholly Communion" (1966; Peter Whitehead).
Feb. 28: "What Happened to Kerouac?" (1986; Richard Lerner and Lewis MacAdams), a documentary; "Burroughs" (1984; Howard Brookner), a documentary; and "Towers Open Fire" (1963; Anthony Balch).
Feb. 29: "The Flower Thief" (1960; Ron Rice); and "Greenwich Village Story" (1963; Jack O'Connell), with Robert Hogan.
March 1: "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1961; Jonas Mekas; "Mounting Tension" (1950; Rudy Burckhardt); and "Inside Dope" (1971; Rudy Burckhardt).
March 2: "The Connection" (1963; Shirley Clarke), with Warren Finnerty; "Pull My Daisy" (1960); and "Scorpio Rising" (1963; Kenneth Anger).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 22: "Fixed Bayonets" (1951; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Basehart and Gene Evans; and "The Big Red One" (1980; Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill.
Feb. 23: "Burn!" (1970; Gillo Pontecorvo), with Marlon Brando; and "Kapo" (1959; Gillo Pontecorvo), with Susan Strasberg.
Feb. 24: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Two Weeks in Another



Town" (1962; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson, and Cyd Charisse.

Feb. 25: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, and Kevin Bacon.

Feb. 26-27: "Swann in Love" (1984; Volker Schlöndorff; in French), with Jeremy Irons, Ornella Muti, and Alain Delon; and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Angela Winkler.

Feb. 28: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Feb. 29: "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961; Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson; and "The Naked Night" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers.

March 1: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

March 2: "Boy Meets Girl" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien; and "Dreamboat" (1952; Claude Binyon), with Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers, Anne Francis, and Elsa Lanchester.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 22: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.

Feb. 23: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.

Feb. 24: "The Lodger" (1944; John Brahm), with Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

Feb. 25: "Secret Six" (1931; George Hill), with Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow; and "Saratoga" (1937; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable.

Feb. 26-27: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946; George Marshall), with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Howard Da Silva, and William Bendix; and "The Great Gatsby" (1949; Elliott Nugent), with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan.

Feb. 28: "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

Feb. 29: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

March 1: "The Old Maid" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, and George Brent; and "A Stolen Life" (1946; Curtis Bernhardt), with Bette Davis, Glenn Ford, Dane Clark, and Walter Brennan.

March 2: "The Outlaw" (1941; Howard Hughes), with Jane Russell, Thomas Mitchell, Jack Buetel, and Walter Huston; and "The Front Page" (1931; Lewis Milestone), with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: Feb. 22 at 2:30:"Le Avventure di Pinocchio" (1972; directed by Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Nino Manfredi, Gina Lollobrigida, and Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6: "Il Deserto dei Tartari" (1976; Valerio Zurlini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Giuliano Gemma, Philippe Noiret, and Max von Sydow. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Buone Notizie" (1979; Elio Petri), with Giancarlo Giannini, Angela Molina, and Aurore Clement. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 6: "Vogliamo i Colonelli" (1973; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi, François Périer, and Claude Dauphin. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2: "La Messa è Finita" (1985; Nanni Moretti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Moretti. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 5 and Feb. 28 at 2: "Segreti, Segreti" (1985; Giuseppe Bertolucci; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Lina Sastri, Léa Massari, and Stefania Sandrelli. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 5: "La Messa è Finita." . . . ¶ March 1 at 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro, James Woods, and Elizabeth McGovern.

THEATRE 2: Feb. 25 at 3 and 6:30: "So Many Miracles" (1986; Katherine Smalley and Vic Sarin), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6:30, Feb. 27 at 5:30, and Feb. 28 at 5:30: Films nominated for the 1987 Academy Award for Best Feature Documentary. . . . ¶ March 1 at 6: "Vogliamo i Colonelli" (1973; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi, François Périer, and Claude Dauphin.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Feb. 28, a retrospective of the films of St. Clair Bourne, who will be present on Feb. 23 at 5:45. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of the films of Keisuke Kinoshita, all in Japanese, with English subtitles. Feb. 23 at 6:30: "Carmen's Pure Love" (1952), with Hideko Takamine; and "A Japanese Tragedy" (1953), with Yuko Mochizuki. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6:30: "The Yotsuya Ghost Story, Parts I and II" (1949), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ March 1 at 6:30: "Snow Flurry" (1959), with Keiko Kishi; and "Woman" (1948), with Mitsuko Mito.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through March 1: "New York World Television Festival," a program of twenty-seven international productions that have won awards during the past year. . . . ¶ "WNET Thirteen: 25 Years on the Air," over a hundred hours of news, public affairs, documentary, music, dance, theatre, nature, science, and children's programming. The first section, featuring news, public affairs, and documentaries, is on view through March 19. The schedules of performances are complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Feb. 22 at 8: "The Man Who Left His Will on Film" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 8: "Caught" (1949; Max Ophuls), with James Mason, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 8: "Shockproof" (1949; Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde; and "Fireworks" (1947; Kenneth Anger). . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 8: A program of films starring Jack Smith. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8: Three short films by Abigail Child, plus two D. W. Griffith short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 8: A program of films by the Filipino filmmaker Raymond Red. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 8: "The Cup and the Lip" (1986) and "Rude Awakening" (1975), both directed by Warren Sonbert. . . . ¶ Feb. 29 at 8: "Demon Pond" (1980; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 1 at 8: "Reckless Moment" (1949; Max Ophuls), with James Mason and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ March 2 at 8: "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Anna—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 26, tentative.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (Goodbye, Children)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boy's attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Cinema I.)

Broadcast News—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsman who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. Basically all the picture is saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. (1/11/88) (Gramercy, Coronet, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)

Cop—James Woods plays one of those boringly abrasive "maverick" cops—he's supposed to be so passionately disgusted by crime and injustice that he can't, you know, go by the book. In effect, this means that he abuses everyone he interrogates, says "Bingo" every time he makes a discovery, and kills a lot more people than the average policeman. This is not a role that one dreams of seeing James Woods in. It's his worst performance: he brings the wrong kind of energy to the character, and too much of it. He makes his crusading cop seem smug, and almost gleefully sadistic, and his portrayal gives the movie ugly overtones that the director, James B. Harris, either isn't aware of or isn't skillful enough to control. But even without the misconceived central performance the movie would be junk—the serial-killer plot, taken from a novel by James Ellroy, makes no sense at all. Lesley Ann Warren appears as, of all things, a feminist poet; her eyes bulge about as much as Woods' do, though more attractively and to greater comic effect. Also with Charles Durning and Charles Haid. Co-produced by Woods and Har-

Two more ways to enjoy the Kneipp Bath.

At the beginning of the day. At the end of the day. Nothing is as delightful as a Kneipp herbal bath.

Now there are two new blends for you to enjoy. EUCALYPTUS, a relieving fragrance for easing the discomforts of the cold season. And bracing LAVENDER for energizing your senses.

These are the latest in a collection created to pamper your every mood. Including: tingling ROSEMARY, refreshing MEADOW BLOSSOM, spirited SPRUCE AND PINE, soothing JUNIPER, tender CAMOMILE and gentle HOPS.

Comfort your mind and body with nature's herbal bath oils. Kneipp. Imported from Europe.

Available at fine drug and health stores and at cosmetic counters. To order directly, write: Kneipp Corporation of America, 80 Davids Drive, Hauppauge, NY 11788.

The Kneipp Bath Botanics.

FATHER
SEBASTIAN KNEIPP
(1821-1897)

ris.—T.R. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Feb. 25.)

Cry Freedom—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

The Dead—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Empire of the Sun—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly, though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) John Williams' editorializing music swells and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Beekman, and Criterion Center; through Feb. 25.)

The Family—Ettore Scola's chronicle of a Roman middle-class family from 1906 to 1986 uses formal gimmicks to disguise its lack of substance. The film's nine episodes take place at precise ten-year intervals; both the first episode and the last involve the taking of a group photograph; and all the action is set in the family's spacious apartment. Scola and his co-scenarists (Ruggero Maccari and Furio Scarpelli) work the dull middle ground of human experience—amazingly little happens to any of this family's dozens of members—but the story's uneventfulness doesn't really mean anything, either. The filmmakers seem to be aiming for the blandest kind of universality. If we didn't know better, we'd swear that this fussy, empty movie had been made to demonstrate the decadence of bourgeois filmmaking, European style. With Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ardant, Stefania Sandrelli, Andrea Occhipinti, Jo Ciampa, and, in a cameo, Philippe Noiret. In Italian.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (Bay Cinema, Cinema II, Art Greenwich Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

High Tide—A great many young women are likely to feel that this is the movie they've wanted to make. It's a woman's picture in the way that "Stella Dallas" was—it's about the mother-daughter bond. But it's also a woman's picture in a new way: the Australian director Gillian Armstrong has the technique and the assurance to put a woman's fluid, not fully articulated emotions right onto the screen. And she has an actress—Judy Davis—who's a genius at moods. As one of three backup singers for a touring Elvis imitator, Judy Davis is contemptuous of the cruddy act, contemptuous of herself. Feeling put down, the dumb-lug Elvis fires her, and she's left alone at the beginning of winter in a ramshackle beach town on the magnificent, windswept coast of New South Wales. There she encounters her lonely teenage daughter (Claudia Karvan), whom she'd given up to her confident, belligerent mother-in-law (Jan Adele) thirteen years earlier. The film's emotional suggestiveness makes it almost a primal woman's picture: Judy Davis has been compared with Jeanne Moreau, and that's apt, but she's Moreau without the cultural swank, the high-fashion gloss. She speaks to us more directly. The script is by Laura Jones; the superb cinematography is by Russell Boyd, who was also the camera operator; the stunningly effective editing is by Nick Beauman. With Colin Friels, Bob Purtell, John Clayton, and Mark Hembrow. (2/22/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

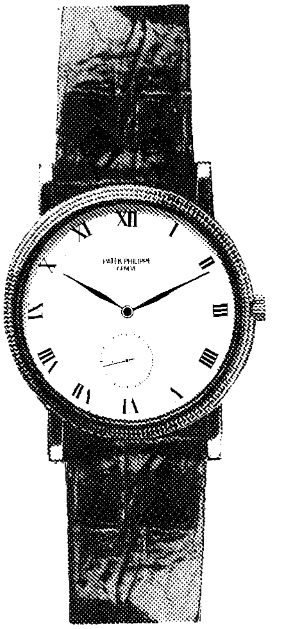
Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

HOUSEKEEPING—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 25.)

IRONWEED—The director, Hector Babenco, treats William Kennedy's Albany novel, set in 1938, as a joyless classic; the movie has no momentum—the running time (two hours and twenty-four minutes) is like a death sentence. As Francis Phelan, the alcoholic hobo hero who is torn by guilt over the family he deserted twenty-two years ago and sees the phantoms of men he has done violence to, Jack Nicholson seems to be in a slow-motion dream. The only moments of reprieve from all the sombre artistry come when Meryl Streep, who is Francis's hobo crony Helen, sings "He's Me Pal" in the all-out, sentimental-Irish manner of a balladeer of a decade or two earlier; it's a spectacular re-creation of the old technique for "selling a song." Tom Waits, Hy Anzell, and Margaret Whitton provide brief changes of mood and emotion. The screenplay is by Kennedy. (1/11/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

JEAN DE FLORETTE—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Cinema 3.)

JULIA AND JULIA—Kathleen Turner plays Julia, who seems to have two lives: one in which she lives alone, having been widowed on her wedding day six years earlier, and another in which her husband (Gabriel Byrne) is still alive and she's the mother of a little boy. Peter Del Monte's film tries to keep us guessing about which of Julia's lives is fantasy and



PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

A PATEK PHILIPPE DOESN'T JUST TELL TIME, IT TELLS SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.

Elegant, distinctive, classic dress watch. Completely handcrafted in Switzerland. 18K, $5,650.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St., 500 Madison Ave., NYC 10022 (212) 758-3265.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St., 200 W. 34th St., NYC 10001 (212) 563-6880.

Toll free 1-800-223-1288
Mail, phone orders and major credit cards welcome.

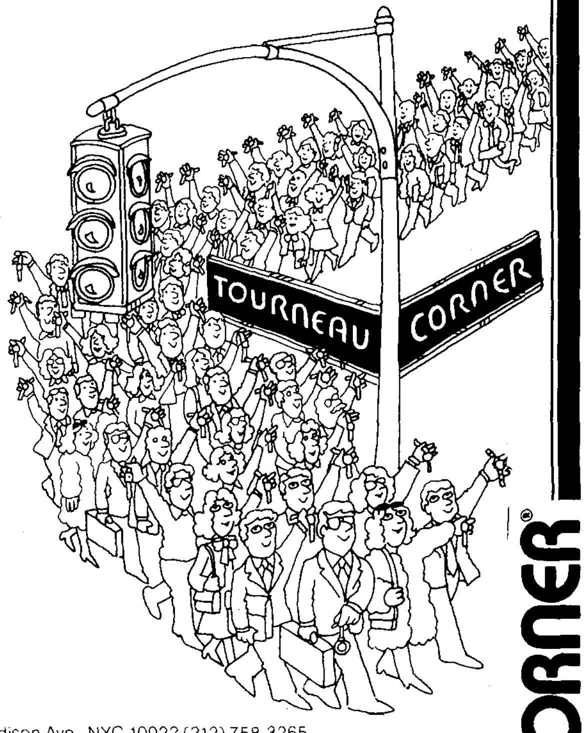
TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

WE'RE TALKING TRADE-IN

You trade in your car! Why not your watch?

Now Tourneau will take your old watch in trade, saving you serious money towards the purchase of any new watch.

Bring your old watch in—(working or not) for a free, on-the-spot trade-in appraisal. After all, times change.



Madison Ave. & 52nd St., 500 Madison Ave., NYC 10022 (212) 758-3265.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St., 200 W. 34th St., NYC 10001 (212) 563-6880.
Bonwit Teller, at Trump Tower (212) 593-3333.
Bal Harbour Shops, FL 33154 (305) 866-4312.
Toll free 1-800-223-1288
Mail, phone orders and major credit cards welcome.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

which is reality, but it's a tedious game. The heroine's psychology is trivial, and Del Monte's style is glumly arty, so we can't even enjoy the film as a fancy, superficial entertainment. For all the director's atmospheric borrowings from Antonioni ("Identification of a Woman") and Nicolas Roeg ("Don't Look Now"), "Julia and Julia" finally seems like no more than a slick version of a Dario Argento psycho-slasher movie. (Near the end, a murder is committed with what must be the largest pair of scissors in Europe.) The film was shot, by Giuseppe Rotunno, on high-definition video, and the process looks better than you'd expect—though there's no particular reason to have used it. The real mystery of the film is how, and why, Kathleen Turner has been made to look like Ann-Margret. Also with Sting and Gabriele Ferzetti.—T.R. (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Feb. 25.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Cinema 3.)

Mélo—Alain Resnais's latest film is based on an old-fashioned drama of infidelity written in the nineteen-twenties by Henry Bernstein. The play, conventional and well constructed, is a pristine example of the kind of popular art that's doomed to become "dated." Resnais calls attention to the story's outmoded theatricality by treating it with ostentatious respect, and the self-conscious style has the effect of making the characters seem weirdly unmoored—as if they were adrift in some featureless space between the twenties and the eighties, between theatre and "real life," and so on. The director's exaggerated formality, his scrupulous technique, and his extreme reserve occasionally succeed in giving the characters the odd poignance that puppets sometimes have. Even at its best, though, "Mélo" isn't much more than a classy dinner-theatre production—without the dinner. With Sabine Azéma, André Dussollier, Pierre Arditi, and Fanny Ardant—the same quartet of actors who have appeared in each of Resnais's last three films. In French—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Warner.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	1	2			

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a French-woman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. With Derek de Lint, Pavel Landovsky, Erland Josephson, and Donald Moffat. Script by Jean-Claude Carrière and Kaufman; editing by Walter Murch; cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (2/8/88) (Loews Tower East.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Embassy.)

Wall Street—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas. The dialogue gets overexplicit, the tone becomes desperately moralistic, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?," and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

'Burberrys'

PRORSUM

OF LONDON

For details of featured merchandise contact:
Burberrys International Limited, Suite 1714, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104, U.S.A. Telephone: (212) 246 2570.

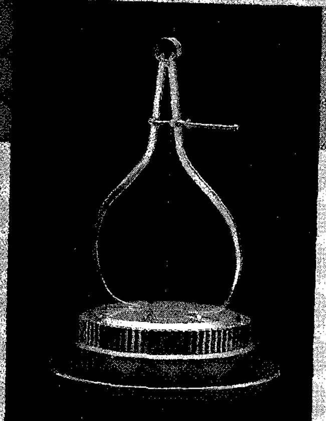
BURBERRYS, 9 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK AND FROM BURBERRYS IN ***BOSTON. CHICAGO. MANHASSET. PHILADELPHIA. SAN FRANCISCO. SEATTLE. SHORT HILLS. STAMFORD. TROY. WASHINGTON.***

A selection of Burberrys merchandise is available from the following shops and stores:
B. ALTMAN, DILLARDS, JORDAN MARSH, MACY'S, NEIMAN MARCUS, NORDSTROM.
DENVER, CO: *Aspen Leaf.* WILMINGTON, DE: *Bag & Baggage.* LOS ANGELES, CA: *Beverly Hills Luggage, Yokohama Okadaya.* CARMEL & SALINAS, CA: *Dick Bruhn.* SAN FRANCISCO, CA: *Yokohama Okadaya.* MEMPHIS, TN: *In The Bag.* PITTSBURGH, PA: *Larrimor's.* LANSING, MI: *Liebermann's.* LUBBOCK, TX: *Malouf's.* ATLANTA, GA: *Mori Luggage.* JACKSON, MS: *Mori Luggage & Gifts.* HOUSTON & POST OAK, TX: *Norton Ditto.* HAMPTON, VA: *Penn Luggage.* INDIANAPOLIS, IN: *B. J. Perry, L. Strauss.* LOUISVILLE, KY: *Rodes.* CHARLOTTE, NC: *Sharon Luggage.* ALBANY, NY: *Spector's.* ALEXANDRIA, LA: *Weiss & Goldring.* MINNEAPOLIS, MN: *Hubert White.* ANN ARBOR, MI: *Wilkinson Luggage.* DALLAS, TX: *Woolf Bros.* KANSAS CITY, MO: *Woolf Bros.* GUAM: *Yokohama Okadaya.*

'Burberry' and 'Burberrys' and the device of an Equestrian Knight in armour are the registered trade marks of Burberrys Limited of London. The Traditional Burberry Check is protected as part of U.K. trade mark registrations B1,106,707/8/9 and is also protected by trade mark registrations, or by the laws relating to Unfair Competition, in all major markets.

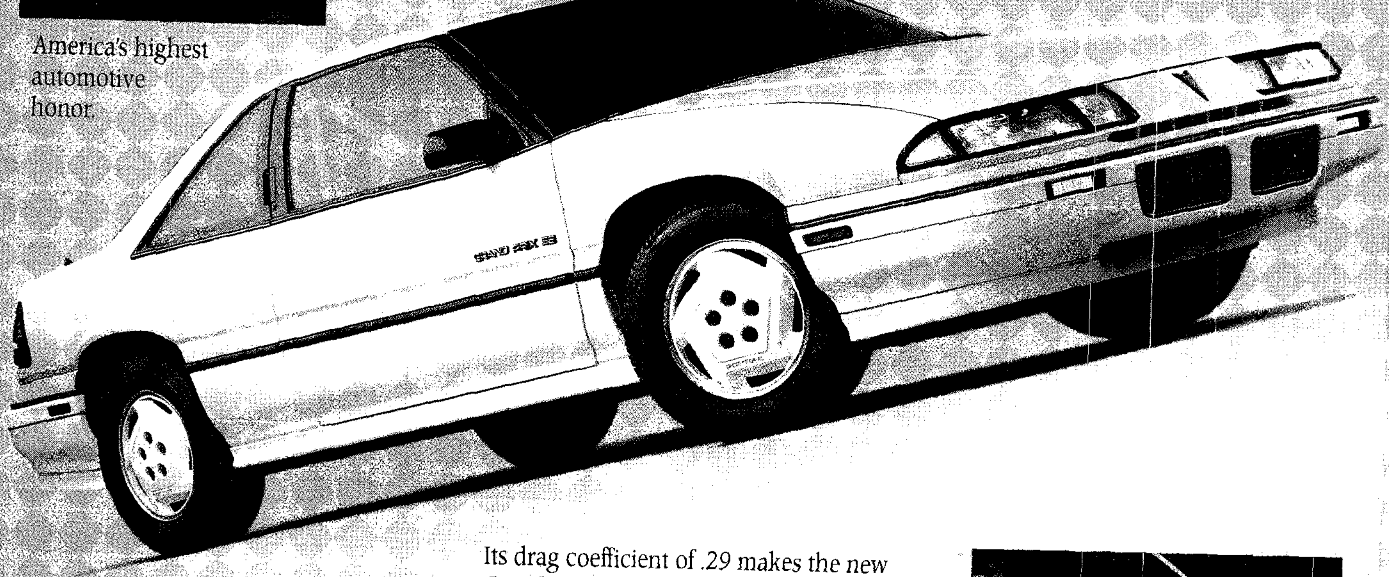
THE NEW GRAND PRIX

Pontiac



1988 MOTOR TREND CAR OF THE YEAR!

America's highest automotive honor.

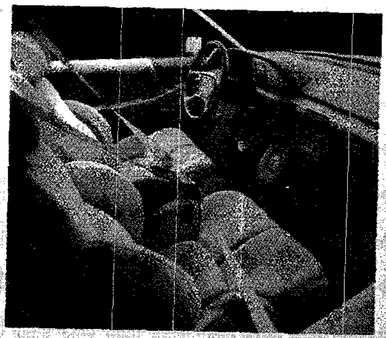


Its drag coefficient of .29 makes the new Grand Prix one of the most aerodynamic cars in the world.

A leather-wrapped ergonomic steering wheel was specifically designed for Grand Prix SE. "Peripherals" include dash-mounted function switches, just a finger's reach away; a digital speedometer and full analog instrumentation.

Grand Prix SE's driving credentials include a 2.8 liter V6 with multi-port fuel injection, a 5-speed manual transmission, Y99 Rally Tuned fully independent suspension, 4-wheel disc brakes, and meaty P215/65R15 Goodyear Eagle GT+4 all-season radials.

Peace of mind is also standard, thanks to a 6-yr./60,000-mile powertrain warranty. See your Pontiac Dealer for the terms and conditions of this limited warranty.



Grand Prix SE's cockpit redefines ergonomics. With form-fitting articulating front bucket seats. Easy-to-reach climate and audio system controls. Available electronic compass. And contoured rear bucket seats.

We Build Excitement

LET'S GET IT TOGETHER ▲ BUCKLE UP GM ©1988 GM CORP.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

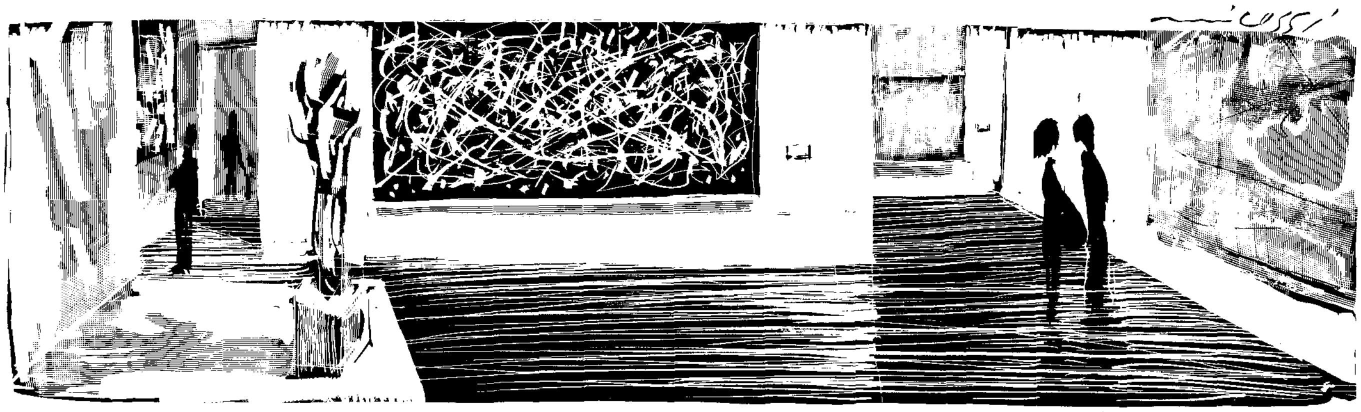
LETTER from a man we know who has just bought himself a rowing machine:

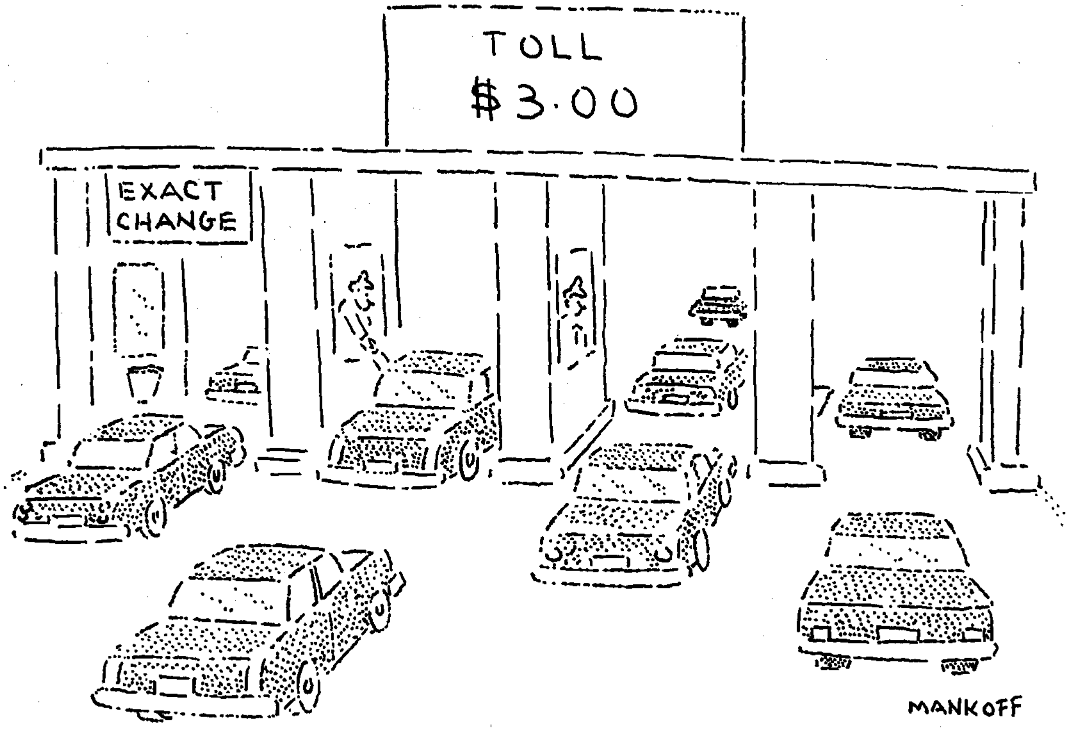
I have a poet friend who divides his time between a West Side railroad flat in New York and an airy one-room bungalow in a coconut grove on the eastern shore of the Dominican Republic. I've yet to visit the second residence, but I feel I know it already, because James showed me some on-the-scene photographs taken when he'd just finished building it, a couple of years ago. He had a lot of help from his neighbors in Samaná, who are mostly fishermen, and when the job was done he badly wanted to find a way to show his gratitude without any mention of dollars. The answer came when one of the locals happened to pick up a sporting-goods catalogue that had been forwarded in the mail from New York, and found in it an object of wonder and desire: a diver's spear gun. Two guns were ordered, and made their appearance some weeks later, and now James often finds a fresh-speared grouper or snapper resting on his doorstep at the end of the day. Thus do kindness and low cholesterol walk hand in hand in the Caribbees.

Another catalogue that turned up from the city featured gleaming high-tech grownup toys—multi-satellite telephone-answering modules, LED-equipped computerized blenders, palm-size bedside calorie-counters, and the like—and in time James noticed that all this seemed to hold a particular appeal for his neighbors. He did his best to explain these essential Yanqui products, he told me, but the real stumper came when his friends turned to a page depicting rowing machines. There was a pause after he struggled first with the translation and then with the concept of "exercise," and then one of the fishermen said, "But, Don Jaime, have they no boats?"

I comforted myself with this tale when my own shiny new rowing machine arrived a couple of weeks ago and was all too quickly assembled by my seventeen-year-old son. Only a Watteau could convey the elegance and layered symbolism of the embarkation—the moment when a grown (grown and then some) man must lower himself onto a movable seat six inches above the floor, strap his feet into place, and take up an instant Henley-bound air of expertise at the blades (there are no blades) while he is being regarded approvingly by his nears-and-dears and with disbelief by an aerobically incomparable terrier. "They have no boats," I muttered, and I was off.

I like my rowing machine. I began sensibly with leisurely ten- or fifteen-minute paddles every other day, but now I've put up the settings, and I'm capable of half an hour or so at a fairish fourteen strokes per minute without too many gasping pauses to watch the sweat drip onto my knees, and when I'm finished I can rise and walk away without tottering. I feel a little better; I may even *look* better. With strength comes knowledge: in my case, the knowledge that the tough part about working out on a rowing machine isn't what you do with your legs and your shoulders; it's what you do with your head. Ten minutes or five minutes—no, let's face it: *two* minutes—on a rowing machine is exquisitely boring. I'd heard about this drawback beforehand and had concluded that a Zen-like mind-set would do the trick: I would think of nothing while at row, or, failing that, I would imagine myself rowing my





HIGHWAY ROBBERY

battered old green dinghy—a pleasure normally confined to August vacations in Maine. I never did achieve Mind Zero, but I worked assiduously at my other plan. Closing my eyes, I half envisioned the feathered backswing of my sprucewood oars and the necklace of glittery droplets cast forth from the tip of each blade, the satisfying path of perfectly dug whorly circles receding across the cove astern, and, farther away, the shining morning surface re-forming itself to calm after my passage. I imagined the squeak of my oarlocks and the blocky bite of the oars into the water before the catch. I almost heard the rhythmic double sound of the boat lifting beneath me—the sharp forward *swish* of the bow that accompanies and encourages each tug at the oars, and the later, slower *swash* as the hull, resettling, slips forward through the water. Almost but not quite. In truth, all this listening and imagining served its purpose for about thirty strokes, at the end of which I opened my eyes and found myself rowing on the same part of the bedroom rug from which I had pushed off. I unstrapped my feet, rose, and turned on the television—just as I'd known I would all along.

I row with TV every day now, first thing in the morning or else before dinner at night: talk-show time or the news. I am better informed than I used to be, as well as in better shape, but against my will. Most of what I have seen and heard while tuning up the old bod I could have deeply done without. It would not be correct to suggest that I never clicked on the "Today" show or Tom Brokaw or MacNeil-Lehrer back in my old couch-potato days. I did it almost every day, I guess, but always with the accompanying conviction that this would be just a quick look—a tiny peek until the next pause or commercial, at which point I would switch off the set again and pick up a book. This was almost not a lie, day after day, for the remedy was always at hand: *snap!* Strapped in, straining, groaning at my handles, I'm still in the same bind.

My indoor-rowing career has coincided with the primary campaigns in Iowa and New Hampshire, and now I am sculling hopelessly along toward Super Tuesday. This has been a winter of spectacular fatuity in other sectors of the news-'n'-gabble world as well, or so it has seemed from my part of the trireme. Then, just the other evening, with the sweat trickling down my nose and with my gaze affixed to Vice-President Bush's bridgework, I was freed by an unexpected and merciful variant on my imagined summer rowings, when the thrust of my legs, my brusque backward lean, and the accompanying heave on the oar mechanism imparted a blissful sudden conviction that I was leaving the television set and the television news farther behind with every stroke. I'm on a river, not a cove—I see that now—and the folks on the screen are standing on a grassy bank. They keep talking and gesturing—serious stuff—but it's harder at every moment to pick up exactly what they're saying. I raise the pace a little, and now they look smaller: doll figures propped in a window. "Speak up, Governor!" I cry. . . . "What was that, Bob Dole?" . . . "You're getting smalll-er, Mr. Vice-President!" . . . " 'Bye now, Pat Robertson!" Three more strokes and I'll be alone in the willows, safely around the bend.

• •

Expediter

FACT OF LIFE NO. 1 about the Department of Buildings, on lower Hudson Street: You need something done, don't even try doing it yourself, you'll go out of your mind. Get an expediter to do it. The fifth floor in the morning, when the inspectors are in the office, and the expediters and contractors and architects show up to grind out sign-offs and certificates of occupancy, or c. of o.s—if you're a layman, the fifth floor under those conditions makes the Department of Motor Vehicles look like a V.I.P. suite with a park view. You've got seven uncleared zoning and building-code violations in your brand-new forty-two-story high rise? One lousy piece of broken glass, no strike plates on three doors, and a couple of missing electrical-outlet cover plates stand in the way of a c. of o.? You're renovating your apartment and you want to move a window? Things like that are what expediters are for. Some expediters happen to be elegantly attractive young women who know how to smile at plumbing inspectors in ways that streamline paperwork. Some—Nat Silberman, for instance—are attractive in more oblique ways.

Nat Silberman looks as if he could expedite a tunnel-unblocking. He wears thick gold-rimmed eyeglasses and has thinning gray hair, a gap between his upper front teeth, and not too much of a neck. He is a forty-nine-year-old, wide-bodied, fully developed endomorph. The other morning, he wore a gray suit, cordovan wing tips, a gray-and-white striped shirt, a red paisley necktie, red-and-blue striped suspenders, and a gold pocket watch.

Around ten-fifteen, he was standing at the plumbing counter having coffee and a sesame-seed bagel with a smear, waiting neither patiently nor impatiently to talk to an inspector named Bob Freligh. Sometimes Nat Silberman has to shout to get what he wants. When he is not shouting, he talks in a low voice. When you ask him what makes a good expediter, he says, “Ideally, you can keep cool and think quickly on your feet. The next requirement is that you're well organized. When I graduated from grade school and they published our pictures in a little yearbook, it said underneath everyone's picture what he or she might be like—you know, ‘A future doctor, for certain,’ or ‘President of the United States.’ Underneath my picture it said, ‘An excuse for every occasion.’ Believe me, I've tried them all.”

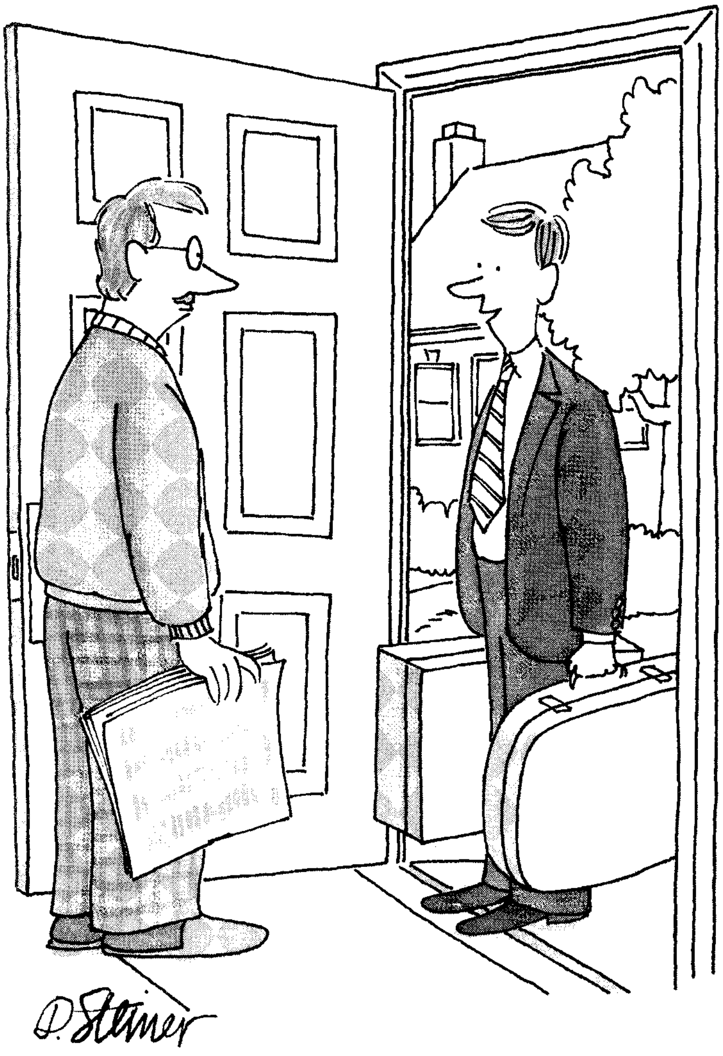
While Bob Freligh told a plumber, “No Monday. Forget it. Forget it. I don't know, Larry. But forget it,” Nat Silberman was telling us, “Today, I have an interesting situation. I don't have a building, but I want to get a c. of o. It's a hospital where we used a parking lot to build a new building. Which meant the doctors had to park somewhere else. They've been renting parking spaces all over the neighborhood, and the hospital has been paying through the nose for all the parking. So there's no new building yet, but they're finished with the garage underneath. We're trying to get a c. of o. for the garage.

“Another problem: We're building a residential high rise. One requirement is a loading dock. What happened was we bought a building on the next block to give us access for a loading dock, and the tenants agreed to move out. Then they changed their minds and tried to hold us up for more money. We've been fighting with them, and they're trying to stick us with a stop-work order. To complicate matters, we couldn't get a signature on the authorizing of the filing of our papers, because the co-owner of the property died. In his coffin, he decided he didn't want to sign.”

Bob Freligh finally became available. Before Nat Silberman could do much chest-clutching about the c. of o. for the hospital garage, Freligh launched a preëmptive soliloquy, from Article Seventeen, Reference Standard 17-1, of the New York City Building Code, about Siamese connections for standpipes, wet and dry, at construction sites. When he was finished, Nat Silberman turned to us and said, “What goes on here, basically, is the inspector or the city engineer says he wants two pineapples, a lemon, an apple, a banana, three peaches, and a watermelon. But we say, ‘Those are out of season. Will you settle for two tangerines, a kumquat, three grapefruits, and an orange?’ ”

As he crossed the room to the construction counter, a clerk handed him a Saturday-work permit for a client. Nat Silberman himself would never work on a Saturday; he was ordained a rabbi twenty-seven years ago. He's also a lapsed architect. “I was going to be the next Frank Lloyd Wright,” he said. “But I found out I couldn't design borscht.” While attending night school (for seven years) to earn an architecture degree, he worked as a carpenter and a caterer and for a developer. “For the developer, I hired, I fired, I estimated, I fought the clients,” he said. “I did everything. One Friday, I asked him for a piece of the business, and on Monday I was out of a job.” Not long afterward—this was in 1964—he became a full-time expediter.

Every serious expediter wears a telephone pager. Nat Silberman's pager beeped. He went to a pay phone, dialled, and said, “Who's there? Is Jay there? Nat Silberman. . . . Jay? Plumbing is no good. The sprinklers have to be connected. You need to get to the plumber. . . . Jay—get ahold of the plumber and *don't argue with me*. You don't know this inspector. If you can get to the plumber between now



“Hi, Dad. Investment banking wasn't that great after all.”

and Monday, you can get a sign-off on Monday. Just call him. Goodbye."

There are twenty plan examiners in the Manhattan Borough Office of the Department of Buildings, their mornings are divided into twenty-minute segments, you're supposed to call a week ahead to make an appointment, and it's a point of pride with Nat Silberman that he doesn't observe the protocol. He likes to barge right in. "Either people feel that I'm so obnoxious they don't want to fool with me or else they like me," he said. "I like these guys because, as good as I am, I can make mistakes. 'If you don't mind please could you do me a favor?' is my style, but I get very gruff, too. Also, the inspectors here use me. They ask my opinion on a lot of things." He was on his way now to see a big-cheese—the borough superintendent. "I've got the plans for a building on East Fortieth Street that shows a restaurant on the street floor, but there's no tenant," he said. "So the inspector's refusing to sign off. We want to change the design to two regular stores with no plumbing, but the stores have to have access to toilets elsewhere in the building. And I need the superintendent to sign off. Wait here. I'll only be a couple of minutes."

An hour later, Nat Silberman emerged from the superintendent's office and said, "We're almost there. It turns out that there's an administrative memo that deals with this specific problem—the tenantless restaurant—and the superintendent remembered it. He's a brilliant, brilliant guy. I'm taking a walk."

Ten more minutes passed, and Nat Silberman returned to the superintendent's office. Not long after that, he came out smiling, thumbs up. He stepped through a doorway into a corridor and bumped into a construction inspector.

"Jimmy, you looking for me?" he said.

"No," said Jimmy.

"Why not?" said Nat Silberman.

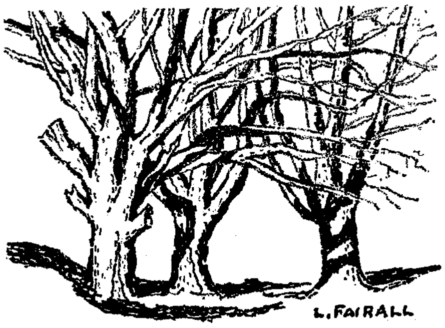
Valentine

A FRIEND in California writes:

On the morning of Valentine's Day, not only did I discover that my car battery was dead but my husband gave me no flowers, and I had a pretty strong suspicion that none would arrive before night fell. We have been together for five years, and gestures like that dried up soon after the wedding, perhaps on the drive out to the beach cottage where we spent our honeymoon. It's not that my husband doesn't love me; it's that he isn't comfortable with expected displays of feeling. I think we are settling into rituals similar to those of my childhood, when once a year my mother would say to my father, "You forgot my birthday," in a tone at once reproachful and triumphant.

Before the wedding, of course, things were different. On the morning after our second night out, I found a postcard wedged into my doorjamb with a poem by the Japanese poet Setchō on the back: "Night comes and the moon floods the water with light; within the dragon's jaws we find many exquisite jewels." On our first Valentine's Day, a poster-size handwritten poem by Anna Akhmatova was on my desk in the morning: "Sunset in the ethereal waves: I cannot tell if the day is ending, or the world, or if the secret of secrets is inside me again." It was illustrated with the Sanskrit character believed to invoke peace; near the bottom was painted a red heart, the size of a thumbprint, over a smudge.

I never framed the poster, and after we married and moved out of the city it ended up in the walk-in closet where my husband stores his car tools and camping gear. The next Valentine's Day, nothing. The third year, well before the day, I put a chocolate truffle iced with little red cherries in the freezer, so he wouldn't miss it. We shared it on Valentine's Day. The fourth year, I bought him purple irises. This year, when gray printed hearts began to appear in newspaper ads for diamonds, chocolates, and Nautilus workouts, I began a campaign of not quite subliminal suggestions. My last attempt came the night before V Day, while we waited at a traffic light on our way to a party and I pointed out a big, embarrassed-looking man in a baseball jacket and heavy boots standing at a bus stop with a fragile bundle of flowers. Even as I spoke, I knew that my husband would not appear the next morning with roses or a heart-shaped box. So I, too, did nothing.



It was with these thoughts that I walked into Mill Valley for a coffee on the morning of Valentine's Day, leaving my deadbeat 1974 Mercedes, with its nonfunctioning battery, parked back home, where a plum tree had scattered pink blossoms on the hood. (We've been having weeks of what I'd call a false spring except that the flowers and trees are taking it quite seriously.) I sat on a bench in the town square and drank my cappuccino out of a plastic-foam cup, among dogs and Hacky-Sack players and people reading newspapers in the sun. A pale young girl strode across the street dressed in a black leotard, a white skirt, and a bowler hat, carrying roses—undoubtedly to someone who would be delighted to see her. A young man in shorts, holding a tissue-wrapped bouquet of irises, roses, and narcissi, sat down next to me on the bench. "Has anyone given you flowers for Valentine's Day?" he asked, without preamble. "Don't you have somebody who loves you?"

"Well, yes, I do—but, no, he hasn't," I said, at a loss to explain married love.

"Well, here," he said, handing me his flowers. Then he gave me his business card (he was a certified massage therapist), wished me a happy Valentine's Day, and walked away.

At home, I put the flowers in water and carried them to the kitchen table. There, in a tangle of black and yellow cables, I found another token of love, and my heart melted: my dead car battery was getting a trickle charge, its terminals gripped tenderly in the dragon's jaws of the alligator clips connecting it to my husband's 4-amp Sears charger. A message from my Valentine was on the battery's side: "A-R-C, Extra Power, Long Life, Auto Truck Marine."

Fast Draw

NOT many can say they've brunched with Bob Munden, the fastest gun who ever lived. But we can. Since 1969, when he got his start with an outfit called National School Assemblies, Bob has been nothing but a professional gunman, travelling with his wife, Becky ("the only full-time woman shooter in the world"), from town to town, demonstrating his fast-draw abilities. Recently, he and Becky were featured in Dodge's National Sportsman Show, at the Javits Convention Center. Bob is short, and though his stomach is barrel-like he manages to seem nimble. When he speaks, he makes emphatic gestures with his head, cocking it forward whenever he gets excited, which is often. Bob isn't the standard, taciturn cowboy; he isn't larger than life. "What I am is real," he says. "I'm kind of a surprise to people when they see me. They've heard all about me, sure, but when the curtain opens up—why, there I am, a little short, heavyset guy packing one gun. What they're expecting is a guy six foot two dressed all in black, packing two guns with pearl handles. I've never tried to be like that. Hell, I do with one gun what a guy can't do with two anyway."

Over Western omelettes in a midtown coffee shop, Bob told us that although fast draw is the stuff of legend there is not a single incident reported in law-enforcement history of two men facing off and drawing guns on each other. "In other words, fast draw is, in fact, fiction," he said. "It never happened." But fast draw is a sport, he went on to explain, and one that is highly competitive and professional—the only sport in the world in which a contest takes place in less than a second. Bob can draw a gun, cock the hammer, level the barrel, pull the trigger, and fire in .0175 of a second. That's a world's record.

"Fast draw is a high-agility sport," Bob went on. "The coördination factor is very demanding. And when you look at the film I'm in"—a seventy-five-minute homemade video that Bob feels is the greatest shooting film ever—"where I shoot all kinds of guns, all kinds of ways, be it fast draw, automatic, precision, combat, action, whatever . . . I mean, I do everything. At that level, you gotta be— Well, I tell you what, I'm the only person in the world I know of who does that. For whatever reason, I have the ability to do all these things. There's no explanation for it."

We asked Bob how he got into this line of work.

"I entered my first professional shooting tournament thirty-five years ago, when I was eleven years old. When I was nineteen, I held all world records. In fact, I won twenty-nine major championships in a row without losing a shot. And, I tell you, when I'm competing I love to shoot first, because I like to set a pace, force 'em to shoot over their heads, blow their holsters up trying to beat my time. I tell you what—what do you say we go down to the Javits and shoot a few?"

Bernard Schoenbaum

"It's a superbly tailored garment, Senator. Tossed casually over one's shoulder, a sure vote-getter."

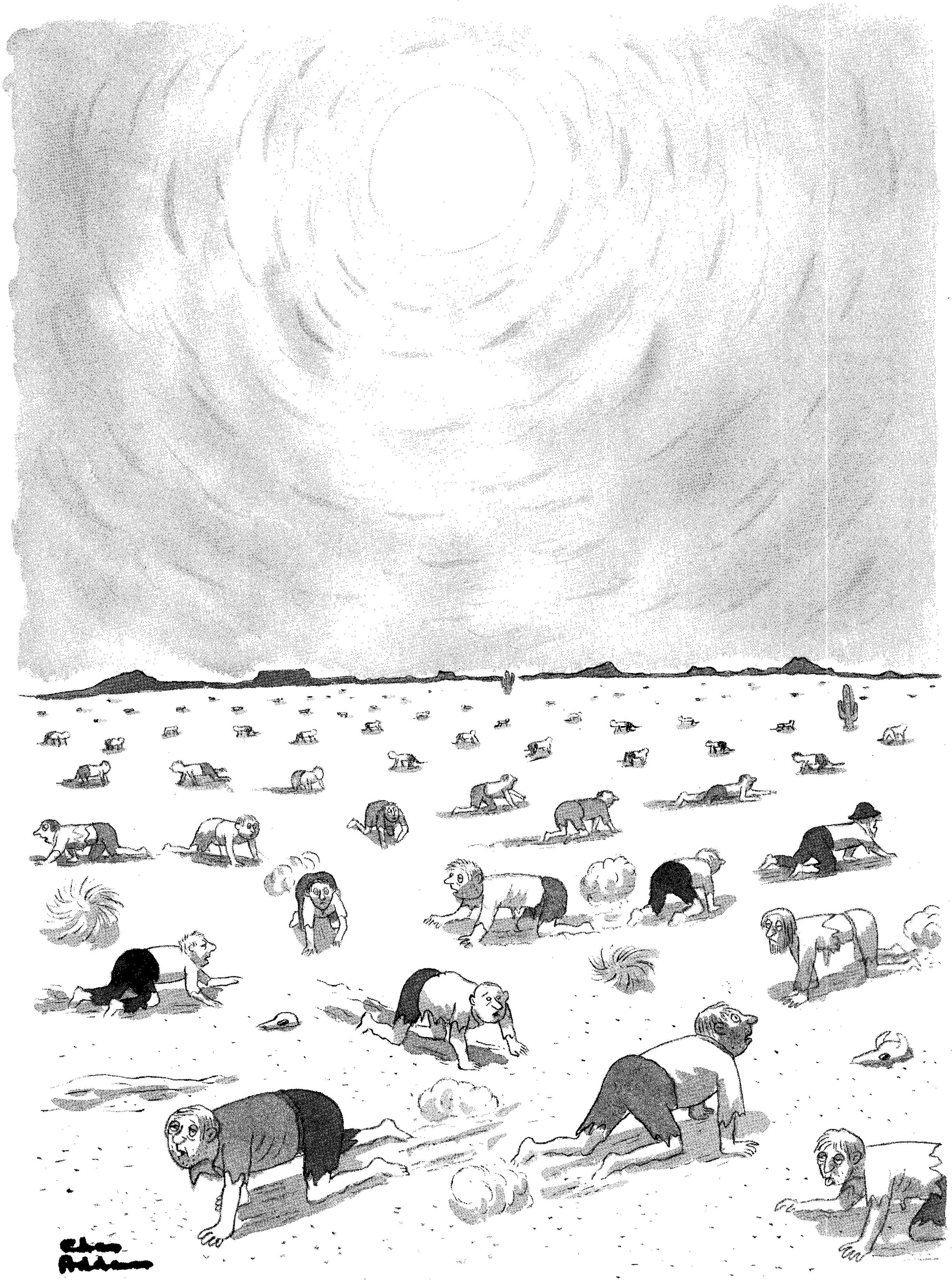
• •

At the Convention Center, while Bob unpacked his gear and began changing into his shooting clothes, he told us what he thought of New York ("It's so crazy it's fun"), of television ("Insults my intelligence"), of his '78 Lincoln Continental ("Absolutely mint"), of hunting ("I add a little dimension, I use a handgun"), of his wife ("She's a heck of a shot"), of his good friend Roy Rogers ("I say, 'Roy, I want you to dude up and I want a picture of you and me. Can you do that, what do you think?' He says, 'No problem' "). And before we knew it he had transformed himself into a celebrity gunman: snakeskin boots, cowboy hat, holster with .45-calibre Colt single-action revolver, snazzy Western shirt with sponsor patches.

Bob grew up watching television and movie Westerns, and in his stage show he reënacts the fast-draw techniques of some of his favorite stars. Jerry Lewis, whose hobby happens to be fast draw, is the best, in Bob's opinion; Sammy Davis, Jr., comes next. Bob has never been interested in becoming a movie star himself, but he has been on a number of TV shows, including "That's Incredible," Johnny Carson, and "Wide World of Sports" (four times). "You name it, I've been on it—except the Letterman show," he told us. "I'm not having any luck with their people. I think it would be beneficial to everyone if Bob Munden got on Letterman."

In Bob's act, the most impressive and controversial stunt is the double shot, in which he draws his gun, cocks the hammer, aims, fires, cocks the hammer again, aims, and fires again—the two shots at two targets set a few feet apart. Bob explained the two-shot technique by doing it for us in slow motion, and then, after a pause, he did it full speed. We could neither see nor hear the second shot, and we said so.

"You know," Bob said, "I've had a lot of trouble with people who can't believe the double shot's for real, and I say 'Look, if you had heard two shots, you wouldn't have been impressed.' "


Chas Addams

YOU NAME IT

"SO it looks as though current conditions will put Hurricane Alice onshore sometime tomorrow morning. Back to you, Norm."

"Thanks, Jim. While Alice is wreaking havoc along the Southern seaboard, people out West are having a different kind of trouble. Kate is in the newsroom with more."

"Well, Norm, scientists in California say Earthquake Bob did a lot more damage than first reported. It could be the worst shaker since Big Hal rumbled across the San Fernando Valley two years ago."

"Thanks, Kate. A quick note here. Emergency crews in Northern California say Mud Slide Vivian should be totally cleaned up by morning. She's been blocking roads in two states since heavy rains and swollen rivers sent her fearsome gooey power crashing out of the hills last week. Now let's check with Rita in the chopper."

"Norm, I'm just east of the I-5 bypass, right above the awesome aftermath of Train Wreck Smitty. Looks like two freights met head on this morning. Investigators think Smitty could be a real bear if any of those tank cars rupture and release dangerous chemicals."

"Stay on top of it, Rita. Of course, we can't talk about Smitty without thinking back to last year when Toxic Cloud LaJean crept over the East Side on Thanksgiving night. Experts are still baffled by her sudden terrifying appearance in those sleeping neighborhoods. I'm told now we have a special report coming in from David at the mall."

"That's right, Norm. Police here have just announced the existence of Bomb Scare George. No word on the likelihood of George being upgraded, but all patrons are being urged to leave the mall immediately. Officials don't want a repeat of what happened at the Shoreline Center two summers ago, when several shoppers were slightly injured by Mystery Blast Roxanne."

"David, we'll certainly check back with you if time allows. This has been a tough day for air-quality managers. Linda is in Mobile One to explain why."

"Norm, two million drivers headed for work this morning and right now Smog Alert Walter is chuckling all the way through the afternoon commute. Heavy smoke drifting in from Brushfire Josephine is adding to the problem, so keep those headlights turned on for the ride home."

"Sound advice, Linda. And while there's no need to panic on the freeways, a lot of investors are panicked in the wake of Bank Collapse Jethro. Two more arrests made in that case today, and our consumer expert, Melvin, is at the Hall of Justice."

"No real surprises here, Norm. The two suspects are huddling with their lawyers. But the big news is a possible break in Product Tampering Helen; tainted corn pads caused severe foot problems three years back, but we may see a suspect in custody by the end of this week."

"Super job, Melvin, kudos all around on that one. Let's go upstairs now and see what Larry is working on for LateCast."

"Norm, Detroit is planning new marketing incentives to perk up sales after the embarrassment of Recall Elvin. We'll have details. City Hall has decided to go ahead and pay for repairs at Memorial Auditorium after that building was nearly torn apart by the sudden fury of Rock Concert Riot Midge. And, hard to believe, but the Tall Towers Power Plant is all set to glow again, just six months after Meltdown Manny sent thousands fleeing."

"Norm? Norm? This is Linda again. I hate to interrupt, but we've got a breaker here in Mobile One, and it looks big. The signal's pretty garbled, but we know it's Doc Gorman checking in from over at our Eastmeadow Mesencephalon Watch. Boy, all the bells are going off on this one."

"We're holding, Linda. This sounds like a toughie."

"Yes. The static is clearing, Norm, and—oh-oh. Seems like we're getting a recurrence of Anomie Bette, up on Grape Blossom Drive. At first this seemed like the initial stirrings of Anomie Cecil, only the local experts are telling us it's the same old Bette we thought we'd seen the last of late on Friday afternoon. She's on a circular path, I guess, but the downside is that she's paired up with Nameless Dread Wilhelm."

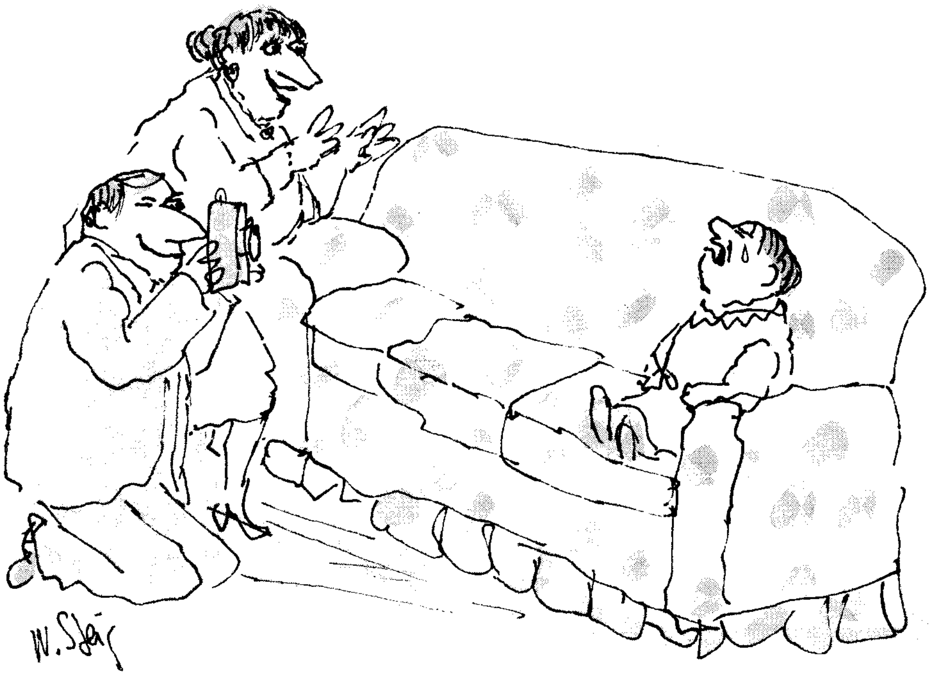
"Linda, can you tell us where this double-barrelled attack has hit? Do we have any focus on that yet?"

"Affirmative, Norm. Even as we speak, crisis units are calling at the home of Fred C. Burch, out at 35228 Grape Blossom. We'll speed to that address and try for a live update later in the show."

"Is that Person Fred, Linda?"

"You got it, Norm."

—JEFFREY SHAFFER



"Just one more, darling."

REPETITION

A QUARTER of a century—or a day—has passed since I arrived in Yugoslavia on the trail of my missing older brother, Gregor, whom I never knew. I was not yet twenty and I had just taken my final school examination. I had never been outside of Austria and knew very little Slovene, though it was hardly a foreign language for an inhabitant of a village in southern Carinthia.

After a glance at my newly issued Austrian passport, the border guard in Jesenice spoke to me in Slovene. When I failed to understand, he told me in German that our family name, Kobal, was Slavic, that the word meant the span between parted legs—a step—and thus by extension a person standing with legs outspread, so that my name would have better suited him, the border guard. The elderly official beside him, in civilian clothes, white-haired, with the round, rimless glasses of a scholar, explained with a smile that the related verb meant "to climb" or "to ride;" thus my given name, Filip, "lover of horses," fitted in with Kobal, and he felt sure I would someday do honor to my full name. Suddenly he grew grave, came a step closer, and looked me solemnly in the eye. I should know, he said, that two and a half centuries ago there had been a Slovene hero named Kobal. In the year 1713 Gregor Kobal, from Kobarid, was one of the leaders of the great peasant revolt in Tolmin, and in 1714 he had been executed along with his comrades. It was he who had said—and his words were still renowned in the Republic of Slovenia—that the emperor was a mere servant and that the people had better take matters into their own hands. Thus informed—of something I already knew—I was permitted to step out of the dark frontier station and into the north-Yugoslavian town, which in those days our own school maps still identified by its old Austrian name of Assling (in parentheses) side by side with the Slovene Jesenice. Over my shoulder hung my seabag, holding the two books my brother Gregor had left at home before he disappeared.

Our family legend was rooted in that historical event. It seems that we really were descended from Gregor Kobal, the instigator of the Tolmin peasant revolt. The story is that after his execution his descendants were driven out of the Isonzo Valley, and that one of them crossed the Karawanken Mountains to Carinthia. Henceforward, all our firstborn males were baptized with the name of Gregor.

For my father, the part of this story that counted was not that his ancestor had been a rebel and guerrilla leader but that he was executed and his family banished; since then we had been a family of hirelings, of itinerant workers, homeless and condemned to remain so. As he saw it, another aspect of the sentence of banishment was that in his Austrian home he was obliged not only to give another language precedence over Slovene, the language of his ancestors, but to renounce the use of Slovene altogether. Since he talked to himself, often very loudly, in his workshop, it was apparent that he himself spoke it in his innermost consciousness, but he felt forbidden to let it out or pass it on to his children. Thus it had been no more than justice when he married a woman of the hostile, German-speaking nation. He behaved as if a supreme will, more powerful than that of the emperor who centuries ago ordered the execution of our ancestor Gregor Kobal, had decreed that after the wartime disappearance—the desertion—of his soldier son, the last of that name, he must repress any Slovene sound in his house.

My mother, however—the Slovene by marriage, the foreigner—took an entirely different view of the clan tradition. To her it was not a sad story of unsuccessful struggle and banishment but a kind of attestation of the family's aim and aspiration, a promise. Her family (by which she meant her children) had for centuries had their home on the other side of the Karawanken Mountains; they had a claim to it and would someday make it good by their own efforts. There they must go, to the southwest, to take back their land, whatever it might amount to. And that would wipe out the disgrace that had once been inflicted on "us" through our ancestor's murder by the authorities. (My mother, the foundling, the foreigner, used the most imperious "we" for the family that had given her asylum.) In the face of my father's scornful resignation, my mother would ask whether he, who seemed to have degenerated once and for all into a subject, had forgotten that the last news of his son Gregor—not deserter but resistance fighter—had come from the celebrated "Kobarid Republic," where in the midst of the war a single village had proclaimed itself an anti-Fascist republic and had held out for a time; to which my father replied only that he knew nothing of any such news or of any such resistance.

The two of them would meet time and again in front of the only picture we had (except for the enlarged photograph of my brother in the crucifix-and-radio corner); it hung in the entrance and was a map of Slovenia. But here, too, my parents usually stood and argued. My mother, ordinarily so godless and blasphemous, would lift up her voice and chant names from the map, syllable after syllable, on a hovering, tremulous high note, while my father shook his head at her pronunciation of the foreign words when he didn't curtly and gruffly correct her. Though her lips twitched like a rabbit's and her tongue froze, she persisted in her Slavic litany, chanted Ljubljana instead of Laibach, Ptuj instead of Pettau, Kranj instead of Krainburg, Gorica instead of Görz, Bistrica instead of Feistritz, Postojna instead of Adelsberg, Ajdovscina (whose sound I awaited with special eagerness) instead of Haidenschaft. My mother's litany of place names, however faulty her pronunciation, sounded beautiful to me.

MY brother does not appear in an active role in the family folklore until the age of seventeen, when he set out from our Austrian town for the agricultural school in Maribor, across the border in Slovenia. On his very first vacation, back home, he presented himself to the family as a discoverer not only of new farming methods but, above all, of the Slovene language. Slovene larded with German had always been his dialect, the dialect of our region; now it became his written language, which he used in his notebooks and in letters and jottings. For these he always carried about with him a small dictionary, a pencil, and slips of paper in addition to the usual penknife and bits of string, and continued to do so later on during the war, from one battlefield to the next. He wanted everyone else in the family to imitate him and at last show loyalty to their Slovene origins—show it in the city,

in public offices, on the train. My father, however, didn't want to; his Austrian wife couldn't; my sister was mute at the time, preoccupied with a broken heart; and I myself hadn't been born yet. Though our mother's Slovene was negligible, my brother called it "our mother tongue" in his first letter home from school in Maribor, and added, "We are what we are, and no one can force us to be Germans."

He was almost an adult when he left home, and he went of his own free will. He saw nothing foreign in the foreign country; instead, he found "our most essential possession" (this in a letter)—namely, his language. He did not suffer from homesickness. The school in Maribor was his second home. And it was he who returned from his travels through Slovenia with the story of the executed peasant revolutionary Gregor Kobal. Kobal was one of the most common names in the Kobarid graveyard there, he reported. He had looked it up in the local baptismal registers, going farther and farther back, until at the end of the seventeenth century he found the record of the rebel's birth. Whereupon he appointed Gregor Kobal our ancestor.

Yet, even during the war, my brother never actually became an insurrectionary. He was reputed to be the gentlest of the family, and to judge by his letters he was something else that I've met with only in a few children: pious. He often used the word "holy;" in his usage, however, it applied not to the church or to Heaven or any other place outside the world but *always* to everyday life—getting up in the morning, going to work, meals, routine activities. "At home, where everything is done in so lively and holy a way," he wrote in a letter from the Russian front. He spoke of the "holiest and merriest" walk around the Easter bonfire, or "going out to the fields bright and early to mow in the holy hours."

It was his piety that deterred him during the war from active rebellion against the German Army; his indignation was expressed only in his letters. Hearing that a neighborhood family had been deported to Germany, he wrote that he had "but one wish . . . to tear *that man* limb from limb . . . but the thought of my parents, my brother and sister, holds back my rage." Thus it was probably legend when my mother told us that, after a so-called farm leave, her son had deserted to join the partisans and become a fighter. My guess is that he simply disappeared, no one knows where. It is inconceivable that he would ever have joined in bellowing warlike partisan songs at the top of his lungs—but quite possible that he and a few others made their way to some hidden clearing, a secret patch of farmland, and that from there he called back over his shoulder to the warlords, "I now say to you the word that is often heard at the bowling alley at home when the ball misses the tenpins." That, in one of his letters from the front, is his euphemistic way of saying "Shit!" He was indeed a singer, but not a regimented one; you might have caught him singing with friends after a few drinks. He was a dancer, too, but not a stamping, heavy-footed one; more a merry wag, prancing on one foot at the edge of the dance floor.

AFTER his disappearance, the village thought him dead, and like all the village dead he was soon forgotten, except by a priest or two; few of the boys his own age who might have talked about him came home from the war, and the girl who was thought to be his fiancée married someone else and never spoke of him. He had left home too early to be remembered as a maypole climber, or as a soloist in church, and soon after his return from the Maribor school the young peasant with the apron became "the soldier Gregor Kobal."

But in our house he was honored. During my childhood he was so much talked of that it seems to me now as though he were there the whole time, as though I even heard an additional voice in every conversation, as though our heads kept turning toward the absent figure in the empty corner. It was chiefly my mother who brought him alive with her talk, while my father was the custodian of his belongings, not only of the orchard he planted but also of his clothes and his two books. I often saw my parents whispering forehead to forehead in my mother's sickroom; only later did it occur to me that this may have been less an expression of married love than a union in mourning for their dearly beloved son, and that their two foreheads may have been meant to form a bridge for his still hoped-for return.

My brother's papers are not complete, and I have no personal memory of him. His legacy is so fragmentary that I am in the position of a scholar dealing with the few bits that have come down to us from the early Greek seekers after truth (I visualize them wringing their hands, stammering, and finally uttering their cry of joy): two separate words taken out of context, such as "dancing" and "weeping," bear a halo around them and irradiate the world; they derive their radiance from not being shut up in a complete sentence or in an "explanation." And because when I think about my missing brother there is no picture of a living man, no smell, no tone of voice, no footfalls, no particularity whatever to intervene, it has been possible for Gregor to become a hero to me, an indestructible phantasm. True, he was appointed my godfather in his absence and he did see me once when home on leave, but I was barely two years old at the time and have no recollection of the meeting. "I shall have bent over my godchild," he wrote from the front.

Through these words, so much more concrete than my own memory, I have felt my brother bend over me time and again. And that is why I call this person who has the same parents as I my "forebear;" yes, I have appointed Gregor Kobal—the peaceable descendant of an insurrectionary, a man who, as even his sister admitted, "never brandished a whip"—to be my ancestor, even though I myself, at least in thought, always keep a whip ready for one enemy or another. And indeed, precisely in certain crucial moments, a peace would descend on me in which not only did I see my elective ancestor bent over me in kindness but I myself embodied him. Of course when in crisis I could not summon him to give me peace; it worked the other way around: I would find peace on my own, and then he was present to bolster me.

And yet, though it may be mere appearance, with an ancestor in me I am no longer alone; I sit more erect, walk in a different way; do and refrain from doing, say and leave unsaid what should be done or not done, said or left unsaid in a situation of danger. What are facts compared to such appearances?

THE first of the two books I carried to Slovenia was a hard-covered copybook in which my brother had made notes during his studies at the agricultural school in Maribor. Because it was thick and, with its hard cover, smelled like a genuine book, I had always regarded it as one. The other tome was his Slovene-German dictionary.

SPRING THAW IN SOUTH HADLEY

Old snows locked under glass
by last night's ice storm left
curatorial winter, in
whose hands alone we'd hoped
to find the keys,
jangling them in the trees—

not merely in these pine
needles by the fistful
gloved in crystal but,
from their boughs, the self-
invented digits of
icicles addressed

(in a manner reminiscent
of the insubstantial
finger of a sundial)
less to a point in space
than effectively to time,
the frozen moment.

By noon, the ice as thin
as an eggshell veined to show
life seeping yellow,
one's boots sink in
with a snap; the sap
underrunning everything

may be nothing but water, yet
there's a sacramental
joy in how, converting
to its liquid state,
it's anything but gentle.
A crash from Abbey Chapel—

who cut the string
that sent the white sheets falling?
Nothing but the long
scissors of the sun
unwraps such thunder. Even
a modest A-frame

in a muffled instant sheds
its wrinkling roofs of snow:
black butterfly below.
As if to make
one more clean break above,
the sky—seconds ago

one continent of cloud—
follows the drift of spring,
splits and refits like Ming
porcelain. The plate
tectonics alternate:
white and blue, blue and white.

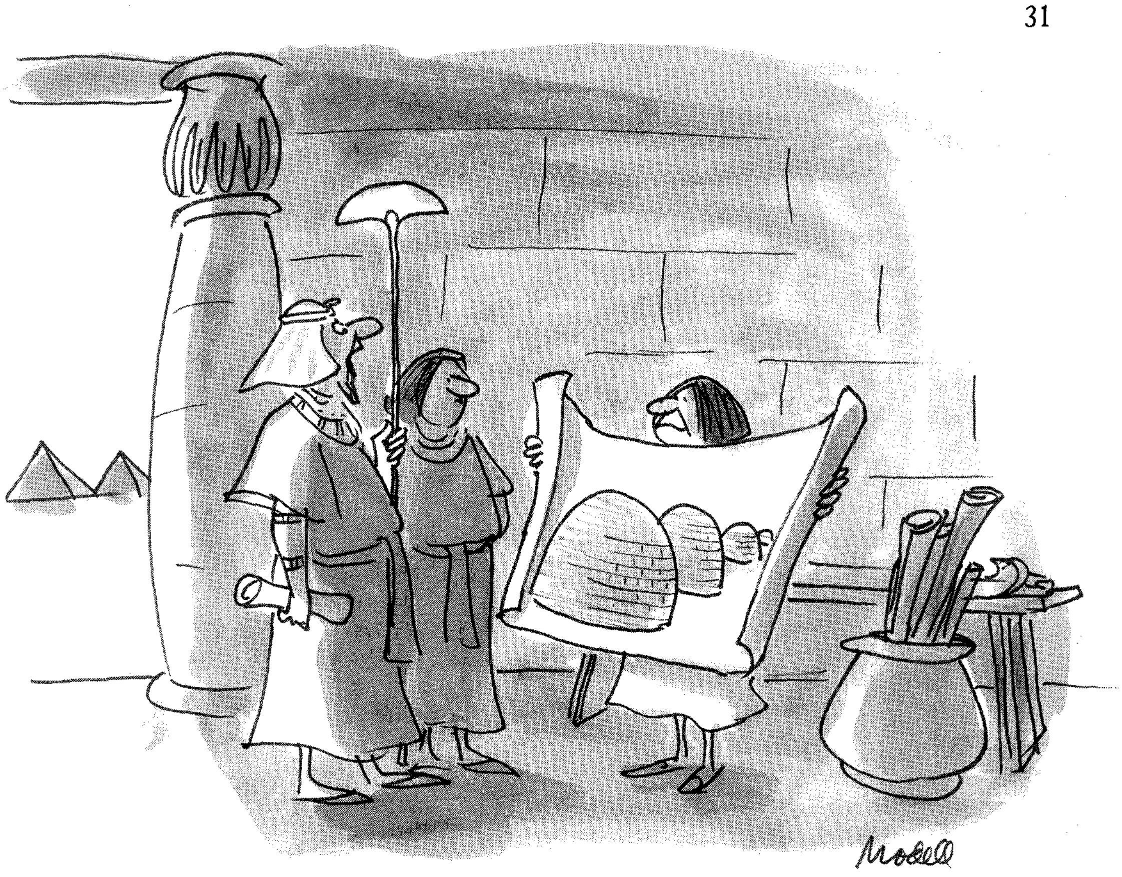
—Mary Jo Salter

• •

I set to reading them in earnest in a small mountain inn in Yugoslavia. My brother's copybook dealt mostly with fruit growing. It was written in Slovene, but with the help of the dictionary I managed to get the gist of it. Though the work of a man who was not yet twenty, it did not consist of lecture notes but was, rather, the record of a young scientist's independent research. A second section was a kind of treatise, made up of reflections on the subject, and at the end there was a catalogue of rules and suggestions. The whole was a student's notes and a textbook in one.

Essentially, the book revolved around my brother's experience of planting and improving apple trees in his own orchard at home. He spoke of suitable soil ("loose and rich," "flat, slightly vaulted ground"), orientation ("east to west, but sheltered from the wind"), the best times for the various operations (often determined by the equinoxes or the rising of certain constellations, or by rural holidays).

I couldn't help reading my brother's observations on grafting and on transplanting young trees as in part a *Bildungsroman*. He had carried the young plants from the nursery to his garden "along with their earth," he wrote, and arranged them in the same order as in the nursery, though much farther apart, because the branches of one tree should never touch those of another. He had woven the root branches into protective baskets before inserting them in their holes. The trees grown from seed on the spot had proved more resistant but also less fruitful than the transplants. Leafy crowns were advantageous, as they provided a roof under which more fruit would form. Branches inclined toward the ground bore more fruit than those that soared skyward (though the fruit hanging higher up was less likely to rot). As for grafting, he used only branches pointing eastward. They were pencil-shaped and the cuts chamfered to let the rainwater run off. The cutting itself was done not with a hatchet blow but by pulling the knife through so that the bark would remain intact. He always chose



"Sorry, Akhet, but we've decided to stick with pyramids."

• •

scions that had once borne fruit, "because otherwise we would be working not for a yield but for shade," and he never inserted a scion in a fork between two other scions, for if he did it would draw nourishment away from them. Of pruning, he wrote that the earlier he did it the more "wood" he obtained, the later the more "fruit;" the wood just "shot up," while the fruit would "bow down."

At the beginning of the copybook he explained that originally there had been only one tree in his orchard; it had run wild and bore no fruit. He had driven a spike into the bark at the spot that was freest from lichen; from the festering wound had sprung a shoot with one promising eye after another. The spike, his own invention, had been more like an auger—instead of hole-plugging dust, it produced shavings that could be blown out. (Beside the description in the manuscript was a drawing of a "Kobal auger.")

But what impressed me most were the concrete details, the passing mention of things which up until then had been only a jumble to me. The bast my brother used to tie his scion to the branch, the wood splint (not round but square) that held it straight, the pebbles that moderated the temperature of the soil at the roots and protected them from the groundwater took on a radiance that held my attention. Thus a light fell on the orchard, which, neglected since he disappeared, has run wild like the tree it began with.

Undoubtedly the words owed some of their power to the fact that I did not immediately understand them but had to translate them, not from a foreign language into my own but directly from an intimation—incomprehensible as much of the Slovene was to me, it seemed somehow familiar—into an image: into the orchard, a branch prop, a piece of wire. My brother referred to certain of his activities, such as removing sterile shoots, as "blind work." Possibly such translation turned blind reading into a sighted reading, an unseeing activity into intelligent work.

THE orchard copybook had been suitable reading matter for the four walls of my hotel room in Yugoslavia. But to read my brother's Slovene-German dictionary, I took to walking the hills. There in the open it released its arrows of meaning. Odd that a young man of twenty should spend whole afternoons in a foreign country leaning against a secluded barn, immersed in a dictionary—no, in a single page; no, a single word; that he should look up from that word, shake his head, laugh, drum his heels on the ground, clap his hands (scaring off the grasshoppers and butterflies), jump now and then to his feet and take a turn. When the people at the inn and in the village first saw me start on my daily expedition with my seabag, they took me for "a budding scientist" or "a young painter" (with its lake and solitary church, this Bohinj district had attracted droves of landscape painters in the nineteenth century); yet soon enough they must have decided that the young fellow sitting there hunched over his book, then suddenly starting to sing at the top of his voice could only be an idiot.

And yet my senses—of sight as well as hearing—have never been so sharp as then, as I read those columns of unconnected words. Could you call it reading? Wasn't it more a discovering, and wasn't it the joy of discovery that made me shout the foreign words and phrases? (Out into the landscape with them!) But what was it I discovered there?

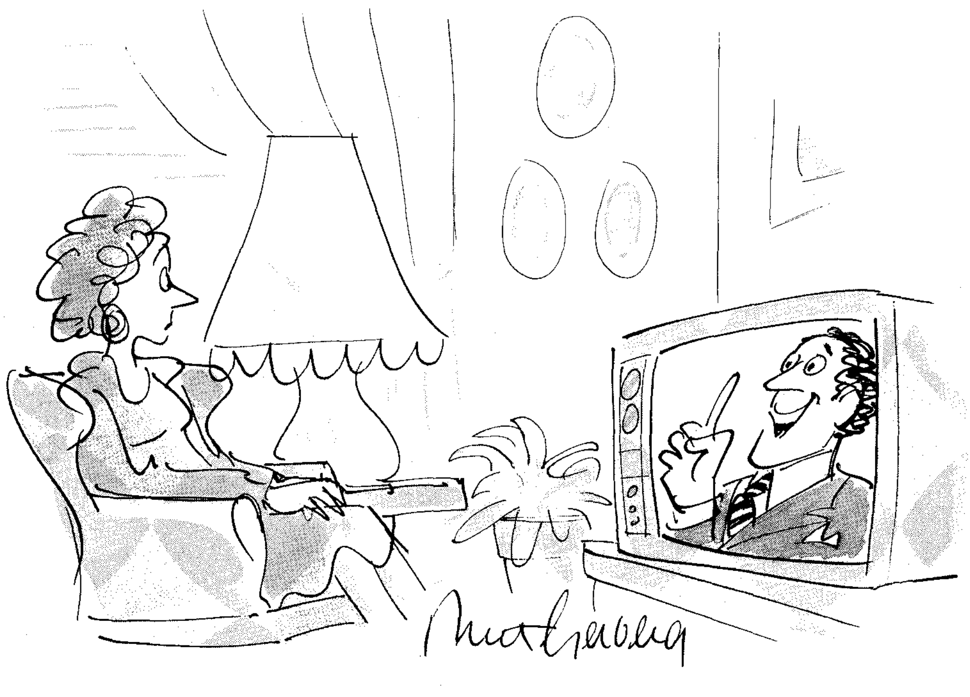
FOREIGN languages had fascinated me as a child. The one coffee tin in our house, with the curly-black-haired dancing girl on it, led me years later to study the dark beauty's language—Spanish; and I copied at least the first lessons of the Hungarian grammar I had brought home from my seminary, which attracted me first by its smell and then by the exotic look of its words. The Slovene language, on the other hand, which I heard every day in our South Austrian village, had rather repelled me. Not so much because of its Slavic sound as because of the many German words that kept intruding; I heard the dialect of the villagers not as a language but as a ridiculous hodgepodge. My father would often humiliate his fellow-card-players by imitating their manner of speaking—a mumbling, a gargling, a barbaric spitting out of gutturals—and following up with a sentence of his own pure, melodious Slovene. But even where the standard Slovene was spoken it usually sounded menacing to my ears, chiefly because the places where it occurred suggested official announcements rather than communication. On the radio, the short daily broadcast in the foreign language was cut in like news of a disaster; in school, meaningless sentences served only to drum the grammar into our heads; and in church, the priest, as he delivered his sermon, often switched despite himself to German, which seemed far better suited to his purpose, and continued quietly what in the Slavic language he had had to thunder out, sentence by sentence, in a tone of condemnation.

Only the litanies—even more than the hymns—made me prick up my ears to the language. I would join with all my heart in entreating the Saviour to have mercy on us and the saints to pray for us. In the dark nave, filled with the barely recognizable silhouettes of the villagers turned with their voices toward the altar, the Slovene syllables—those of the priest changing, those of the congregation unchanging—resounded with infinite fervor. It was as though we were all lying prostrate, addressing our supplication to a closed Heaven. Those foreign sequences could never be long enough for me; I wanted them to go on and on, and when the litany came to an end I experienced not a dying away but a breaking off.

But for me as a growing child it was only those litanies and the thought of my missing brother, my hero, that deterred me from regarding the region's second language—for many its first—as a personal assault on me; and even now, toward the end of the century, the local German-speaking majority feel the same way, often in spite of themselves.

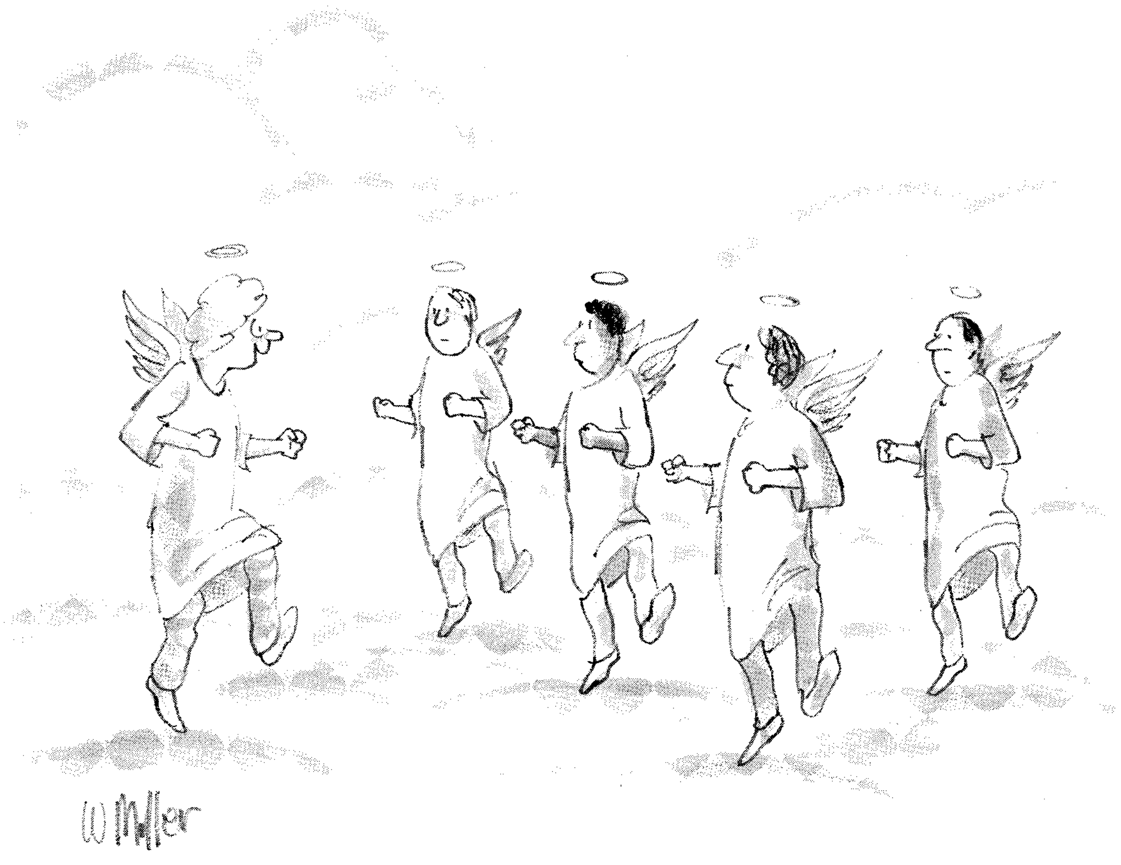
It was reading my brother's old Slovene-German dictionary that first helped me over this prejudice. It was published in 1895, the year of my father's birth. Aiming at completeness, it was a collection of words and phrases from every part of Slovenia. Just as the sun inching over the darkened landscape painting above the desk where I now sit writing helps me to pick out the minutest objects and figures and the spaces between them—the bent arm of the girl sitting by the water, a bowed tree on the horizon, a boy at the end of the path looking toward the girl—so, as I read the entries, the words helped me to see the little details that had almost always been lacking when I tried to visualize a childhood. Word by word—my brother had ticked many of them, so I was able to skip quite a lot—a people took shape before my eyes. Its members in their world were an exact replica of our villagers at home, but they did not, as in the usual stories and anecdotes, shrivel into types, caricatures, and clichés; I saw only the glowing forms of people and things. The words before me sprang from a rural people, whose metaphors had their source in country life: "He uses his tongue the way a cow uses her tail;" "You're as slow as fog on a windless day;" "Your house is as cold as a burned-out barn." But cities held no terrors for them, stood waiting to be conquered. The countryfolk would "rattle" to town in the wagon or "glide" there in the sleigh. The vocabulary of profanity was rich and varied; "he swore his last" was a way of saying "he died." These people had any number of terms for dying, but even more for the female sex organ. From one valley to the next the names changed for varieties of apple and pear, and they were as numerous as the stars in the sky (which were named after farm implements, called "reapers" or "mowers," or simply, like the Pleiades, the "Densely Sowed Ones").

The Slovenes had never set up a government of their own, so they had to resort to literal translations from the German or Latin of their overlords for everything connected with politics, public life, or, for that matter, conceptual thought—the terms seemed as stilted as saying "far-writer" for telegraph; on the other hand, the language had familiar names, nicknames as it were, for all commonplace objects, and not just the useful ones. Everything indoors seemed to have been named by women, and everything outdoors by men. A kind of bread baked under hot ashes was literally called "underash," and a variety of pear "the little woman." It is typical of this language that the addition of a mere syllable, and not of another word, can transform terms for large areas into diminutives, which serve as names for the things and creatures in these areas. The area thus becomes a refuge and hiding place for the creatures that bear its name. A wood, for example, harbored "woodsies," a term that might designate a human inhabitant of the wood, or a wood rush, or a particular species of forest flower, a wild cherry tree, a wild apple tree, a wood nymph, and—the forest's heart, as it were—the coal titmouse. It was through finding unaccustomed names for things in the dictionary that I first acquired a feeling for them.



"Now, in addition to our regular programming, let me tell you about tonight's specials."

Thus did I discover a people as tender as they were crude; a people with many different ways of scoffing at those who were quick to think and slow to act; an industrious people



"That's it . . . looking good . . . and . . . after this . . . we're . . . going to . . . be working . . . on those . . . wing muscles."

• •

("When it comes to work, we Slovenes are miles ahead," my brother wrote in a letter), whose adult language is shot through with children's expressions; taciturn and almost mute in despair, voluble and almost eloquent in joy and yearning; without aristocracy, without military marches, without kings, their only king being a legendary hero who wandered about in disguise, showing himself briefly.

But, on second thought, what the words made me aware of was not specifically the Slovene people or a people back at the turn of the century; rather, they showed me an indeterminate, timeless, extrahistorical people—more precisely, a people living in an eternal present, regulated only by the seasons, in an immanent world obedient to the laws of weather, of sowing, reaping, and animal diseases, a world apart from, before, or alongside history. (I am aware that my brother's tick marks contributed to this static image.) How could I help wanting to count myself among this unknown people that has only borrowed words for war, authority, and triumphal processions, but that devises its own names for the humblest things (indoors, for the space under the windowsill; out-of-doors, for the shiny trace of a braked wagon wheel on a stone flag) and is at its most creative when it comes to naming hiding places—places for refuge and survival, such as only children can think up (nests in the underbrush, the cave behind the cave, the fertile field deep in the woods)—yet never feels obliged to call itself "the chosen people" and set itself off from "the nations" (for, as its every word shows, this people inhabits and cultivates its land)?

JUST as, without detour through another language, my brother's agricultural copybook translated itself directly into his work—his orchard—his dictionary led me beyond the orchard into the whole landscape of childhood. Childhood? Was it my particular childhood? Was it my personal places and things that I discovered through names? Without question, the scene they conjured was my father's house. As I read the word for the space behind a stove, for the beam supporting a cider barrel in a cellar, for the stone-rimmed watering trough in a stable, for the last furrow in plowing, I visualized the corresponding object in or around our own house. It took only a word to evoke the broad end of "our" scythe, or "our" cling peaches, or the blue mist on "our" plums; and to lift even our subsoil—the layer of gravel under the humus, the pit where we stored our fodder beets—into a realm of light and air. And there were many words that communicated images of things I had never seen but that must nevertheless have drawn on our life at home. No horse of ours, for instance, had ever had an "eelback," but once I had the word for it I could see a horse with just such dark stripes in the village paddock. Nor had I ever heard the voice of the queen bee, which now, thanks to the onomatopoeic verb, resounded from within my father's abandoned apiary and penetrated my innermost being, followed by the sound, "as of boiling plum butter," of a whole swarm of "our" bees. Yes, the fellow "who produced whirring sounds on a birchwood flute" was I myself, the reader of the one word for all that, and likewise it was I, intent on the "grassblade hung with strawberries," who emerged suddenly from our community forest beyond the Seven Mountains, holding that very grassblade in my hand.

I HAD had a teacher in high school who wrote fairy tales. There was never any plot in them; they were mere descriptions of objects, and each story dealt with only one thing, an item or a scene of action that must have been familiar to readers of folktales. The subject of one story was a hut in the forest, but with no witch, with no lost children, with no fire (except at the most for a puff of chimney smoke, soon carried away by the cold wind); and in another there was nothing but a brook, so clear that its bed could at first be mistaken for a road with fish swimming over its long, dark cobblestones, until at last the water, rushing over a round protruding rock, gave forth an endless sound. The only one of his fairy tales in which anything "happened" was a description of a bramblebush (of course without the Grimm brothers' Jew struggling and tearing himself up in it). This bush is in the midst of an impenetrable wilderness, but is surrounded by a large circle of sand, where in the final sentence a first-person narrator suddenly turns up and throws a handful of sand, "and then another, and still another, and so forth and so on" into the brambles. These "one-thing tales" the author called "sun tales," stories that could manage without the usual "moonlight of spooky additives." "Sun and subject," he thought, were fairy tale enough; they were the "situation." A single glance at a treetop, he held, sufficed to produce a fairy-tale atmosphere.

Seen as a collection of one-*word* fairy tales, the dictionary did the same thing for me: it gave me images of the world, even when, as in the case of the strawberries strung on their sprig, I had not actually experienced them. Around every word I came across, a world took shape, as much around an "empty chestnut husk" as around the "wet tobacco left at the bottom of a pipe," or even a "sun shower" or the "white weasel," which also means a "saucy beautiful girl." And just as certain passages in my brother's letters, comparable to the fragments from the Greek truth seekers, had a kind of halo around them, so now, as I read his dictionary, isolated words traced circles that made me think of a prehistoric figure who lived in the hazy centuries before those early stammerers—that is, of the legendary Orpheus. Only a few of his idiosyncratic terms had survived; neither his poems nor his songs had been thought worth collecting, only his peculiar names for things: "woven chains" for the furrows in fields, "bent shuttles" for plows, "threads" for seed grains, "Aphrodite" for the sowing season, "the tears of Zeus" for rain.

For me, these word-circles had that same fairy-tale effect, for though the terrible, the repellent, the evil were amply represented in them, they were only one element, which took its place in the whole and, in the dictionary at least, could never prevail. My teacher found fault with the stories I was writing at the time; he said that I had a weakness for the macabre, that I was positively addicted to the gloomy and gruesome, whereas the law of writing was to create—letter after letter, syllable after syllable—the brightest of brightnesses; even one's last breath, he said, must be transformed into the breath of life. Now, though, immersed in the dictionary's "rain of blood," "rat turds," "spittle of disgust," "the earthworm's fecal sausage," "shoes moldering in a corner," a beast named "understone" (a viper), a place called "land of moles" (the grave), I felt free of my addiction to the gruesome or even to the tragic, and found in the contemplation of names a pattern in the world, a schema, that transformed country people and a village house into world people and a city house. Every word-circle a world-circle! The crux of the matter was that every circle emanated from a single foreign word. When people felt unable to communicate an experience, didn't they always wail, "Oh, if there were only a word for it!" And when they recognized an expression as true, weren't they much less likely to say, "Yes, that's it!" than "That's the word!"

But wasn't I taking the side of a foreign language against my own? Wasn't I attributing this single-word magic exclusively to Slovene at the expense of my native German? No, it was both languages together, the single words on the left and the circumlocutions on the right, that—sign after sign—curved and inflected, measured, demarcated, and constructed space. How fortunate was the existence of different languages! And was the Babylonian confusion as awful, as destructive, as we say? After all, the Tower of Babel did finally get built, and it did reach up to the heavens.

Day after day, I would open the book of wisdom more excitedly. Is there any word for the adventures I was experiencing? What can one say to express the simultaneous experience of childhood and landscape? There is a word, a German word, and that word is *Kindschaft!* I clap my hands in amazement!

Time and again, as I read in the dictionary, I applauded the epic of words. And I laughed as well—not the laughter of ridicule but the laughter of recognition and complicity: Yes, there *is* a word for the bright spot in a cloudy sky, a word for the way an ox runs back and forth on a hot day when he's stung by a horsefly, for flame suddenly bursting from a stove, for the juice of stewed pears, for the star on a bull's forehead, for a man on all fours extricating himself from the snow, for a woman stocking up on summer clothes, for the sloshing of liquid in a half-empty bucket, for the trickling of seeds out of seed pods, for the skipping of a flat stone over the surface of a pond, for icicles hanging from a tree, for the raw spot in a boiled potato, for a puddle in clayey ground—yes, that's it! That's the word!

But was my schema still valid? Wasn't the word for "the sound of two alternating flails" an obsolete term, since the implements referred to had for years been hanging inactive in museums? Wasn't "the sound of a falling body" the only meaning that survived? Didn't the term that in the

---

WHAT THE NIGHT IS LIKE

The night is like
birdsong, song of a bird
over a body asleep, a body
waking up febrile at dawn

And the night is like
illnesses, many illnesses
or silences, a tinkle of fog,
a quiver of moon in Tibet

Yet the true power
of the night, its real power,
is no more than a coat, a filthy
coat a beggar might wear . . .

Lie back, don't look,
close your eyes, be calm . . .
It's in the nature of the exile
to love the next town

For the night is also like
the restless loom of the sea, the weal
of the deep sea, the flow of its dark
to our many ports

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

• •

past century designated only "emigration" lose its innocence now that the events of the last war have changed its meaning to "forced resettlement"? Didn't the old book suffer from the absence of resistance fighters, of partisans, when for "partisan" it offered only that obsolete, halberdlike weapon—hardly a substitute? And even for the time when the dictionary was compiled, were there not a striking number of designations for places where something *had* been but was no longer—for fallow land "where barley once grew," for the place "where the barn used to be," for the stone surface "where bushes used to grow"? And even back then, weren't footnotes appended to certain particularly inventive designations, to the effect that they were no longer in use? And hadn't the scholars included in their book many words that even their source, the oldest inhabitant in the most remote valley, had stopped using except in word games? So instead of saying that words had fairy-tale magic, wouldn't it be wiser to say that they performed the function of a questionnaire: What is my situation? What is our situation? What is the present situation?

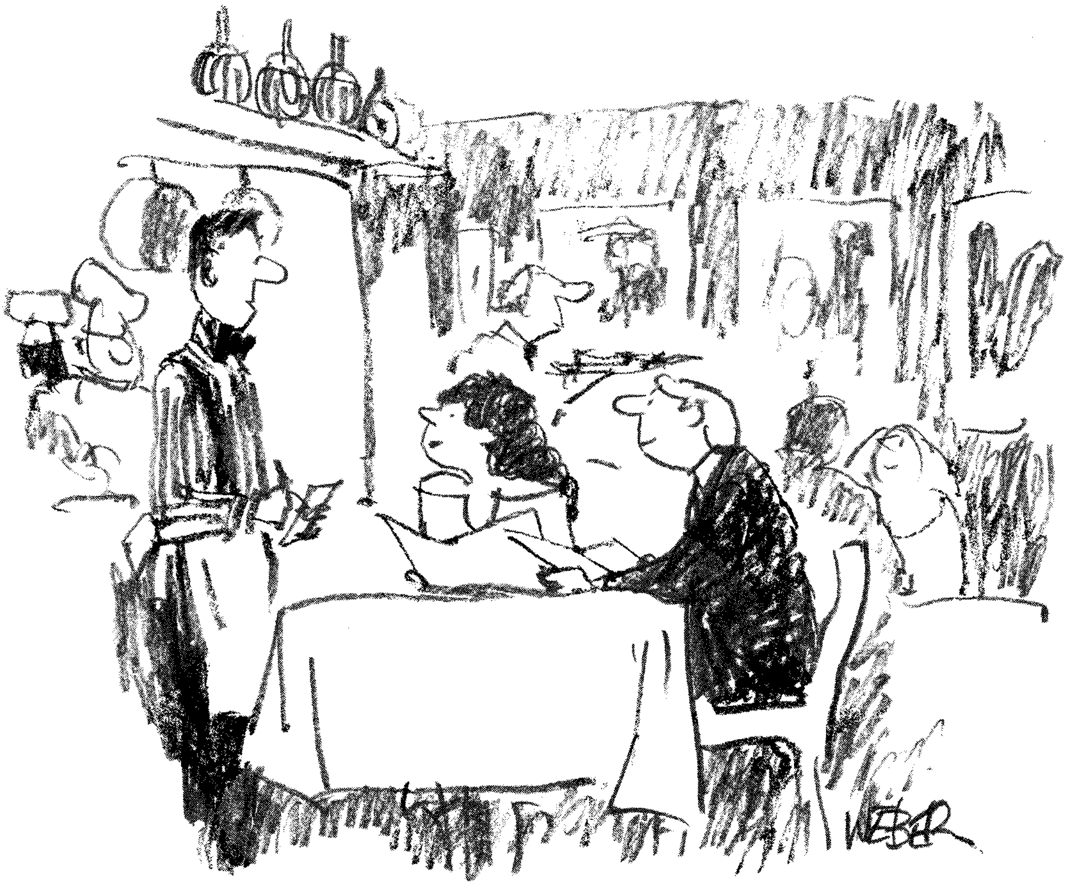
Yet, at the same time, they *were* fairy tales; for even if I had never seen the thing it stood for and even if it had long departed this world, each word invariably engendered an image—or, more precisely, a radiance.

ONE afternoon, as I sat reading on the high plateau, I came across the last word my brother had ticked. As in many other cases, the date and place were supplied: "At the front." In the early stages of the war he always carried the book with him; it was only at the end, before he disappeared, that he left it home along with his jacket "as a baptismal present" for me. The rest of the dictionary, more than half of it, showed no further pencil marks, and seemed to have never been opened; there were no prewar grassblades or wartime flies pressed between the pages.

There I sat, contemplating the one word, leafing back to the others: Was this a map of the areas of the earth or only of their memory—was it perhaps even their obituary? Was it only the fault of the wars that in the time I was living in, *my* time, human language had grown so inexpressive that we speakers always had to *emphasize* something? Why, at the age of twenty, did I feel tired at the mere thought that some interlocutor might open his mouth? Why did speech—even my own—often transport me into some muffled middle-class living room? Why had words lost all meaning? Why was it only the rare *mot juste* that made me feel I had a soul?

Seized with a need to mourn, I stood up, still holding my brother's book. Nothing was moving in the countryside around me, not even a blade of grass; even the water stood still, and hadn't being alive always meant simply being able to breathe with the flowing water, the waving grass, a tossing branch? But what I wanted to mourn was not just a solitary death, it was something more: an annihilation. To annihilate means to do away not only with a particular human being but also with what gives the world its cohesion. To eliminate someone like my brother—who, unlike the great mass of those who speak and write, had the gift of bringing words and, through them, *things* to life, who never ceased to exercise that gift and to point out examples as he was doing now to me—was to kill language itself, the living tradition, the tradition of peace; it was the most unforgivable of crimes, the most barbarous of world wars.

THE last word my brother had ticked had a double meaning. Translated, it meant both "to fortify oneself" and "to sing psalms." I stopped and raised my head. I was carried back to the bluish cave of my seminary desk. Its back wall was the mountain slope before me, grooved with crisscrossing cowpaths. A sun shone on it, low in the sky as shortly before setting and made brighter by the unlit spruce in front of it. The ledges were thick bars of shadow leading to the summit, on which lay a thoroughly earthly glow. The light pinpointed the smallest shapes on the slope—a clump of grass, a half-overgrown hoof print, a molehill, a line of birds along a rivulet, a wild



"With the pork I'd recommend an Alsatian white or a Coke."

• •

hare nearby—and connected them with one another by distinct interstices.

I went on reading, my eyes at once in the book and on the mountain. My staring became a watchful scanning, as when in a strange crowd one knows that a familiar face or two must be present. Here in the sun, the old resounding litany in the dark church was resumed in a silent litany of words, with their many meanings. To breathe deeply was to yearn, was to tense the strongest muscle. Violent anger was sobbing. Fireflies were June was a variety of cherry. The mower was a sandpiper was the belt of Orion. The grasshopper was the bridge of a *violin was the inner partition of a nut* was the handle of a whip. . . . A change of one letter transformed the word for a slight breeze into the word for a powerful flow, and another into a tempest, which was also the name for flying sand. . . . At last, silent invocations took on human form, and I saw the absent ones appear on the edges, silhouetted by the word-light: my mother as "the woman who had ceased to be a handmaiden;" my father as "the man who never ceased to be a servant;" my sister as "the blessed;" my girlfriend as "the quiet one;" the village idiot as "he who stirs up wind as he walks;" my enemy in the form of "a bruised heel;" and ahead of them all my brother "the pious," a word which also denoted "the serene." And I? I recognized myself, reader and onlooker in one, as the third party on whom everything hinged, without whom there could be no game, and who thus found in himself the salient features of the other players: my father's white, servant's feet and the torn corners of my brother's eyelids.

Of course, it was only for a moment that this picture writing shimmered on the mountain slope; then all was relifeless emptiness, and the sun had set. But I knew I could bring the picture writing back—that, unlike grief, it could be willed.

I shut my eyes. Only then did I notice that they were wet. But I was not weeping for myself or my family; no, the source of those tears was things and their words. For without the refuge of words, the earth—the black, red, greening earth—would be nothing but one great desert, and I will no longer acknowledge any drama, any history other than the drama of the things and words of this beloved world. I shall find a word for the dark interior of a white chestnut blossom, the yellow of clay under the wet snow, the bit of blossom that clings to the apple, and the sound of a river fish leaping out of the water.

WHEN WILL YOU BE BACK AT THE BANK?
PROBABLY ON THURSDAY.
THEN HAVE THREE NICE DAYS.
S. Harris

I opened my eyes again, and again strode the plateau faster and faster as though taking a run. Again I stopped. *With the sense that my chest had be*come an instrument, I shouted. Filip Kobal—whose voice was so soft that he could never make himself heard, whom the prefects at the seminary had scolded because his prayers didn't "carry"—shouted so loud that all who knew him would have looked at him with new eyes.

Something comparable had happened only once, at that same seminary. I had convinced myself that I was unable to sing, and then one day the teacher called on me to sing. With my heart in my mouth I stood up and took a deep breath. Then, in the midst of the sullenly brooding class, I drew from my innermost soul a strange and tender song, which provoked first laughter, then embarrassed awe in my listeners, and which, it seemed to me, must always have been inside me. Now on the plateau, where I was alone, what came out of me was not singing, nor was it a bellow or call; it was a clear shout, imperiously claiming my right. With all my strength I shouted the words of my brother's book, laconic or lyrical, monosyllabic, polysyllabic. The words went out over the countryside, calling forth on the empty cowpaths an echo whose other name was "world sound." And at every shout I saw the open ears of my ancestors, the amused arching of their eyebrows, their joyful faces.

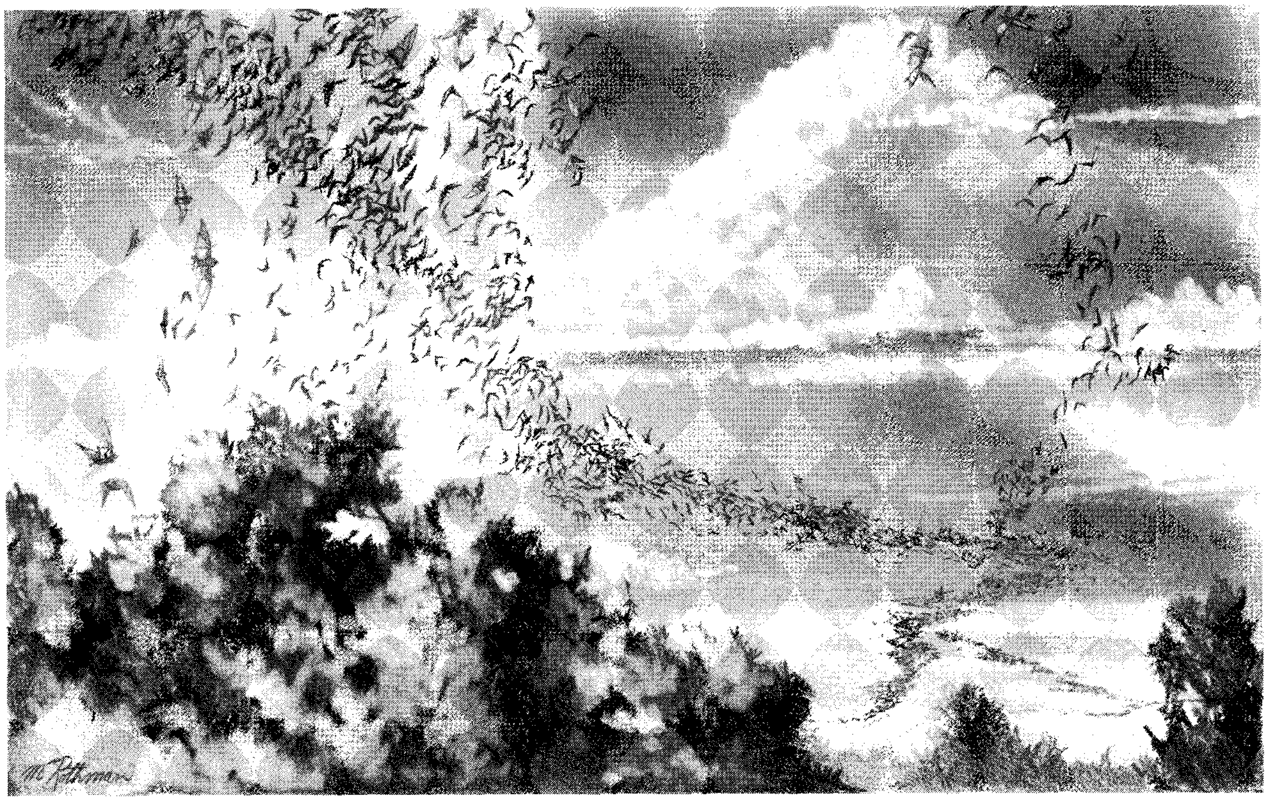
I propped up the book, touched it with my lips, and bowed down to the place. I cut a branch from a nearby hazel bush, scratched the place and the date into it: "Dobrava, Slovenija, Jugoslavija, 1960," and declared it to be our family's monument.

Then, flinging myself upon the ground, I discovered once and for all what the spirit is. —PETER HANDKE

(*Translated, from the German, by Ralph Manheim.*)

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BATS



IN the early evening, I take my seat in a natural amphitheatre of limestone boulders, in the Texas hill country; at the bottom of the slope is a wide, dark cave mouth. Nothing stirs yet in its depths. But I have been promised one of the wonders of our age. Deep inside the cavern, twenty million Mexican free-tailed bats are hanging up by their toes. They are the largest known concentration of warm-blooded animals in the world. Soon, at dusk, all twenty million of them will fly out to feed, in a living volcano that scientists call an "emergence." They will flood the September sky with their leathery wings and ultrasonic cries, and people in cities as far as fifty miles away, without realizing it, will rarely be more than seventy feet from a feeding bat.

"I've sat here for three hours and still seen them pouring out," the man next to me says, radiant with anticipation. If anyone should know their habits, it is he, Merlin D. Tuttle—a world authority on bats, and the founder and science director of Bat Conservation International, whose headquarters is in Austin. On the ground beside us lie some of the tools of his trade: an infrared nightscope, a device made popular in Vietnam; a miner's headlamp powered by a large, heavy battery, which is in a khaki ammunition belt around his waist; a "mini bat-detector," which picks up the ultrasonic echolocating calls of many species of bats. Noticeably absent are gloves, sticks, or other protective articles. "Bats are among the gentlest of animals," he says. "They're really shy creatures, who have just had a bad press."

A thin, muscular man in his mid-forties, Tuttle has gray sideburns, a blond mustache above an emphatic mouth, and wisps of blond hair falling across a large forehead. Before I can say anything, his eyes, behind gold-wire-rimmed glasses, shift to the cave mouth, and a smile drifts over his face. I follow his gaze. In the rays of a fading sun, hundreds of small dark bats have appeared, darting and climbing, swirling and looping. They spiral up and scroll off to the east. It's a small, odd spectacle.

"Just wait," Tuttle says. An acrid hint of ammonia mixes with the night smells. "What you're smelling is the ammonia from the cave," he tells me. "Two hundred and forty tons of bats roost in there, and they heat the air. On a cold night like this, the body heat in there creates a chimney effect."

Down by the cave mouth, something slithers in the dusk, but I can't be sure what it is. A shadow? A snake? Coachwhip snakes prowl there sometimes, hoping to eat fallen bats. The floor of the cave itself is alive with carnivorous insects, other small invertebrates, and larger predators eager to devour any bat that loses its toehold. Because this is a nursery cave—full of mother and baby bats—the boiling cushion of hungry jaws on the cave floor is rarely disappointed. Tuttle tells me that a local university once brought out a small whale carcass on a flatbed and left it in the cave briefly for the dermestid bugs to strip clean. (It took about two days.) The cave—which is a thousand feet long, measures an average of sixty feet across, and descends to a depth of a hundred and thirty feet—offers countless crevices for bats and plenty of floor room for scavengers.

Researchers who venture into the cave wear ammonia respirators and tight-fitting clothes. Not only may they be showered with droppings from the bats overhead (there are eighteen hundred bats per square yard in some places, and, in June, when the bald, pink new babies are together in a "crèche" area, a squealing, hungry

"I'm your wife, Arthur. You talk to me. You don't touch base with me."

• •

mass of five thousand pups, as the babies are called, per square yard) but they must contend with thick layers of powdery guano, the crawling beetle larvae, the infernal heat, and the intense vapor of ammonia. To the bats, it's heaven: a toasty incubator. For them, hell would probably be trying to live where we do, in refrigerated boxes littered with obstacles and perfumed with such irritating essences as peppermint, lemon, and coffee.

Now small dark clouds begin to swell, spinning in the shape of an open funnel, as the bats orbit until they're high enough to depart. Like airplanes in a mountain valley, they must circle to climb, so they whisk round one another, in tight echelons. As they revolve, they pick up speed. The pace of everything is accelerating: the descent of darkness, the size of the bat clouds, and the rate at which they are emerging from the cave mouth. Over open country, free-tailed bats can cruise at thirty-five miles an hour.

"They're spiralling counterclockwise," I say. "Do they always turn that way?"

"Yes, they do when they emerge, but in the mornings, when they return, they tend to go straight in. They come in real high, peel off, and then dive in fast, with their wings half folded."

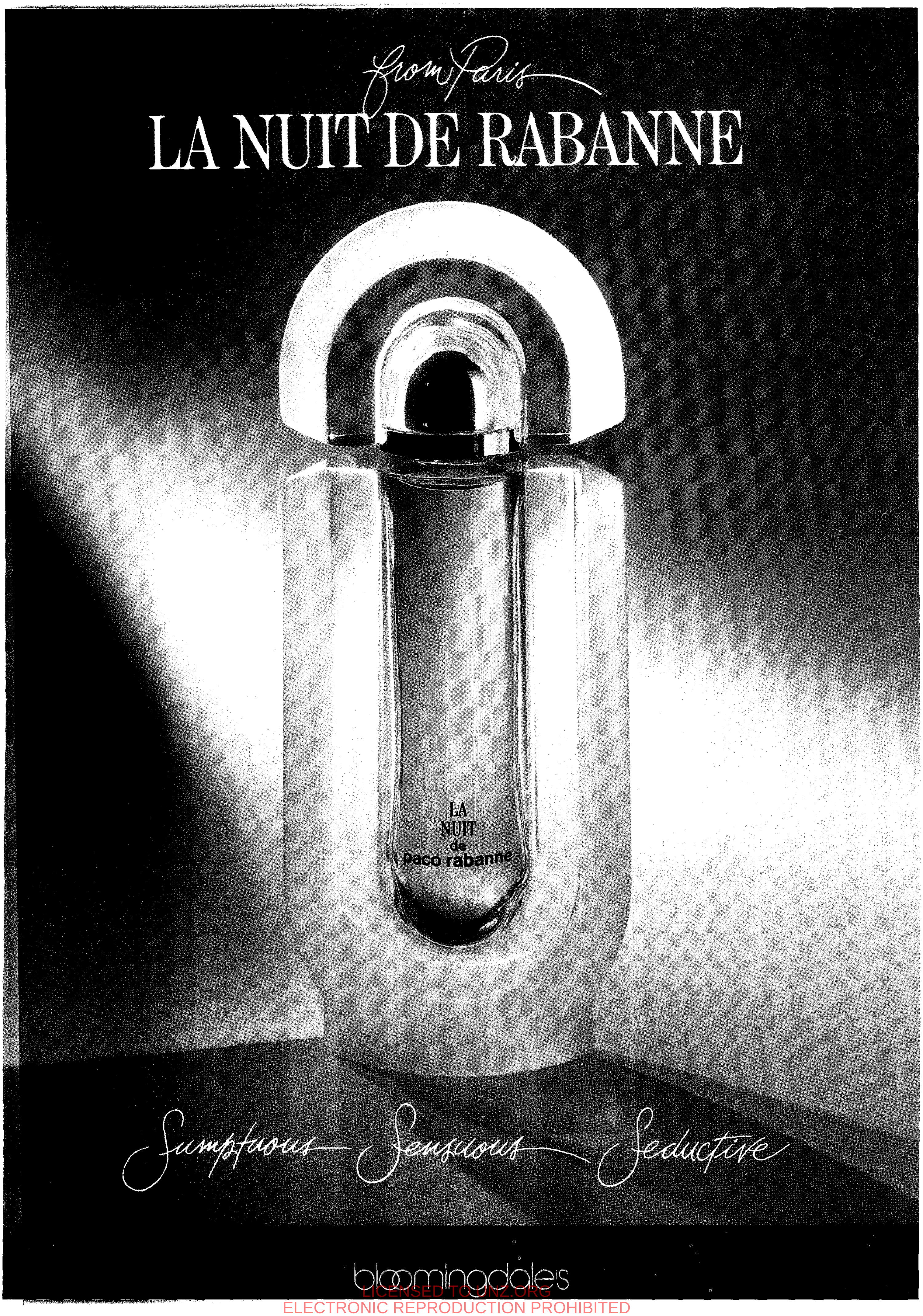
Shadows advance through the trees as the whirlpooling bats set off on a night's cross-country journey, to forage for food. A natural insecticide, they eat a quarter of a million pounds of insects every night. Born in June, weaned at about five weeks old, the new babies are strong enough now to fly with their mothers, and practice some of the arcane arts of bathood: how to leave a cave waltzing and veer off into twilight, how to glide over the land and feed in midair, how to swoop down to a pond with their tiny pink tongues out and drink on the wing, and, returning, how to find the warmth they crave among the huddled swarms.

Do the bats fly non-stop all night long, or do they pause somewhere to put their feet up for a spell? Do the mothers demonstrate for their own offspring, the way bird mothers do, or do the babies learn from studying the habits of the whole colony?

"We just don't know," Tuttle says. "So little is known about bats."

A hawk appears, swoops, grabs a stray bat out of the sky, and disappears with it. In a moment, the hawk returns, but, hearing his wings coming, the bats in the column all shift sidewise to confuse him, and he misses. As wave upon wave of bats pours out of the cave, their collective wings begin to sound like drizzle on autumn leaves. Gushing out and swirling fast in the living Mixmaster, *newly risen bats start in* close and then veer out almost to the rim of the bowl, climbing until they're high enough to clear the ridge. Already, a long black column of bats looks like a tornado spinning far out across the Texas sky. A second column forms, undulating and dancing through the air like a Chinese dragon, stretching for miles, headed for some unknown feeding ground. The night is silent except for the serene beating of wings. Then Tuttle switches on his mini bat-detector, and we hear a frenzy of clicks. Actually, "click" is the sound made by the bat-detector—a machine that can only translate the sounds for us, mainly into clicks and warbles. Beyond human hearing, the air is loud with shouts as the teeming bats flutter wing to wing, echolocating furiously so as not to collide. Like a Geiger counter gone berserk, the bat-detector pours static, and Tuttle laughs. There's no way to hear individual voices in the ultrasonic Babel of the emergence. The two columns of bats flow upward, each thick and beating, making long, pulsing ribbons, climbing to as much as two miles high to ride rapid air currents to distant feeding sites. Some groups twist into a bow-tie shape, others into a tuning fork, a claw, a wrench, a waving hand. Buffeted by uneven currents, they make the air visible as it rarely is. In the rosy dusk, their wings beat so fast that it looks as if a strobe light were playing over them.

"Some bats live to be more than thirty years old," Tuttle explains. "Someone who kills a bat may be killing an animal that has lived on this planet for thirty years. It's not like killing a roach. For their size, bats are


from Paris
LA NUIT DE RABANNE
LA
NUIT
de
paco rabanne
Sumptuous
Sensuous
Seductive
bloomingdale's

Elegance
ON THE EDGE...

Plan your escape
to the edge of civilization,
without leaving life's
indulgences behind. The
Marco Beach Hilton, a
world-class beach resort
on Marco Island at the
southern tip of Florida's
West Coast.

MARCO BEACH HILTON
Marco Island, Florida

Call your travel agent or
800-443-4550 or
800-237-1247 (In FL) or
800-HILTONS or 813-394-5000

the longest-lived mammal on earth. Unfortunately, they're also the slowest-reproducing mammal for their size. A mother bat usually rears only one pup a year. If you took a pair of meadow mice and gave them everything they needed for survival, they and their progeny could theoretically leave a million meadow mice by the year's end. If you provided an average pair of bats with the same opportunity, at the end of the year there would be a total of three bats—mother, father, and baby. And bats cluster in large colonies in vulnerable places. Here we have the world's largest concentration of warm-blooded animals, and it could be destroyed in five minutes. I personally know of caves where people have wiped out millions of bats at a time."

The four largest summer bat colonies in eastern North America wouldn't exist today if Tuttle hadn't recognized that they were in peril and initiated a campaign to protect them. Tuttle was born in Honolulu, the son of a biology teacher who travelled often and finally settled his family in Tennessee, not far from a bat cave. By the time Tuttle was nine years old, he was studying bats. He made his first serious scientific contributions when he was in high school, and went on to write a doctoral dissertation at the University of Kansas on the population ecology and the behavior of gray bats. A mammalogist by disposition, he found the plight of bats and their decline especially poignant. One day, a few years after he finished graduate school, he returned with friends to show them the extraordinary emergence of two hundred and fifty thousand gray bats from Hambrick Cave, in Alabama.

"At almost the same time every evening, you could see this big, dark column of bats, sixty feet wide and thirty feet high, going all the way to the horizon," he says. "The sound was like a white-water river. As you can see here tonight, a bat emergence can be one of the most spectacular sights in nature. All of us were excited, our cameras were ready, but the bats never came out. It was quite a shock when it dawned on us that the bats were gone. I had had an emotional attachment to them. Those bats had played a major role in my doctoral research, and I'd gotten to know them. We went into the cave and found sticks, stones, rifle cartridges, and fireworks wrappers beneath what had been a bat roost. There could be no doubt that they had been killed. Many had been banded, and none of them showed up later at their traditional hibernating caves. There were so many ways they could have died. Even a single blast from a cherry bomb could have severely damaged their sensitive hearing, so that they couldn't use their sonar. Hambrick Cave was five miles from the nearest human habitation, not a threat to anyone, and you could get there only by boat. It was one of the last places in the world where I expected bats to be destroyed." He shakes his head.

"FOLLOW that albino one!" Tuttle says suddenly, pointing to the cave entrance, where a white dot has just appeared among what looks like a shoal of flying black peppercorns. Once, twice—three circuits of the bowl. It drifts far out to the rim and toward us, its mouth open; then it floats over the ridge and joins one of the columns. Gesturing with one hand as if to press down a stack of invisible myths, Tuttle says, "Their mouths are open when they fly because they need them that way to echolocate. They're not snarling or mean; they're just trying not to bump into anything. We associate that look—open mouth and bared teeth—with menace, but they're not being aggressive. That's how their sonar works. Look, I'll show you." With that, he leads me down into the center of the bowl, toward the cave, and directly into the thick of the swarming, fluttering bats, which fly around our shoulders, over our heads, beside my chin. Too amazed to flinch, I can feel them graze my head with their flutters while not actually touching me with their wings. The breeze they make blows my long hair back. We are standing in the path of twenty million emerging bats. Tuttle swings both arms above his head, then does it again. On the third pass, he grabs a bat right out of the air.

Following him back up to our original spot, I sit down on a boulder beside him to see what he has captured. Its wings held closed by his grip, its small, furry brown head sticking out, a little bat looks up at us, frightened and fragile. It uses its chin as a pry bar, trying to escape, but makes no attempt to bite.

"See how ferocious he is?" Tuttle says.

The face is gnomic, the wet eyes as black as Sen-Sen, the body covered with a thick, fluffy brown fur. What must it make of us—large, powerful animals with big eyes and big teeth? It opens its mouth to echolocate but doesn't snap or nip, and, in any case, its teeth are very small. Tuttle loosens his grip slightly. Still holding the wings closed with one hand, he strokes its back with the other, following the nap of the fur, and the little bat quiets down. I know better than to pick up a bat I might see lying on the ground—or any wild animal acting in an abnormal manner, for that matter. But a veteran bat-handler snatching a healthy bat out of the air is different.

"Want to touch?" he asks.

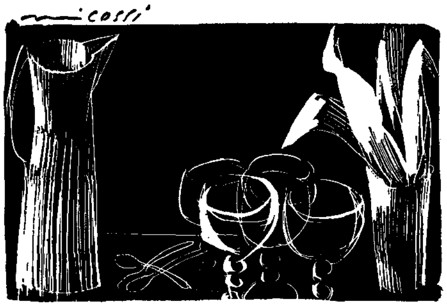
I run a finger over the tiny back, feel the slender bones and the fur, almost as soft as chinchilla. Then we gently unfold a wing, and I stroke its dark, thin, rubbery membrane, trace the elongated fingers that hold it up, and look at the tail, from which the free-tailed bat gets its name. The scientific name for all bats is *Chiroptera*, "hand wing," and even on a small version like this one the hand wings are clear.

"Isn't he a winsome little fellow?" Tuttle asks. "Here, you can let him go." He places the bat on my open palm, and I feel a swift scuttle as it creeps wing over wing to my fingertips, then launches itself into the air to rejoin its colony, which has now filled the entire sky with black magic.

CAMPED out on a makeshift bed on Tuttle's living-room floor, I have trouble falling asleep. When I close my eyes, I see a negative of the night's emergence: clouds of bats float across the insides of the lids. Anyway, his house is too busy with adventure to ignore. Though it's sparsely furnished, in buff and brown, its every decoration belongs in a museum of anthropology. On one table lies a bamboo sheath full of darts still coated with curare. On the dining-room wall, a charging elephant leaps right out of a large photograph, which Tuttle took, thinking it would be his last. A witch doctor's necklace of peccary teeth sits on top of the television, as if it had been casually left there by the witch doctor. Porcupine quills from bat caves in Thailand make a sunburst pattern on an end table. A flute carved from deer bone belongs in a show of Cro-Magnon art. A knobbed Masai club looks rather like a shillelagh. Two Peruvian drums sit against the fireplace wall. In contrast to all this, a decorative tree in the foyer seems tame. On the kitchen counter sits an open container full of mealworms, to be used as bat food. Big bags of equipment lie on the floor, still unpacked, from a recent trip of Tuttle's to French Guiana. Before that, he was home for a few days, newly in from Costa Rica, where he had photographed the largest carnivorous bat in the world.

This bat, *Vampyrum spectrum*, with large jaws and a wingspan of nearly a yard, combs the forests by night, using sonar to snatch birds and rats from the foliage. It carries them back to its home, in a hollow tree, which may be encircled with detritus from previous meals: rodent bits and a variety of bird feathers. Ultimately, the tree feeds on all this, and on the corpse of the bat itself when it dies: the tree's sustenance is, of course, the products of decay. Indeed, there may be a question about which is the defter carnivore, the bat or the tree.

Tuttle describes this bat as "intelligent and delightful," and it has a practical sort of home life. The male and female take turns with child-rearing and hunting duties. "Those bats may very well mate for life," Tuttle has explained to me. "We don't know. But they're certainly sharing in the duties of child rearing and they're apparently monogamous. You've got to remember that when we talk about bats we're talking about nearly a quarter of the world's mammals, and that means there's every kind of diversity you can imagine, naturally including diversity in courtship. There are bats whose males and females avoid each other except in the fall. Then the females come into a cave to hibernate, and the males wait there in strategic spots and just grab female after female and mate with them as fast as they can. Over about a two-week period, the males actually burn up as much fat supply as they would need to hibernate for the whole winter. So while the females begin hibernation the males stay outside for a few more weeks, eating like crazy to build up their fat supply again. On the other hand, a male sack-winged bat finds an especially good feeding area and guards it, letting only females that come to the roost to mate with him feed there. In this case, the female, instead of choosing the male that has the best voice, does the best dance, or is the most handsome, picks the male that is the best provider.



"There are bats that I call disco bats—the hammerheaded bats in Africa, for instance—because the males come from miles around to a specific area that isn't used for either roosting or feeding. They come there to find mates. The males pick out territories, call, and do a little wing dance; and the females fly through and inspect the males until each finds one whose dance or voice especially appeals to her. Then they mate, and the female goes off to be an unwed mother. You know, it's not so different from bar scenes.

"Then, there are bats that guard a good home—a hole in a tree, a cavity in a cave ceiling, whatever, and again the female does the choosing, basing it not on the male's personal attractiveness but on his ability to provide a good home. None of these strategies is very different from what we see going on in people."

Bat babies are born active, and some actually help to pull themselves out. A mother bat often catches the newborn in a cradle formed by one wing. Clinging tight, the new pup may stay attached by its umbilical cord for as long as an hour, learning the scent and voice of its mother. Its powerful clinging instinct keeps it close to her breast, so it can nurse safe from all the greedy larvae on the cave floor far below.

Overhead, a fan turns gently, but it doesn't cool the house; Tuttle likes a tropical temperature. A set of blueprints on a shelf suggests a birdhouse but looks somehow wrong. One of the first truths one learns about a bat is that it is quite unlike a bird. Not even the wings are similar. Bats have a thumb and four very long fingers, with bones like those of human fingers. The flying membrane, as the leathery wing is called, extends from the arm, out along the second and third fingers, which are close together, with the last two fingers serving as struts. The thumb, which has a nail, moves freely and can be small and straightish or long and curved. Although bats use their thumbs to clean their fur and for other purposes, they mainly use them to grip branches, leaves, fruit, and such, or to hold on to their relatives, or to climb arm over arm, like primates.

Bats are extremely tidy: they comb

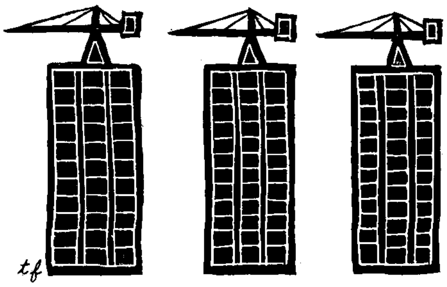
themselves thoroughly, and don't gather a mess of nesting materials for their homes, as birds do. Their guano smells like stale crackers, and sometimes insects invade it, so that it appears to be bubbling, but the bats themselves live high above, in penthouse roosts, and keep their bodies well groomed. Since they don't build nests, they take shelter in a wide range of secluded places appropriate to the unique needs of each species: spider webs, unfurling leaves, animal burrows, eaves, caves, open brickwork, hollow trees. Seldom a belfry, despite the saying; belfries are more often occupied by birds. Perhaps it was bats darting around church belfries at twilight in their normal pursuit of insects that made people think they lived there. Or perhaps it was the image of the Devil, traditionally drawn with bat wings, and the sermons that warned of his being always in the vicinity. People also think that bats have a penchant for bedrooms, and a wayward bat might indeed be tempted to stray in through an open window at night, but bats much prefer the gables of a house, or a chimney, or even the space behind a window shutter. Most American bats roost wherever there's a good supply of insects nearby, and that often means in forests or parks, along rivers, lakes, or marshes, in churchyards (another possible source of the bats-in-the-belfry myth), or even near city street lamps that insects circle. Drawn to the free lunch at searchlights, they frequent baseball parks and even airports, along with starlings, finches, and many other winged things; since they spend their lives in a barrage of sound, they may not be bothered much by the engine noise.

A single small insect-eating bat can eat a thousand insects each night, so these bats are a good investment for a homeowner. Bat Conservation International, or B.C.I., sells "official bat houses" for homeowners to hang in their yards, and emphasizes what good citizens bats are. They are gluttons, and gorge themselves on offensive nocturnal insects. Little brown bats, the most common of the North American species, can catch six hundred or more mosquitoes in an hour. And as many as thirty bats may live in a single bat house. Of course, bats do change their homes, depending on the time of year. When the females are giving birth and raising their young, they prefer warm places, but for hibernating a cold cave or mine is better.

Bat houses look nothing like birdhouses. For one thing, they don't have cutesy roofs made to look like Swiss chalets. (I don't know why, or when, people decided that birds preferred to live in human-style houses, and just because desperate birds do live in them doesn't mean they like them. I much prefer the eighteenth-century-style bird bottle, still used in Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia—a swollen earthenware cylinder, glazed brown, that looks like a vase lying on its side.) An "official bat house" is made of red cedar, is squarish, and suggests an old-fashioned mailbox of the type that used to hang on a householder's front door. On the front is B.C.I.'s logo, an abstract drawing of the *wu fu*, a decorative emblem that the Chinese have traditionally used as a talisman. The *wu fu* shows the tree of life encircled by five bats, whose wingtips touch or sometimes interlock. The bats symbolize the five elements of good fortune: health, happiness, long life, contentment, and prosperity. Indeed, the Chinese word for happiness, *fu*, though it is written differently, is the same as the word for bat. So bats occur often in Chinese conversation—especially during marriage ceremonies and other celebrations.

Inside the bat house, movable dividers, "to allow for different bat preferences," create crevices of varying widths where bats can roost in privacy. There is a solid roof and sides but no floor; thus squirrels and birds won't be able to nest there, while bats can get in and out easily. If you have given some thought to the preferences of different sorts of bats, then you are probably already a bat fancier, and have decided whether you would prefer to attract "mother" bats or "bachelor" bats, as the positioning guidelines in the instructions suggest.

There must originally have been some confusion about what a bat was. This isn't really surprising. Many people still think bats are a sort of mouse, and the word for bat in various languages reflects this misconception. In Mexico, bats are sometimes called *ratones voladores*, or flying mice; in Germany, a bat is the operatic *Fledermaus*, or flying mouse; and in France it is a *chauve-souris*, or bald mouse. Then there's the confusion between birds and bats—the simple facts are that a bird is a bird and, as Bela Lugosi indignantly points out to the police inspector in the 1941 film "The Devil Bat" (a.k.a. "Killer Bats"), a bat is a mammal. Except that both have wings, they look very different. Birds have beaks, for example, and bats have teeth. Baby bats are born with milk teeth, which are hooked, to help them hold on to the mother; they grow their permanent teeth a few weeks later. Yet such obvious differences didn't stop people from confusing birds and bats for an extraordinarily long time. In both Leviticus and Deuteronomy, where the injunctions about eating clean and unclean meats occur, bats are identified as unclean birds: "among the fowls, they shall not be eaten, they are an abomination: the eagle, and the ossifrage, and the osprey . . . and the stork, the heron . . . and the bat" (Leviticus 11). Aesop has a fable in which a weasel snares a bat and pauses before devouring it to explain that he preys exclusively on birds. No fool, the bat quickly informs the weasel that it's a mouse, and is let go. Later in the story, the bat meets another weasel, who feeds only on mice, and the bat swears to this weasel that it's a bird, and escapes again. Various Greek, Roman, and Chinese stories try to explain why the bat flies at night, and they all have to do with a confused self-image: the bat is not sure whether it's a bird or a mouse or something else, and as a result it acts with cowardice or treachery or indecision, and is banished to the nighttime world. In "Macbeth," the three witches season their pot with "wool of bat," and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" bat wings are used to make elves' coats. "Witches' birds," bats were called in the Middle Ages. They were always associated with witches, devils, and other no-goods, and it was far from lucky to have them roosting in your house, whether they were birds or not. Some people knew all along that bats weren't really birds but, rather, some sort of mouselike mammal that could fly, even if, as John Swan noted in a rather prosaic poem in 1635, "this creature thus mungrell-like, cannot look very lovely." In the East, where bats tend to be large and prominent, instead of small and secretive, they figure as heroes in myths and legends. And in this country there's a Hopi story in which a bat created out of dust and



STOP BURGLARY BEFORE IT STARTS. CALL 1-800-624-1121 TODAY.

You'll receive FREE details on the breakthrough HOME PROTECTOR™ Wireless Security System ...from BLACK & DECKER.

Can you imagine returning home after a relaxing vacation...or a hard day's work...to discover that you've been robbed?

According to FBI crime statistics this will happen in one of every four homes over the next ten years. And it could happen to you...at any time.

At Last...a Home Security Solution.

Now whether you're leaving on vacation...a business trip...going to work ...or just around the corner to your local market...your home and family can have RELIABLE SECURITY!

Introducing HOME PROTECTOR ...Professional Quality Home Security that can guard your doors and windows...24-hours-a-day!

Now...Stop Intruders Cold.

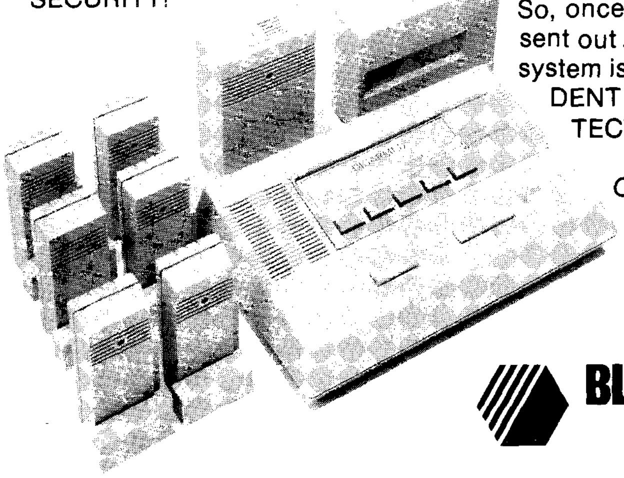
Any intrusion effort is instantly met with flashing lights...a powerful siren ...and, with our optional "on-line" HOME PROTECTOR Service, a direct call to the authorities of your choice!

Plus...HOME PROTECTOR™ has Failsafe Features.

To put it simply...the HOME PROTECTOR SYSTEM is almost impossible to DEFEAT!

The reason is EVERY component of the system...Door Sensors ...Window Sensors... Siren... and the Controller itself work independently. So, once ANY intrusion signal is sent out...every element of the system is ARMED...INDEPENDENT...AND IN ACTION PROTECTING YOUR HOME.

Even if the System Controller is defeated, the rest of the System continues to operate.



BLACK&DECKER®

Professional Quality at HALF-the-COST.

Finally...BLACK & DECKER'S breakthrough technology makes Home Security ...AFFORDABLE! "State-of-the-Art" wireless electronics make installation simple... and cut the cost of Professional wiring...IN HALF!

FREE Details...Call or Write TODAY.

For complete details on the HOME PROTECTOR system...including *"6 Things Burglars Know That You Should Know Too"*,...call TOLL FREE...or Mail The Coupon TODAY.

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-624-1121

BLACK&DECKER®
HOME PROTECTOR™
Box 5259, Dept. A127
Clifton, NJ 07012

☐**YES!** I want to know more about the breakthrough HOME PROTECTOR security system. Please rush my FREE Information Package.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________________
State ____________ Zip ____________

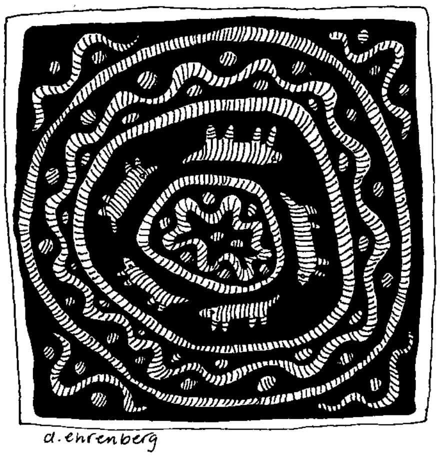
spirit saves a maiden from being raped.

While it's true that bats do resemble birds in having very slight or nonexistent tailbones and being exceedingly light for their wing area, these features have more to do with simple aerodynamics than with any evolutionary relationship. If a flying animal has short, stubby wings, it may stall even when it's flying quite fast. To keep it from falling whenever it slowed down, it would need to flap its wings very fast, the way a hummingbird does. But that wouldn't be much help to an animal stalking unpredictable insect prey. Nature evolved a better design: bigger wings. The bigger the wings, the lower the stall speed, and therefore the slower and more casual the flapping can be. Many bats have wings that are very long in proportion to their bodies—a ratio that helps to make them extremely maneuverable.

Birds have small windows in their wings, which open and close as air rushes through. The windows close when the bird pushes its wings down, to cup the air better, and then open to let the wings lift easily for another flap. Birds also molt, replacing their wing feathers annually. Bats, by contrast, have thin, unperforated, stretchy wings. Air doesn't pass through such a wing, and a bat can twist and shape it to make tight turns, and perform remarkable aerobatics. Unlike feathers, bat wings are living tissue: if a sharp twig, say, pierces the wing membrane, it will heal over. But if the hole is a large one only the edges will mend, and the bat's aerodynamics will be altered, just as a foot injury makes a human being limp. And if the hole is very large the bat won't be able to fly at all: it can get lift with only one wing. The best animal-wing design, I think, belongs to the butterfly or the moth: four panels that can almost be shuffled like playing cards. A bird has relatively fixed wings—there isn't much flexibility in them. But a bat can scoop things up with its wings, wrap a wing around itself like a shawl, cradle its new baby in the bottom of a wing, and slingshot food into its own mouth with a wing. Most birds have to tip their heads back to drink, but bats often drink on the run.

Bats fall into two main groups, the microbats and the megabats, and these are as unalike as otters and tigers. Recent studies by the Australian neuroanatomist Dr. John D. Pettigrew suggest that the megabats—the large fruit-eating bats, known as flying foxes—are distant relatives of ours; that is, primates. They do not echolocate; they have big eyes, which see very well, and many of the megabats' brain pathways have the distinctive signature of primates. To most people, the microbats—nearly eight hundred species of mostly insect-eating bats that echolocate—look like the megabats, but Dr. Pettigrew maintains that this is simply a result of nature's evolving the same pattern for similar purposes. Consider the eye. Octopuses have eyes, just as rhinoceroses do. The eye was a successful and ingenious piece of evolution that turns up in many far-flung species, each of which "invented" the eye independently. Though the evolutionary position of megabats is still a controversial topic among researchers, Pettigrew's exciting study of brainwaves suggests that some bats are much less like mice or birds than like people.

Obviously, bats, being mammals, don't lay eggs, though life might be easier for them if they did. Difficult as it sounds, a pregnant bat must fly with a hefty fetus inside, and then, once the baby bat is born, the mother must sometimes maneuver with it clinging to her breast. Adult bats don't weigh much. They're mainly fur and appetite. So for a bat to travel with an attached, quickly growing baby imposes quite a burden. Therefore, insectivorous bats, whose flying is fast and fancy, leave their babies home as soon as possible, to crawl around the cave ceiling and play with other babies, while they themselves go out to dine. When a mother returns, she flies into the nursery calling to her baby, and the baby calls back. So individual are bats' voices and smells that, even in the nursery pandemonium of thousands or millions of calling bats, mothers and babies find one another with ease. A mother will flutter to the spot where she left her baby, identify it among thousands, scoop it up with a wing, and let it nurse. Afterwards, she will put it back and fly alone to her usual perch. Bats can maneuver while hanging upside down with their fronts pressed against the cave wall, because their knees are reversed, a nifty feature. And where they hang isn't random; each bat has its own berth on the wall.



"Suppose you rearranged them," I had asked Tuttle earlier. The world has seen some odd experiments, and I had visions of researchers moving bats around like peas in a shell game.

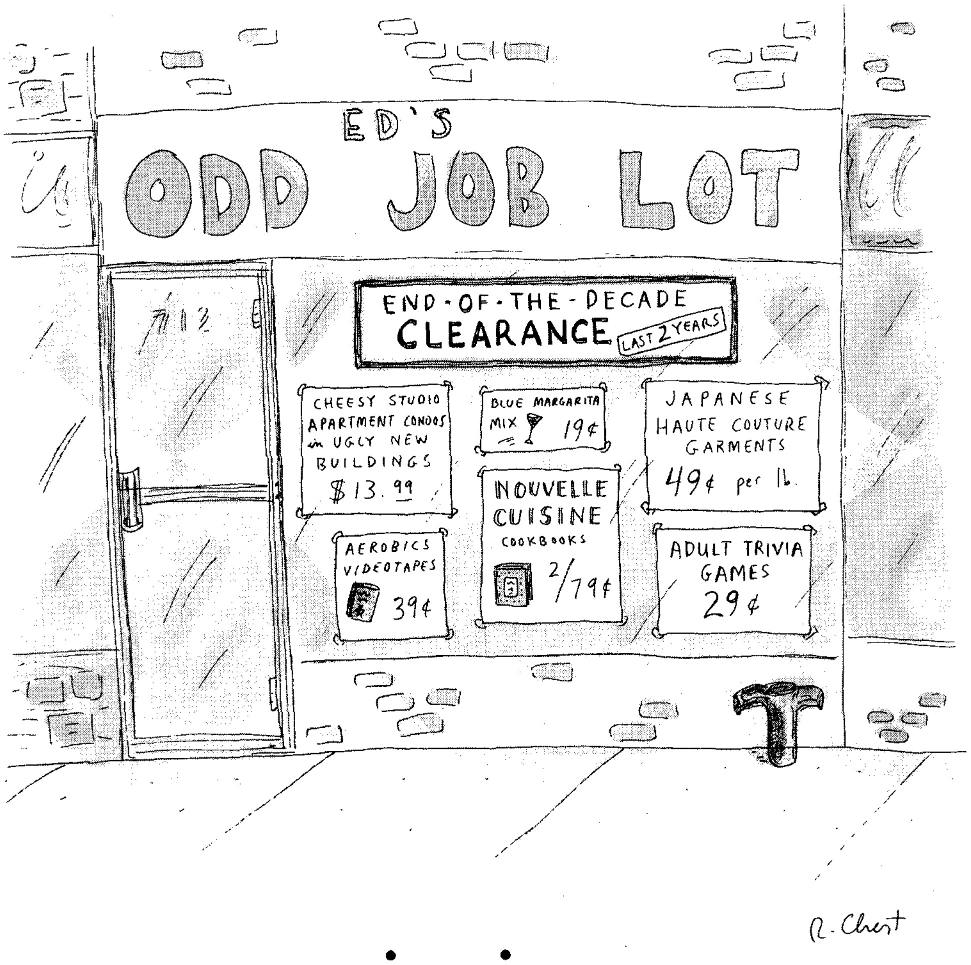
"The mother bat might not find her baby. She might lose it in the crowd."

"What if you startled the bats and they flew to other parts of the cave? Would they be able to reassemble themselves in the right order?"

"They might try to. We don't know. But people do disturb bats in caves, and that's a major cause of bat decline in the United States. When a bat colony is rearing young, it often roosts near a cave entrance or in a particularly warm pocket of the ceiling. The cave walls in most of the United States are cool compared with the body temperature of a bat. At mid-latitudes, you have a cave-wall temperature of, say, fifty-seven degrees Fahrenheit, but the baby needs to maintain a body temperature of about a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. A baby bat is born hairless and hangs on the wall—that's the equivalent of your being down in the basement lying naked on the concrete floor. You'd get cold quickly. So for the young to grow and metabolize efficiently they need to be in clusters with large numbers of other baby bats. And they'll all often roost in a domed ceiling, say. But when you disturb them they move back deeper into the cave, often into colder places, or where the ceiling isn't as rough, so it's harder for the babies to keep warm or to cling and they're more likely to die of exposure or to fall off and get killed. Sometimes the mothers are so panicked by the disturbance that they drop their babies and they die right then. Or the colony splits up into smaller groups at colder roosts. I've seen colonies after just a single disturbance move to places where it was so cold that the young simply couldn't metabolize rapidly enough and sixty per cent or more of the year's young died. And since most bats produce only one baby a year, it's very important whether that baby survives or not.

"It's also bad if you disturb a cave

where bats are hibernating. Anyone or anything that passes by a hibernating bat causes the bat to raise its body temperature in preparation for possibly trying to escape, and that generally costs the bat anywhere from ten to thirty days of stored fat reserve. You can see that it wouldn't take many disturbances in the course of a winter to make a bat run out of food. Then it would have to go out and feed—not so easy to do in the winter. The bat usually dies. That's why part of B.C.I.'s work is to educate amateur spelunkers and others about not disturbing bats in caves. Most people who find a bat roost don't understand what's happening in the life cycle of those bats, and how fragile each step of that life cycle is."


ED'S
ODD JOB LOT
END-OF-THE-DECADE CLEARANCE
LAST 2 YEARS
CHEESY STUDIO APARTMENT CONDOS in UGLY NEW BUILDINGS $13.99
BLUE MARGARITA MIX 19¢
JAPANESE HAUTE COUTURE GARMENTS 49¢ per lb.
NOUVELLE CUISINE COOKBOOKS 2/79¢
AEROBICS VIDEOTAPES 39¢
ADULT TRIVIA GAMES 29¢
R. Chast

EARLY tomorrow, Tuttle and I are to begin our journey four hundred miles southwest, in a light plane, into the Big Bend National Park area, where we hope to net and photograph several species of bats. In addition to his preëminence as a bat specialist, Tuttle is one of the world's finest nature photographers. His archives include more than fifty thousand slides of bats going about their daily and nightly lives, some of them species that even most bat experts have never seen. It is a priceless collection, samples of which travel in museum shows. Tuttle has photographs of vampire bats leaping around on the ground like tiny hobgoblins. One of them is caught in a song-and-dance man's take-it-away gesture, and you can see how agile vampire bats are on the ground, unlike other bats. A recent issue of *National Geographic* includes vivid Tuttle photographs of epauletted fruit bats in Kenya. His photographs, taken with ingenuity in risky terrain, have done as much as anything to help conservationists come to the rescue of bats. For one thing, they have shown bats to be normal and unthreatening, taking care of their young, looking adorable and cuddly, and going about their daily lives with the endearing habits that most animals have. For another, his photographs have offered incontrovertible proof that bats play an essential role in the balance of nature. And they have shown how bats have been persecuted and, in some places, driven to extinction. But perhaps their most immediate effect has been to stun people with the unexpected extravaganza of bat types.

When most people think of a bat, they picture the simple little brown bat, but what a carnival of bats inhabits the world! There is the tube-nosed fruit bat, whose elongated nostrils look like party favors; the African hammerheaded fruit bat, which has a long, mitred-off face, suggesting a horse that has been punched in the nose; the spectacled flying fox, which has a sharp foxlike face, black eyes ringed with white fur, and keen vision; the Javanese slit-faced bat, with huge ears and a flattened nose; the funnel-eared bat, which looks like a golden Pekingese dog; the sword-nosed bat, whose ears and nose leaf are each more than half as long as its head and body; the yellow-winged bat, with big eyes, long, silky fur, and brilliant-yellow wings; the Egyptian fruit bat, which has a small, squirrel-like face, and which wraps its wings protectively around its sweetheart when it's ready to mate, and whose young are born with a human-looking scrunched-up face; the Chapin's free-tailed bat, which spreads its crest during courtship until the crest hides its entire face; the brown long-eared bat, whose ears are pleated in such a way that it can fold them up and tuck them under its wings; the common vampire, with a cleft chin and a pitted nose full of heat-sensing devices; and the Mexican free-tailed bat, whose wrinkled face makes it look like a wise old extraterrestrial. A complete gallery of bats would take years to compile, and Tuttle has been doing just that—patiently photographing a lifetime of bat study.

Don Grantges, a real-estate investor, formerly a Navy carrier pilot in Vietnam, will be flying the plane, a Beechcraft Bonanza, tomorrow. His twelve-year-old son, Bert, will be along, for Bert is a junior naturalist and a bat enthusiast himself, who keeps six orphaned bats as pets at their home, in Arlington. Don is one of the trustees of Bat Conservation International, and he and his family have all had the appropriate vaccinations so that they can take part in Tuttle's research. Carol Grantges will be driving overland in a pickup truck packed with three hundred pounds of Tuttle's equipment, and also with food, because the lodge we're headed for, which is owned by the Texas Nature Conservancy, is a fairly remote one, among the Chisos Mountains, on the Mexican border. Nor is there what you might call a landing strip. With a tinge of bravado, Tuttle describes the runway we'll be landing on as so primitive that it terrified all the passengers on the last trip.

"When you say 'primitive,' just what do you mean?" I ask.

The answer is: rock-strewn and short, with a large S-curve right in the middle of it, a mountain rearing up at one end, telephone wires at the other, and nearly always a tail wind. "Interesting," I say.

IN the morning, at the airport, I shake hands with Don, a blond-haired man in a black "CATS" T-shirt, from Broadway, and tan corduroy shorts, and then with Bert, a shorter version of his father. Blue fuel, seeping out of his plane's right tank, makes a thin cascade down the wing, but that puzzles more than alarms Don. Finally, deciding it's just a loose seal around the gas cap, he pulls a bathroom scale out of the cargo hold, and we start to weigh things and load up.

Soon we are aloft, floating over the shiny black office building in which Tuttle's Bat Conservation International is housed. Then Austin gives way to the desert, and a swirling pattern of sand and vegetation. In the distance lies the Rio Grande. Tuttle naps in the rear. Bert listens to a Walkman. A couple of hours later, as we approach the Big Bend area, Don replots the course, checks it against his Loran-C satellite navigation system, then bids adios to the Albuquerque Air Traffic Control Center and heads for wild country. There are no navigation beacons where we are going, and the desert stretches hypnotically below, with no signposts or clear fixes. But Don has flown this route before, and makes his way by intuition among the mountain peaks and over the sands.

"My gut feeling tells me the ranch is over that-a-way," he says at last. On cue, Tuttle and Bert sit up and begin scouting the land below. They quickly find the narrow pass in the mountains that will lead us through to Big Bend National Park and the North Rosillos Mountains Preserve, with its makeshift runway. Grinning, Don points to a stretch of raw desert just in front of us with a hint of a line, and a nasty switchback curve halfway down its length.

"*That's* the runway?" I ask.

"Ain't it a beauty?"

Swooping low over the lodge, we search for Carol's red pickup truck. Either she hasn't arrived yet or she's off visiting Helen and Buster Babb, the caretakers of the lodge, who live down the road. Or she might be at the small grocery store in Stillwell, eighteen rut-filled miles away. Later, we learn that she drove twelve hours straight through, in a lightning storm that ripped up whole trees and tossed them across the road. But now she is nowhere to be seen in the chiselled range of mountains and flat sprawling scrub.

Don and Tuttle decide to scout Big Bend for netting sites they've visited on four previous trips. Flying low over the mountains, Don swivels the plane around a wingtip, dipping, rolling out, and dipping again. He and Tuttle search for pools shallow enough to wade into, small enough to stretch forty-two-foot, thirty-foot, and eighteen-foot nets across, close to potential roosting sites like rocky cliffs, and, ideally, with enough trees around to provide food as well as drink and thus attract more bats. All of us are hungry, and Bert has gone pale from the roller coaster of the tight turns, so we head back to the lodge. The plane's shadow over the ground looks like a black bat flying below us.

A quick flyover to check the wind sock. It will be a dangerous downwind landing. Then, just as if we were at any busy airport, Don enters the traffic pattern, makes a left downwind, turns base leg, and gets ready for final. A short way past the telephone wires, he throws the plane straight to the runway, touches down, yanks the nose up high, swerves around the S-curve, and rolls out close to the lodge. Carol, an attractive woman with shoulder-length hair and wearing short shorts that reveal tanned, athletic legs, stands waving at the open-sided hangar as we taxi in. She had parked her truck under some trees nearby.

We women decide to bunk in the bedroom, which has a sign above its door reading "NO DANCING." On the panelled walls, framed photographs of the ranch, of deer, and of cowboys on horseback tell you the sort of territory you're in. Four American flags and one Bicentennial flag sit in a holder on the coffee table, right next to a guestbook, in which the names "Tuttle" and "Grantges" appear more often than anyone else's. A large picnic table near the kitchen serves as equipment drop and dining room.

Bert wants to go out scorpion hunting, but Don sets to work getting their sleeping quarters in order. On the screened-in front porch, along with animal skulls, a "museum special" rat trap (it doesn't damage the skull), unusual stones, a 30-06 rifle shell, horseshoes, and a rocking chair, there are cots, and Don and Bert like to sleep there. But to do so they must first check for any black-widow spiders nesting in the mattresses. Bert runs to the kitchen for two Dixie cups, and soon they have the mattresses upended.

"Hey, here's one, I think," Don says. He and Bert discuss it. The black legs are angled like tepees, and the body is shiny black, but the spider won't stay still long enough for them to see whether it has a red hourglass on its belly. Cautiously, they try to cage it in a cup, but it is too agile. Then Tuttle, who has been unpacking some photographic gear indoors, ambles out to the porch, picks the spider up, and turns it over. Don looks at Bert, and Bert looks back. Tuttle earned Bert's wide-eyed admiration long ago.

"Yep, that's it," Tuttle says, and he carries the spider to the screen door and tosses it outside. It's a scorching day. Tuttle goes to the kitchen sink, over which a placard warns "DON'T DRINK TAP WATER," fills a tall glass, and drinks. "I rarely get sick," he says. "I had paratyphoid once in Peru and malaria in Venezuela. They were both awful. Otherwise, I don't get things. I have a cast-iron stomach."

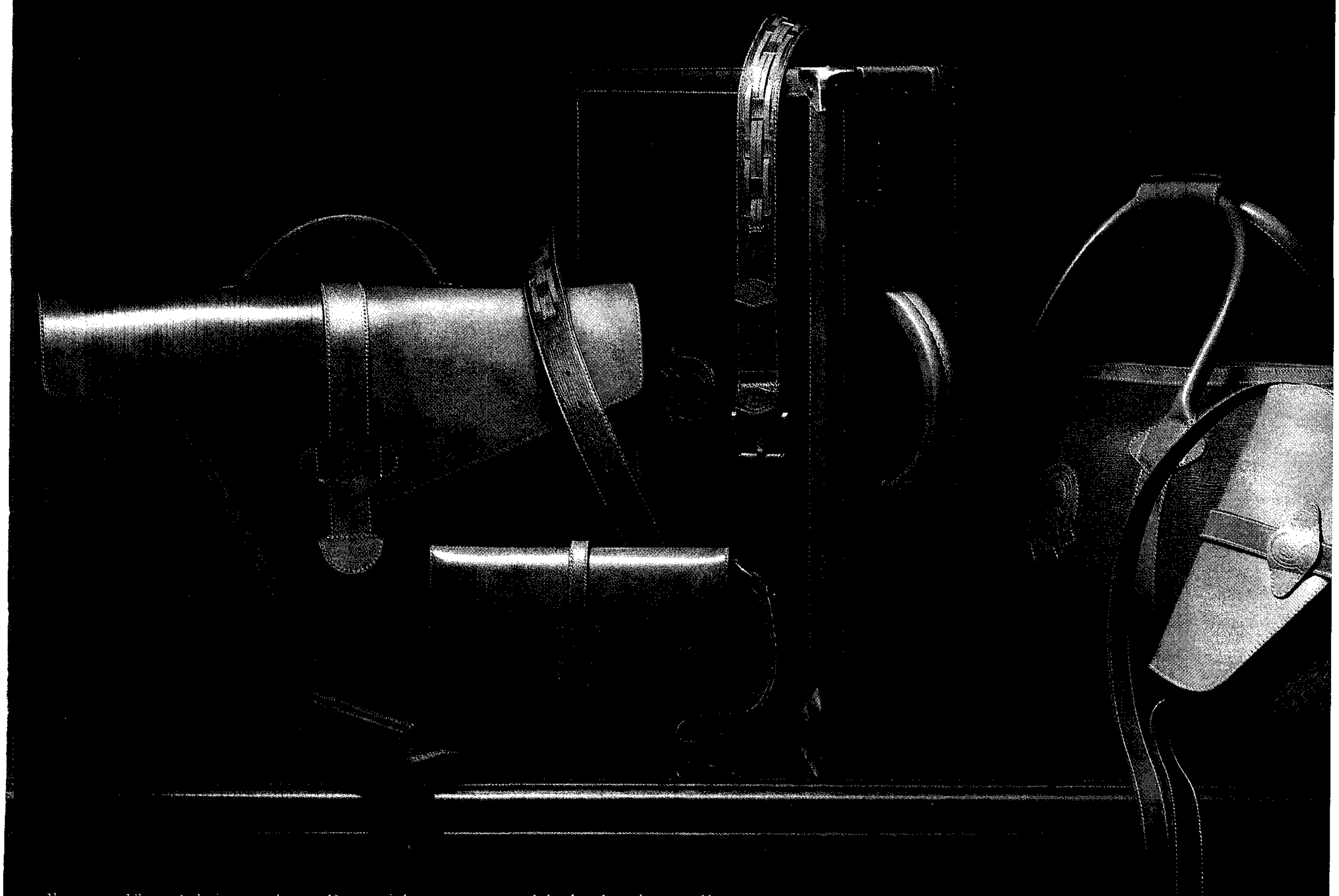
While Don and Bert go on ousting wildlife from the mattresses, Tuttle strolls outside, and soon gives a jubilant shout. He has found bat droppings all along one side of the house, right under the eaves. "Pallids, I'm sure," he says excitedly.

"How do you know?" I ask.

"Like this," Tuttle says, squashing a pellet with his finger. "That's bird dropping," he says, pointing out a little piece. "But this here, with the grasshopper remains inside it—that's bat dropping, and pallid bats like grasshoppers a lot." Among his fifty thousand photographs he still hasn't any good pictures of a colony of pallid bats in the wild, so this is a real find. "They spend the day in deep rock crevices," Tuttle says, "but they should show up tonight—this is a

© 1988 Weil Ceramics and Glass, Inc.

The Lladró Leather Collection. One of the finer things in life.



Shown: The Californio line. Part of the extensive Lladró leather collection.

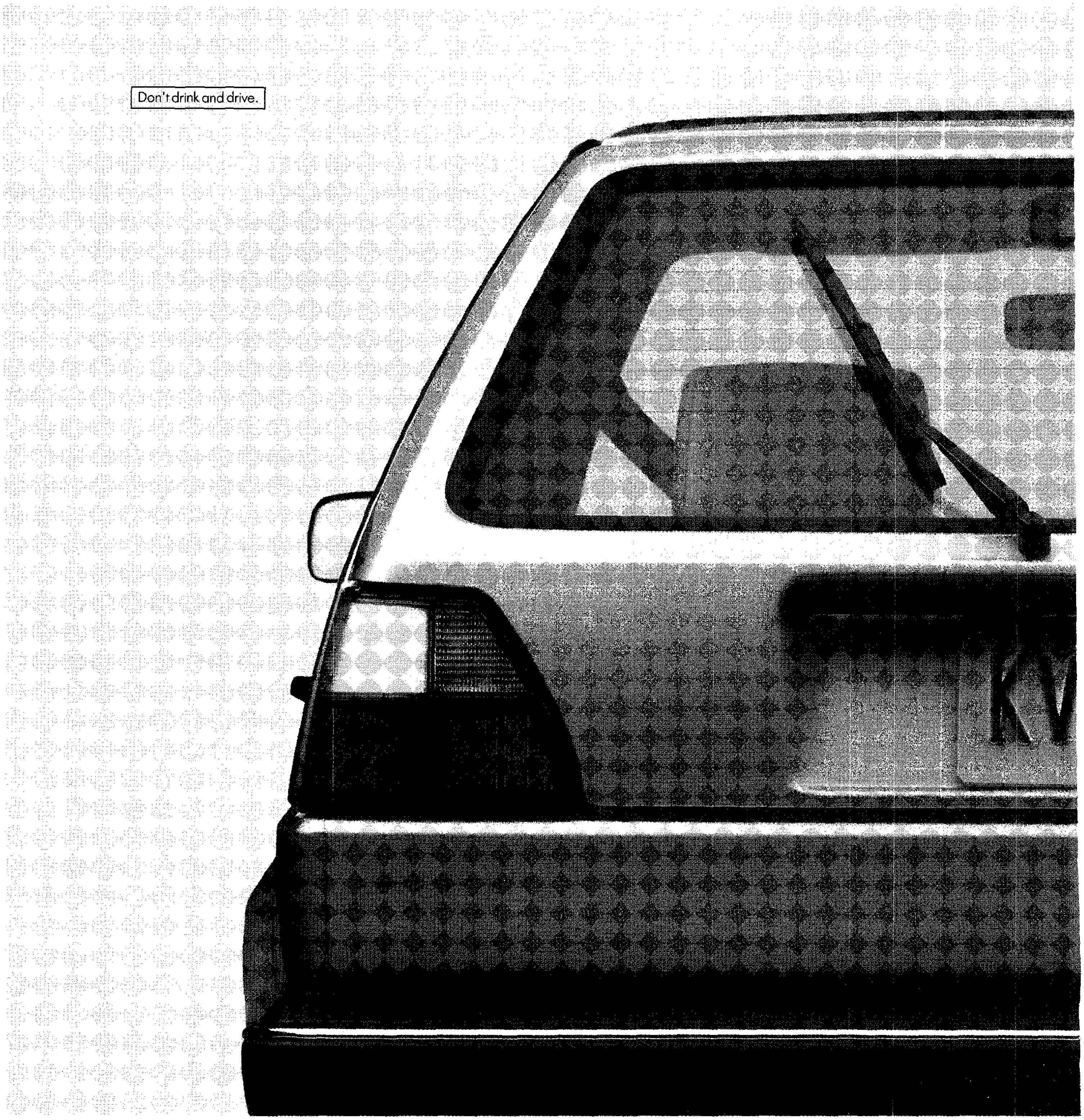
There's always been something especially fine about leather from Spain. The craftsmanship with which it's made. The special look that gets better with age.

To these traditional values, Lladró adds one more that sets its leather collection apart and above all others. The way it feels—sensuous, luxurious, supple.

Leather by Lladró. It's one of the finer things in life. Shouldn't it be part of yours?

LLADRÓ®
VALENCIA

Lladró 225 5th Ave., New York, NY 10010



Join the America

Golf In America, there is a society of drivers who take joy in the knowledge that their cars can do what cars do on the German Autobahn.

Go quickly, confidently and so comfortably, the last kilometer of a journey ends up being as enjoyable as the first.

Their natural habitat is a Volkswagen. Like the Golf. Over the last three years, the best-selling nameplate in Europe.

The American Autobahn society likes it for its power, quick reflexes and substantial interior space.

The Golf comes with a lively 1.8-liter

Sales claim based on manufacturers' reported retail deliveries for 1985, 1986, and 1987 through August.

©1987 Volkswagen Seatbelts save lives.

utobahn society.

overhead cam engine. With 17% more power than before. Thanks to our new Digifant fuel-injection system.

For crisp handling and uncommon comfort, the Golf has our highly refined 4-wheel independent suspension.

It seats five nicely. With the back seat down, it holds 39.6 cubic feet of cargo.

To join the American Autobahn society just stop by your local chapter. Your Volkswagen dealer.

German engineering.
The Volkswagen way.

The Four Seasons Hotel Boston Celebrates The City It Serves.

In a city known for its individuality, enter The Four Seasons Hotel and discover a level of personal service dedicated to fulfilling your every need.

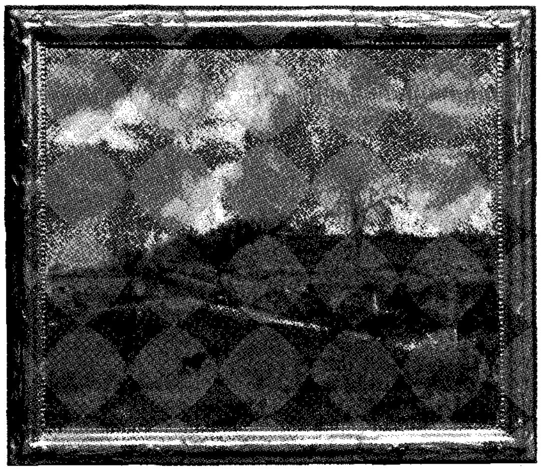
Our elegant, yet residential environment is the place you know you belong. We provide a complete spa and exercise facility where you can easily work away the pressures of the day. We also invite you to enjoy the special experience of our renowned cuisine, at Aujourd' hui, overlooking the famous Public Garden. And, just a few short minutes from our doors, lies the city's financial district.

We invite you to celebrate the finest Boston has to offer.

Four Seasons Hotel BOSTON

200 Boylston Street Boston, MA 02116 (617) 338-4400 (800) 332-3442

CHARLES H. DAVIS (1856-1933)



"Winter Breaking," oil on canvas, 25" x 30", signed l.l., circa 1930.

In 1934, *Winter Breaking* was featured at the artist's Memorial Exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery in New York City.

Vose Galleries and Charles H. Davis. Together since 1913.

Now offered, a Vose Galleries catalogue presenting works by fifty-four artists. Black and white reproductions of fifty-seven works under $25,000. $7.00 postage paid. Massachusetts residents add 5% tax.

Vose GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC. ESTABLISHED 1841
Dealers in fine paintings for five generations.
238 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MA. 02116 • (617) 536-6176

good place to rest while they're hunting."

After a quick lunch, we all set off in the pickup to find our evening's netting sites. The country is so rough that the truck leaps off the road every few yards or slithers through puddles as mud sprays up to window height on each side. Carol has brought two navy-blue futon chairs for the enclosed rear of the pickup, but Don and Bert sit out on the tailgate instead, Don with an arm around Bert's back, and both of them hanging on for dusty life. Jackrabbits dart in front of us, quail fly up at either side, and the wild sage is in thick purple bloom. Dense stands of tumbleweed, still rooted and growing at this season, and pungent creosote bushes make a *swish-swish-swish* sound as we drive through them. Whenever we come to a gate, Don jumps down to open it, and Bert seizes the chance to scout among the brush for something interesting. At the first gate, he returns with a large locust, green and yellow with scarlet fans under its wings. At the second gate, he comes up with a black-and-white lizard that arcs its tail up when it's pursued—that's to attract a predator's mouth to its disposable tail, rather than its head. (Predators of all kinds swallow the head of their prey first.) At the third gate, he finds a baby horned toad and sets it on my palm. "Rub its tummy and it'll go to sleep," he urges.

Turning it on its back, I stroke its tawny little stomach with the tip of my finger, and, sure enough, it is still.

"Come on," Tuttle says. "I'm hoping this won't take more than a couple of hours."

After nearly five hours, we are still at it: bounding in and out of rough pastures, searching for standing water, pausing to appraise a site, making mental notes about how to find it again, then looking for another. When we return home, hot, dirty, legsore, and hungry, Tuttle announces that we have only thirty minutes for dinner, or we won't get nets set up before dusk.

Carol, Don, and Bert all are obsessed with bats—Bert especially. He has a pen pal in South Dakota who is also a bat fancier, and who was personally responsible for getting the state to ban the use of Rozol, a common bat poison which is a health hazard for people. Neither Rozol nor the other most commonly used bat poison, methyl bromide, is effective against bats; but both are extemely hazardous and hard to get rid of in a home.

Missing the evening's bats is unthinkable, so, after grabbing slabs of cheese and a handful of Triscuits, we pack the pickup with Tuttle's bat-catching equipment and a cooler of cold drinks, and drive back down the boggy road.

"Do you know, we caught and released six hundred and thirty-two bats here one trip?" Carol exults. "We caught fourteen different species. There are only forty species of bats in the United States, so that's pretty good going."

Just before dusk, we reach the sites we're after—two of them, only a minute apart. Don and Carol will watch one—a waterhole frequented by zebu cattle. Tuttle, Bert, and I will patrol the other—an oasis, fed by a small spring, with a wealth of trees and bushes, cattails, a smear of algae, and many insects. Bats should find it a delectable place at which to both drink and dine. As we start unloading our things at the spring, a hornet begins dive-bombing my head and, when my swatting and jumping don't discourage it, Tuttle sighs, puts down his gear, and walks up and slaps it to the ground with an open palm. "Its stinger's on the bottom," he says evenly, in a this-is-not-really-a-problem-unless-you-make-it-one tone of voice.

Then he climbs into a pair of chest-high wading boots and begins extracting two pairs of six-foot aluminum poles from khaki sacks. He connects each pair, and then he and Don plant what are now two twelve-foot poles on either side of a narrow corridor between the trees at one end of the pond. From a small brown canvas bag Tuttle pulls out a black mist net, still damp from his trip to French Guiana, and carefully unfolds it. Stretched across the pond, it's like an eighteen-foot-long hairnet with pleats so it can be opened to a height of six feet.

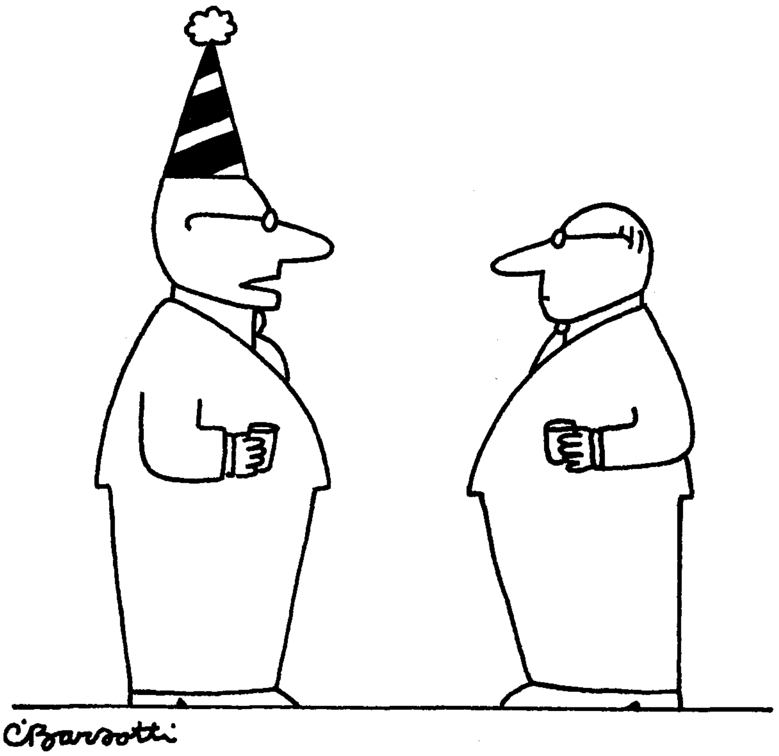
Capturing bats outdoors isn't easy, not only because their sonar can warn them away from obstacles but also because they tend to live high up along cliffs or, in South America, in the canopies of rain forests, where few people have ventured, even now. Mist nets are the solution. Invented by Japanese bird hunters long ago, they are thin, delicate nets of nylon, light as cobwebs yet firm enough to trap and hold birds or bats. Echolocation often fails to detect something as nearly intangible as a mist net.

We drive to the second site, and Don and Tuttle position another net. The sun has begun to set behind the distant mountains, washing the sky, the men, and the small pond with an apricot glow. The men grapple with the nets. A light breeze drives small waves across the water. Thick cumulus clouds and the black threads of the net are both reflected in the water, and when Don wades in, concentric circles flow gently away from him. He leans back on the pole, to drive it deeper into the mud. For a moment, it looks as if he were going to vault. Meanwhile, the water rises over his sneakers and then over his socks. Tuttle's gold-rimmed glasses reflect the sun as he presses his pole in deep. When he and Don pull the fine net taut, it becomes invisible. Walking its length to inspect it for holes, they seem to be holding on to empty space, knotting it in their hands.

"No need to lower the bottom," Tuttle says. Walking into the middle of the pond, he fusses with the net, fine-tuning it. "Give it a little more bag," he says, and Don adjusts his end, then knots up a small hole. An Impressionist painter would make much of this: the pastel colors of twilight, the men bending and stretching in the rippling pool, the insects touching the water briefly, the misty filaments of the net.

Now, as night begins bluing and cooling the desert, Tuttle, Bert, and I return to our spring, where the net is ready. A few tiny pipistrelle bats flash above the trees to feed. We lay out a blue tarpaulin with a Day-Glo orange sleeping bag spread over it, put on our miners' headlamps, and then stroll around the pond with the mini bat-detector. When Tuttle turns the machine on, I flinch, and he laughs. It spits out whirring, buzzing, creaking sounds—all made by insects. Turn it off and all is silence. How thrilling to discover the night packed with sounds one isn't normally aware of, from the buzz of an insect to the black-body radiation from the Big Bang. Every few yards, pinprick eyes glitter at our feet; Bert casts his headlamp on them, and spiders scramble away through the dirt. When a cloud of pipistrelles drifts over our heads to feed, we are first made aware of it by the chattery racket from the bat-detector.

It's not hard to understand echolocation, if you picture bats as calling or whistling to their prey with high-frequency sounds. Most of us can't hear these. At our youngest and keenest of ear, we might detect sounds of twenty thousand vibrations a second, but bats can vocalize at up to two hundred thousand. They do it not in a steady stream but at intervals—twenty or thirty times a second. A bat listens for the sounds to return to it, and when the echoes start coming faster and louder it knows that the insect it's stalking has flown nearer. By judging the time between echoes, a bat can tell how fast its prey is moving and in which direction. Some bats are sensitive enough to register a beetle walking on sand, and some can detect



"I'm learning to let go and have fun."

the movement of a moth flexing its wings as it sits on a leaf. As the bat closes in, it may shout faster, to pinpoint its prey. And there's a qualitative difference between a steady, solid echo bouncing off a brick wall and the light, fluid echo from a swaying flower. By shouting at the world and listening to the echoes, bats can compose a picture of their landscape and the objects in it which includes texture, density, motion, distance, size, and probably other features, too. Most bats really belt it out; we just don't hear them. This is an eerie thought when one stands in a seemingly silent grove filled with bats. They spend their whole lives yelling. They yell at their loved ones, they yell at their enemies, they yell at their dinner, they yell at the big, bustling world. Some yell faster, some slower, some louder, some softer. Long-eared bats don't need to yell; they can hear their echoes perfectly well if they whisper.

Nature is not partisan, and does not make life easy for the bats: prey often have ears tuned to the bats' frequency, and a moth that lives in an ambient horror of owl screech, bird flap, and lizard scuttle may also recognize the warning shouts of an approaching bat as we would recognize the roar of a lion. To protect itself, the moth needs to confuse the hunting bat, and this it does by lying doggo, going into a hard-to-track spiral, or making sounds to suggest that it's unappetizing.

When a bat has its mouth full of prey, it has a harder time echolocating. Some bats have evolved ways around this problem, by squeaking through their noses, for instance. The zoölogist David Attenborough writes, "The face of many bats is dominated by sonar equipment—elaborate translucent ears, ribbed with cartilage and laced with an internal tracery of scarlet blood vessels; and on the nose, leaves, spikes, and spears to direct the sounds. The combination is often more grotesque than any painted demon in a medieval manuscript." Many bats' faces resemble submarines covered with radar equipment, and the noses of horseshoe bats look a little like particle accelerators.

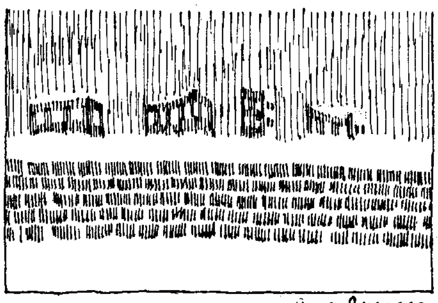
Echolocation doesn't always work flawlessly. Bats get caught in barbed-wire fences from time to time, and some bats get killed by cars. They don't get run over, though. According to a report by an English scientist which Tuttle hasn't fully accepted, willowy car aerials, with their tiny knobs, flex like insects in the breeze, and bats, echolocating them as a meal, zoom in only to become skewered on the aerial or knocked against the windshield. If this happens, the driver probably thinks he's being attacked by aggressive bats—a delusion that can only add to the distress of bat conservationists.

PIPISTRELLES aren't what we're after on this trip. Our objective is a rare, spectacularly colored creature, the spotted bat, which has pink translucent ears almost as long as its body, a white belly, and a jet-black back with three white spots and angoralike fur. Not many spotted bats have been captured, and there are no good action photographs of them. Tuttle has been after them for years. When the pipistrelles depart, we lie down on the tarpaulin, and wait for the spotted bats. A flashing satellite cruises across the sky, appearing out of darkness to dazzle us with its speed and clarity, then sinking back into the upside-down well of the heavens. There are more constellations on view than I have ever seen before—so many that they seem to be nesting inside each other. The Milky Way is a long backbone of light, which is what the Bushmen of the Kalahari call it. A frog croaks a deep throaty "I am," and others sound like creaking doors or like débutantes throwing kisses. There is nothing to do now but wait. It is always like this for naturalists—hours of travel and preparation, and then hours of waiting. All for that one electric moment when the universe suddenly declares itself, with a view of life so astonishing as to make all of life newly astonishing: a spotted bat.

To pass the time, Bert asks Tuttle to tell us about some of his bat-catching expeditions, and Tuttle is glad to oblige:

"Once, in Peru, I'd just recovered from paratyphoid, and a Campa Indian told us that he knew of a wonderful place for bats—a cave that had about every kind of bat ever known to man—and my younger brother, Arden, and I decided to go with him and see the cave. As it turned out, it was an incredibly rugged hike; I probably wouldn't have gone on it, right after such an illness, if I'd known how rugged it was going to be. It was over mountainous terrain, about ten or twelve miles. When we got there, we were at the top of big, sheer cliffs—certainly over a hundred, maybe two hundred feet high—and the only way down the cliffs was to climb down vines from ledge to ledge. So we climbed down the vines, and it was a gorgeous place, with three waterfalls coming off the cliff into a big basin, and almost continuous rainbows at the bottom. Just beautiful, idyllic. We finally got to the bottom, thanking our lucky stars that none of the vines had broken, but then we discovered we couldn't get to the cave without swimming a pond that contained piranha and electric eels, and had anaconda tracks around it. We would probably never have swum the pond, except that we'd already hiked the hike, and climbed down the cliffs. Though we weren't really prepared to get wet, we just stripped down to our undershorts and went in. It was pretty spooky trying to get through the pond without getting our feet down to where the electric eels might be, and just hoping the piranha weren't hungry. We practically drowned trying to hold our batteries and lights out of the water while trying to keep our feet up, but we made it across. I had Arden stretch a mist net in front of the cave, and I went in with a butterfly net to see what kinds of unusual bats were in there. It turned out that oilbirds had lived in this cave—they're a bird similar to nighthawks—and they had left piles and piles of gooey, stinking, rotting droppings, which were seething with arthropods. There were four-inch roaches, pseudo-scorpions several inches in diameter, and all sorts of mites and things. The last thing I wanted to do was wade in through this stuff barefoot and without any clothes on, but I didn't see any way I could go back now.

"So pretty soon I was in this stuff up over my knees, and then the passage started sloping up sharply and there was no way to go on without getting in up to my elbows, too. Finally, I got to the top of the slope, beyond all the oilbird droppings, and congratulated myself, figuring maybe now I could get to where the bats were. Then the cave narrowed into a tight crawlway, and first I began



Anne Burgess

crawling on my hands and knees, then I was down flat on my belly, then it got so tight that my arms were pinned in front of me—I couldn't bring them back to my sides. My big concern at that point was that I was going to come to a dead end and wouldn't be able to turn around and back out. Sure enough, I came around a little bend and there was a dead end. So I was lying there with my arms pinned in front of me, trying not to panic, saying to myself, 'It may take you half the day, but if you squirm and you wriggle just right there's got to be a way of getting back out of here.' Up to that point, I'd been concentrating on seeing where the passage went, and hadn't really looked at the ceiling much. Now I tried to look back over my shoulder to see how I was going to back up, and for the first time I noticed that in the ceiling, which was slightly concave but was only inches over my bare back, there were literally hundreds of scorpions apparently gathered to breed. There they were all hanging down with their little tails right over me. If you think it was hard to keep from panicking from claustrophobia, try it with hundreds of scorpions hanging over your heinie. I just about wore a groove in the bottom of the rock trying to keep from getting up into the scorpions.

"I finally got out, and you'd think the story would end there. Ironically, it was one of the very few caves I've seen in the tropics without a single bat in them. So we took the net down, and swam back across the pond, only to find that our sweaty clothes, where we'd left them on the bank to dry, were covered with some kind of vicious yellow stinging wasp, apparently looking for salt. We spent the better part of an hour trying to get our clothes back without getting stung too much. That day was one hell of a wild-goose chase."

At eleven, a stiff wind, which came up shortly after sundown, is still blowing, and the net has bunched up and become more visible. Because of the wind, there have been no bats at all, in all these hours. Through the infrared nightscope the blackness becomes a magic glade full of bright-green shapes. But soon the moon will be up, and then bats won't risk coming. Predators could find them too easily in the moonlight. Tuttle can't remember an expedition to the Big Bend area when he didn't net at least thirty bats. And once there were those six hundred and thirty-two that Carol had spoken of. Discouraged, we pack up the mist nets from both sites and head back home. The night isn't lost yet.

Sure enough, down the road from the lodge is an old adobe house, now used as a shed. It is full of pallid bats (also called desert bats), clumped together on the rafters so tightly they look like a geographical survey map: light-brown hills and valleys, with tiny scrunched up faces peering out and long ears. Ecstatic, back at the lodge Tuttle prepares his photographic equipment, even though it's already 3 A.M. Don, Bert, and I hold the flashes and the light meter, and off we tramp to the shed again, walking a few paces behind Tuttle and trying to keep all our wires from tangling. We must look like bridesmaids. In the shed, Tuttle arranges us right under the bat-encrusted rafters, makes a series of noises to get the bats to perk up their ears, and shoots frame after frame of pallid bats roosting in the wild. The bright flashes startle them just enough to make them urinate on our heads and shoulders and hands, and a few frightened bats fly around, seeking deeper darkness. Some hide their faces in their wings. But Tuttle is after a shot in which a number of bats have a good "expression," as he puts it. Javelinas, wild pigs, have been using the shed for shelter, and the floor is covered with droppings and old wood and pieces of corrugated iron. Bats wing around our heads. Those huddled on the rafters peer down at us with troll-like faces, and seem remarkably long-suffering. At last, Tuttle calls it a night, and we drag back to the lodge. Leaving the equipment arrayed like an electronic explosion on the living-room floor, we drop into our beds for a heavy, dreamless sleep.

IN the United States and Canada, bats fall mainly into predictable categories: they're nocturnal, they eat insects, and they're rather small. But tropical bats are more numerous and have varied habits. Some feed on nectar, and have done this for so long and so skillfully that bat-pollinated trees have evolved to profit from their visits. The flowers of these trees tend to be pale (white, buff, light green), in order to be visible at night—for the nectar-eating bats use their eyes in addition to echolocating—and some grow large, open and welcoming, with lots of nectar. One bat flower has bushy anthers that daub pollen on the face and chest of the bat as it rams its head in deep to lap up the nectar with

The J. Peterman coat.
Unintentionally very flattering.

Classic horseman's duster protects you, your rump, your saddle and your legs down to the ankles.

Because it's cut very long to do the job, it's unintentionally very flattering. With or without a horse.

High-count natural cotton canvas. Washable. Natural color. Light weight waterproof lining. Nine pockets. Corduroy collar. Heavy duty zippers. Metal snaps permit adjustment of length.

Men's and women's sizes: XXS, XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL. Include height and weight when you order. I'll advise best size.

Price: $174, including shipping.

Although I live in horse country, I wear this coat for other reasons. Because they don't make Duesenbergs anymore.

J. Peterman

The J. Peterman shirt.
(99% Thos. Jefferson, 1% Peterman.)

Jefferson disliked stuffy people, stuffy houses, stuffy societies. So he changed a few things. Law. Gardening. Government. Architecture.

Of the thousand castles, mansions, chateaux you can walk through today, only Monticello, only Jefferson's own mansion, makes you feel so comfortable you want to live in it.

I think you will feel the same about his 18th-century shirt. Classic. Simple. Livable.

Unbleached handwoven muslin, blue or natural. Wooden buttons. Sizes XS, S, M, L, XL.

Price: $33, including shipping.

The J. Peterman grip.

My search for something small enough to throw under the airplane seat, but big enough to hold the ridiculous amount of stuff you actually need with you for meetings around town, or across the country, led me to discover the obscure but noble American plumber's bag.

With certain cautious modifications, it now seems exactly right in its new role. Immensely strong natural cotton duck. Soft and supple leather. Zippered outside pocket. Detachable shoulder strap.

Slightly dashing, without trying too hard. And just enough different from everything else.

Dimensions: L:19" x W:9" x H:14."

Price: $146, including shipping.

Call (606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
(800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Absolute satisfaction, or your money back.

Next day air available

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507

© 1988 The J. Peterman Company

its tongue. Most bat flowers open only at night, high in the canopies, and some grow right on the trunks of trees, or out on the tips of branches, or on pendulous vines, so that bats can sip from them on the wing. The flowers stand up taut and glistening in the moonlight, but by morning they have wilted and the bats are gone.

Then, there are the carnivorous bats. They like nothing better than a frog, lizard, fish, or bird snapped up from the foliage or from a pond. The American fishing bat has clawed feet dangling free—that is, the wing membrane stops at the knees instead of the ankles—and scoots low over lake or ocean, yanks a fish out of the water, and tosses it into its toothy mouth. A few bats, of course, are vampires, and live on blood. In the movies, vampires are rather showy, vaudeville types, but vampire bats rely on stealth and small, pinprick incisions made by razor-sharp triangular front teeth. Sleeping livestock are frequent victims, and the bats take care not to wake them. First, they make the classic incision, shaped like single quotation marks, and then, with saliva full of anticoagulants, so that the victim's blood will flow nicely, they quietly lap their fill. Vampire bats' natural anticoagulant is harmless to man, so it may one day play an important role in the treatment of heart patients—that is, if we can just get over our phobia about bats.

At his busy office in Austin, Tuttle and his staff answer an average of two thousand inquiries from around the world every month. But Tuttle actually has two challenges to grapple with, the second being how to change people's ideas about bats. Before he can do that, he has to neutralize their fear of bats. It is an old terror. And the fact that bats are sweet-tempered, useful, and fascinating animals makes you wonder less about the bats than about our human capacity for terror.

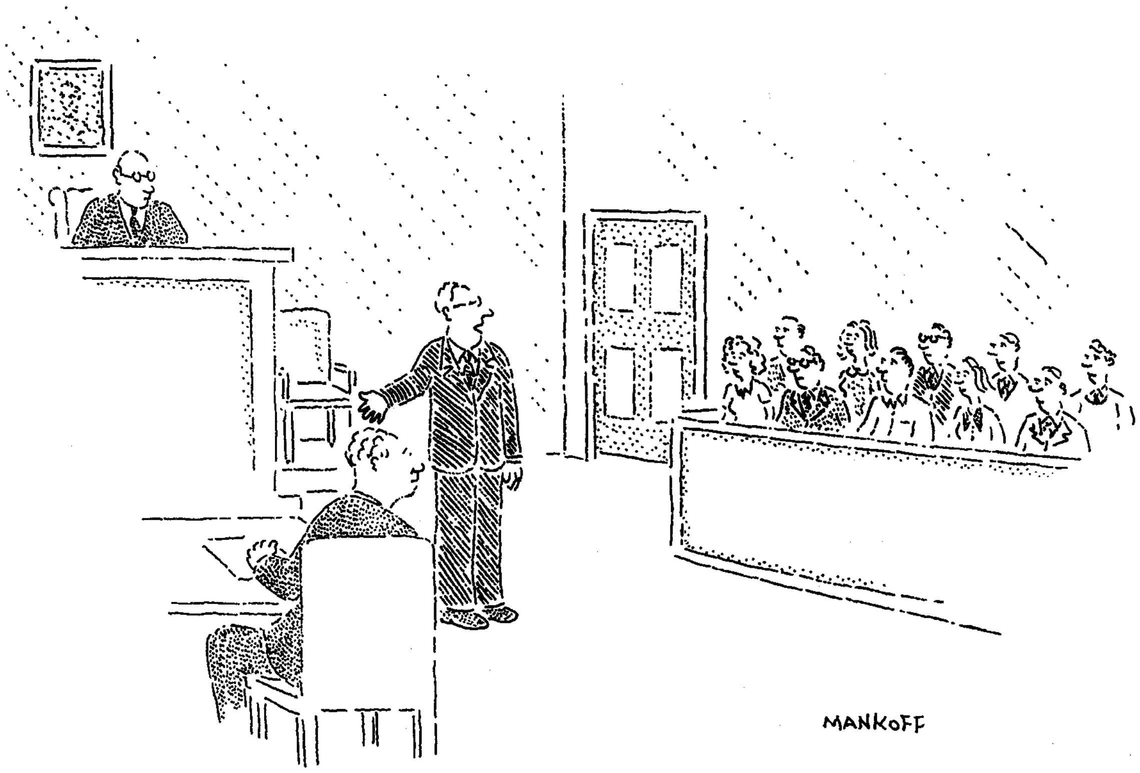
Things that live by night live outside the realm of people's normal time, and thus, since we hold moral views of time, suggest living outside the realm of good and evil. Chauvinistic about our need to wake by day and sleep by night, we come to associate night-dwellers with creatures that are up to no good—that have the jump on the rest of us and are defying Nature. Also, night is when we dream, and so we picture the bats moving through a dreamtime, in which reality is warped. After all, we don't see very well at night, and ordinarily don't need to. But that makes us nearly helpless when we do need to. Although we're used to mastering our world by day, in the night we feel vulnerable, as though we were prey. Thinking of bats as masters of the night threatens the safety we take for granted in the daytime. We are at the top of our food chain, but if we had to exist in the rain forest, say, and protect ourselves against night-roaming predators, we would live partly in terror, as our ancestors did. Our sense of safety depends on consistency, so we suspect anything living outside the usual rules of being an outlaw, a ghoul.

Finnish peasants once believed that while they slept their souls rose from their bodies and flew around the countryside as bats, then returned to them at dawn. Ancient Egyptians prized bat parts as medicines for a variety of diseases, as some Arabs have done. The skin of a flying fox has been used in India as a poultice for rheumatism. But perhaps the most mystical, grisly, and intimate relationship between man and bat occurred among the Maya about two thousand years ago. They worshipped a bat god, Zotzilaha Chamalcán, who had a human body but the head and wings of a bat. He appeared often in their glyphs, on altars, pottery, gold ornaments, and stone pillars. One especially frightening glyph shows the bat god with outstretched wings, a question-mark-shaped nose, and a tongue wagging with hunger as it holds a human sacrificial victim in one hand and the victim's heart in the other. I suppose a people as bloodthirsty as the ancient Maya admired the vampire bat's natural gifts, and couldn't resist deifying an animal whose tastes seemed so close to their own. A number of Central American tribes worshipped the bat as the god of death and the underworld. I still vividly remember from a visit years ago to the Gilcrease museum, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, a pre-Columbian gold bat with zigzag teeth and furious claws, one of which held a tiny death's head; its ears were trim and soft as any mouse's. There is still a bat-god-worshipping tribe in upland Guatemala. They are the Zotzil, a name that comes from the Mayan for bat, and their capital city is Zimacantlán, or Place of Bats. Bats have figured in mythology, religion, and superstition the world over, but it was really Bram Stoker's riveting "Dracula" that turned them into huge, bloodsucking monsters in the minds of modern civilized people: it touched a primal nerve. If vampires were even partly human, then they could be conniving, sadistic, and erotic, so a spill of kinky horror books about the passions of vampires began appearing.

THE last thing I remember before falling asleep is the pallid bats huddled under the eaves of the lodge. It is almost impossible to describe their gentleness and sweetly expressive faces. When I wake in the morning and look outside, they are gone. One of the things I like best about animals in the wild is that they're always going off on some errand. They have appointments to keep. It's only we humans who wonder what we're here for.

Carol produces eggs Benedict to fuel us for a day's journey over an old mining road and then a hike on a rough-and-tumble trail to a remote natural water tank in an arroyo, where we are ardently hoping to net spotted bats. On the bouncing truck journey, Tuttle and I continue our conversation about bats. Bat research, bat photography, and bat-conservation efforts impose a high-speed schedule. Now divorced, Tuttle is the first to admit that he is "married to his work." And indeed, B.C.I. is his sole legatee. He has little time to relax, but when he finds some he likes to spend it out in the wild, pursuing bats.

Bats instill such revulsion in many people that international wildlife organizations have been reluctant to stage a bat-preservation campaign, he says. On being informed of the plight of the panda, droves of people are moved to contribute money to protect the furry animal's endangered habitat. Perhaps they think they are protecting only pandas, but it is the entire ecological scheme in which the pandas live that the money helps. Advertising the plight of the bat is a far different matter. People *want* bats to become extinct. Some species depend on a very narrow range of food and habitat, and the loss of just a few critical roosting sites could spell their doom. In turn, many plants depend on bats. Here are just a few of the things produced by plants that rely on bats for their survival in the wild: avocados, bananas, dates, figs, guavas, breadfruit, peaches, mangoes, carob, cloves, cashews, sisal, kapok, timber, chicle latex, balsa, and tequila. (Bacardi's trademark is a stylized bat, and the company contributes to Bat Conservation International.) The disappearance of bats could gravely affect the economy of a number of countries. In West Africa, the iroko tree, whose seeds are dispersed by bats, produces millions of dollars' worth of timber. The durian fruits of Southeast Asia provide a hundred and twenty million dollars in income each year, and each of the flowers must be pollinated by one particular species of bat. The baobab, the African tree of life which shelters so many forms of wildlife, also depends on bats for pollination. So do organ-pipe cactus and saguaro. Bat studies have been useful in the development of vaccines, birth-control and artificial-insemination techniques, navigational aids for the blind, and low-temperature surgery. And then, of course, there's guano, a highly prized natural fertilizer, which is a source of income for whole villages in the Third World.



"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, say hi to my client."

• •

Among the bat species that have already become extinct are the Jamaican long-tongued bat, a single specimen of which sits in a jar in the Institute of Jamaica, in Kingston; the tree-dwelling lesser falcate-winged bat of Cuba, which has been extinct for some two hundred years; the Puerto Rican long-nosed bat, which had a distinctive long tail, and so was long at both ends; and the Cuban yellow bat. A dozen species of flying foxes, especially on islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, are either extinct or endangered.

"Imagine what it's like to start an organization whose sole purpose is conservation of one of the least popular groups of animals on earth," Tuttle says, shaking his head. "I could probably raise ten times as much money if I promised people I'd *get rid of* all the bats in their area, instead of asking them to help me save them. That's how far apart we are. Nevertheless, when people are properly introduced to bats they like them very much and understand their importance. When I was a graduate student doing research on gray bats, I went to places where people bragged about personally burning a quarter of a million bats at a time. In one of those places, state public-health officials, in their ignorance, told a farmer that if he didn't get rid of the bats in a cave on his property his cattle would die of rabies and his family would be attacked. He went and poured kerosene in the cave and lit it, killing all the bats. I asked him how long his family had been there, and learned that his family had been there for three generations living in peace with those bats and never having any problems with rabies in cattle or humans, and nobody'd ever been attacked. I said, 'And here you let a couple of dumb city slickers come out and persuade you to kill your bats.' And when I explained to him the value of the bats and what he'd done, he actually broke down and cried.

"It's obvious from the way things are going that more species will become extinct and habitats will be lost. We probably won't be able to avoid that. Which means we have to be very careful how we spend our limited resources. Conservationists are going to have to stop dealing with just the animals that people easily relate to because they have big brown eyes or soft fur. Most people can be appealed to at some level if they're shown pictures of a cute and cuddly 'glamour' animal with a club over its head. But it takes a better-educated, more knowledgeable person to get really concerned about something like bats. We don't know enough to play God, and decide that some animals are good and some are bad. It's a shame that people want to view animals that way. As Emerson pointed out, a weed is just a plant whose virtues haven't been discovered yet. Cute and cuddly has nothing to do with intrinsic value. Some of the ugliest animals on earth are among the most valuable either ecologically or economically.

"That's partly why I gave up my job at the Milwaukee Public Museum, where I'd been curator of mammals for eleven years, to found B.C.I. It was largely a research position, and I enjoy research most of all. But back in 1978 the National Geographic Society asked me to write a chapter on bats for its book 'Wild Animals of North America.' I wrote the chapter, and then was appalled at the vicious-looking pictures of bats that accompanied it in the book. I protested, and was told, 'Well, these are all the pictures that we could find of bats.' Apparently, up until that time nearly everyone pulled their wings out, blew in their faces, and snapped a picture. Most American bats' heads are about the size of the end of your finger but often they're blown up and made to look like the heads of sabre-toothed tigers. It's no wonder people didn't like bats. So—in self-defense, actually—I went and learned photography, and by now I've photographed bats on every continent. But I've always been very careful either to photograph my bats in the wild under completely non-threatening, natural conditions or to keep them in captivity long enough to get them over their nervousness about me, and relaxed about doing their natural things. When you see them as they really are, they're just as inquisitive, comical, and cute as other animals. But previously people saw only tormented individuals responding with fierce expressions. The only other time that people tend to see bats is when they're sick or dying. They find them lying on the ground someplace; naturally, the bat opens its mouth wide and bares its teeth, trying to scare them away, and that's the image they get. But we ourselves wouldn't come across too well if people saw us only when we were sick or dying.

"Let's just consider our own country, for the moment. In the Southeast, the gray bat was once the equivalent of the passenger pigeon. Old-timers used to tell me about how when they were children they saw clouds of bats flying over every night, from caves where there are no bats remaining today. The gray bat went from filling the night skies to having to be officially listed as endangered a few years ago. In the Southwest, the free-tailed bat, which is probably still the most abundant bat in many areas, has declined by as much as ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent in some places. What was once the biggest colony ever—at Eagle Creek, in Arizona—dropped from thirty million to thirty thousand in just six years. Carlsbad once had more than eight million bats, and now it has only a quarter of a million. How far does a bat have to decline before it's declared endangered? An even more important question is: How many bats are *essential* to maintain the balance of nature?

"By the time this becomes an issue, it may be too late. Just consider how important bats are to the rain forests. If you like, we'll choose just one plant—bananas. Bananas are badly hit by problems such as root rot. Horticulturists have had to go back to ancestral varieties of bananas to gain disease-resistant genetic material, and without animals such as bats you can lose those wild strains. The sad thing is that in the Old World, where so many important plants come from, flying foxes are the primary pollinators and seed dispersers, yet major campaigns have been waged in which flying-fox colonies have been poisoned, attacked with flame throwers, dynamited, or napalm-bombed from the air.

"In Queensland, Australia, there are advertisements for people to join in big bat shoots. They go out and ring a site where flying foxes are rearing their young, and shoot down every bat they can kill, until they're all gone. The mothers keep coming back to their young, and the people keep shooting until every bat is dead. It's ironic, but in the late nineteen-twenties Australia decided to wipe out its flying foxes, and brought in a famous British biologist named Ratcliffe to eradicate the bats. After two years of study, he concluded that there was one point of paramount importance: the damage done by these bats over all was so trivial that it was a waste of taxpayers' money to try to get rid of them. On the other hand, benefits from them are enormous. In Queensland and other places where people are still trying to kill them off, these bats are major pollinators for a host of economically important plants, from black-bean trees to brush box, and including many medicinal and textile plants. Yet, over large areas of Australia they've already eliminated most of their flying foxes. Biologists have speculated that the current slaughter of flying foxes may someday prove ecologically disastrous, but such slaughter still continues.

"Once the bats are gone, the repercussions for the rain forests can be really serious—especially on remote Pacific islands, where bats are often the dominant pollinators and seed dispersers. Norman Myers, a well-known conservationist, has pointed out that in some cases these bats are acting as *keystone* species; that is, they are vital to the survival of extremely important plants. Eliminate the bats and you may eliminate the plant, and that plant may be crucial to numerous other animals and plants. It is possible to start a chain reaction of linked extinctions. In Australia, people would probably tie themselves in knots to save koalas, and yet often don't understand that many of the species of eucalyptus tree whose leaves are eaten by koalas are pollinated by flying foxes. Knowledgeable botanists argue that by the time some of the Pacific islands' flying foxes decline to the point where somebody says 'Oh, yes, they're definitely endangered now' and gives them endangered status there will be so few that they won't be able to perform their biological functions. They'll be biologically irrelevant, and the rain forests will be doomed—you see, rain forests depend on bats to pollinate and disperse the seeds for many of their trees. But then this is often the case when it comes to animals—by the time you've eliminated them down to the point where everyone can agree that the species is officially endangered, it's too late. So one of my concerns at Bat Conservation International is not just to save a few random populations of endangered species but to save bats in numbers that can still be biologically relevant for the maintenance of environments that we all must share.

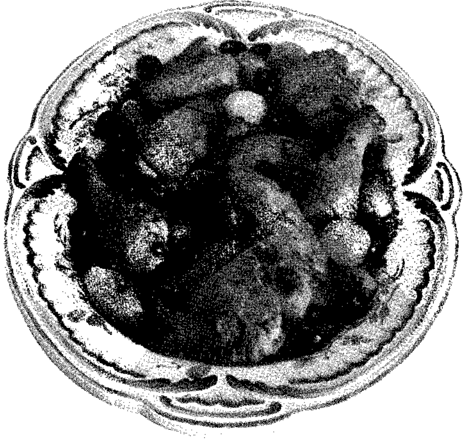
"The rain forests of the Pacific islands are so beautiful! There are no thorns in them, almost nothing strange or poisonous. They're like Eden."

In this heyday of emotional appeals, Tuttle is unemotional, pragmatic, strategic about conservation. "Emotion doesn't solve problems," he says. "Reason solves problems." His success has often depended on international diplomacy and a willingness to see the point of view of the despoiler. "Take the flying-fox situation in the Pacific islands," he says. "On the island of Guam, where the Chamorros love to eat flying foxes stewed in coconut milk, they will pay as much as twenty-five dollars apiece for them. Careless overharvesting has actually extinguished one of their two species of flying foxes and driven the other one close to extinction. Now they import bats from islands as far away as American Samoa. I went out to Samoa and observed what the commercial hunters were doing. It was so cruel. These

WIGS
CLOSED 2 WEEKS

YUM

A sumptuous, almost sinful array of culinary pleasures is waiting for you in a magazine called GOURMET. Frozen Cappuccino; Blueberry Eggnog Pie; Baked French Toast; Onion Soup with Camembert; Fettucine with Ham, Spinach, and Cream. Sometimes rich and lusty, as with Pan-Fried Potatoes with Salami and Mozzarella, White Bean Pancakes with Bacon; or simple with a more subtle succulence as in Herbed Chicken Paillards, Orzo and Artichoke Salad, Chilled Watercress Soup, Pita Pizzas.



WOW

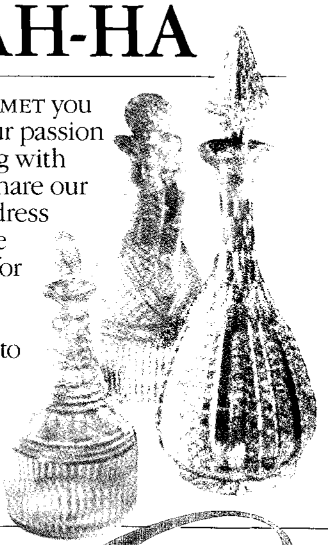
We search out the most exquisite restaurants, display the *pièces de résistance,* and often give you the recipe so that you can try these sensational creations at home.

OOOH

GOURMET takes you to places that are a feast for the eye. Bordeaux wine country. Montecatini. The Western Isles of Scotland. The food and flower markets in Bangkok. It tells you how to find a charming hotel in Madrid where a room with breakfast costs under $30; to enjoy an exquisite meal in Venice for a song.

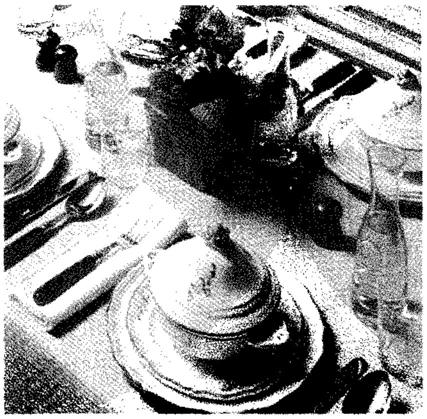
AH-HA

With GOURMET you can sate your passion for shopping with savvy! We share our London Address Book for the best shops for everything from Waterford crystal to Wellington boots. We steer you to a latter-day Fabergé in Antigua who will custom-make jewelry for you at prices you will not believe.



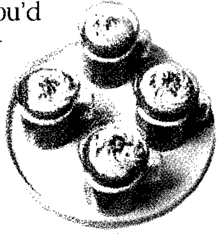
BRAVO

And when it comes to designing a menu with recipes that will have guests raving, you can count on GOURMET. Everything from beer-tasting barbecues to elegant brunches. Dinners for two, or cocktail parties for twenty-two. Soup and salad suppers. Three-day menu plans for weekend guests.



MORE

GOURMET gives you more for good living than any other magazine. For much less than you'd ever expect. An introductory subscription for 12 extravagant issues is only $12. That's 60% off the newsstand cost!



SENSUOUS ...is the word for Gourmet®

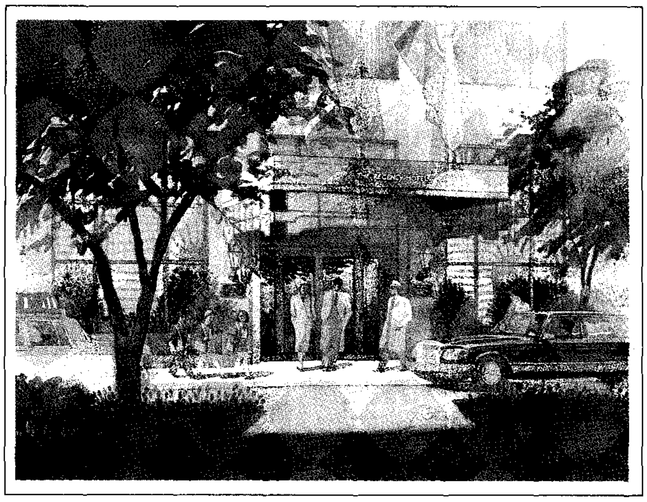
Act now! Complete the attached postage-paid card to start your subscription to Gourmet. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. (If card is missing, write to: GOURMET, P.O. Box 53779, Boulder, Colorado 80322-3779.)

Subscribe for one year for only $12

flying foxes have wingspans of four feet. The hunters would lie in wait at passes that the flying foxes had to travel through, and shoot them in the wing. When a bat fell down, they'd have little kids go out and grab the bat by its broken wing and bash it on the ground until it was dead. They decimated the bat population. I could have gone in emotionally and got everybody to write letters in an anti-cruelty campaign. And there were other courses we could have taken. But I met with the hunters and the government leaders. I explained how hunters in the United States protect a valuable game animal—they have a season on it. They don't shoot such animals when they have babies; they protect certain places where they live; they don't allow unregulated commercial hunting. I said, 'Do you guys really want to wipe out *your* bats just so that somebody can buy and eat them on Guam? Why let the Guamanians come and exploit you for the last of your flying foxes? These are bats that figure as heroes in your legends and traditions. And they're your game animals. They're part of your heritage. Aren't you concerned? Do you want it said that yours was the generation that made the bats extinct? Don't you want to leave something for your grandchildren?' With the government leaders I talked about how important the bats were economically and ecologically. Now they've passed good hunting legislation there, and Governor Lutali and the Samoan chiefs who own the land are all strongly behind the proposed national park. The park will be wonderful—it will feature these huge diurnal bats that soar right up to you on a ridge and look at you from twelve feet away. It's such an exciting thing for a visitor to see."

As we bounce along, a roadrunner darts across in front of the truck, its head thrust forward and its long streamlined tail balancing it like a tightrope walker's pole. In the sixty-odd species of cactus in Big Bend, there are more than four hundred species of birds, and we see an endless display of them: doves, mockingbirds, tanagers, peregrine falcons, buntings, grosbeaks, cactus wrens. Carol spots a shape in the distance that might be a bat, up late, headed who knows where. Bats navigate in so many different ways that it might be more precise to talk about how they orient themselves. Some species with large, attentive eyes do so by sighting on mountain ranges

AS PREFERRED AS PARK AVENUE



THE REGENCY HOTEL

540 Park Avenue, New York, New York, (212) 759-4100/Telefax 219/Telex 147180
For reservations call the hotel directly or (800) 243-1166.
A member of The Grande Collection of Hotels.

From A Proud And Prosperous Past

104 galleries to explore. Dealers' Catalog, the sourcebook of antiques, upon request.

MANHATTAN ART & ANTIQUES CENTER
"The Nation's Largest and Finest Antiques Center"

Rare Flemish flagon, early 18th cent., pewter. Piston's, Gallery #92, (212) 753-8322

1050 Second Avenue (55-56 Street), New York, NY 10022 Mon.-Sat. 10:30-6:15, Sun. 12-6 • Free Admission • Parking
For General Information Call: **(212) 355-4400**

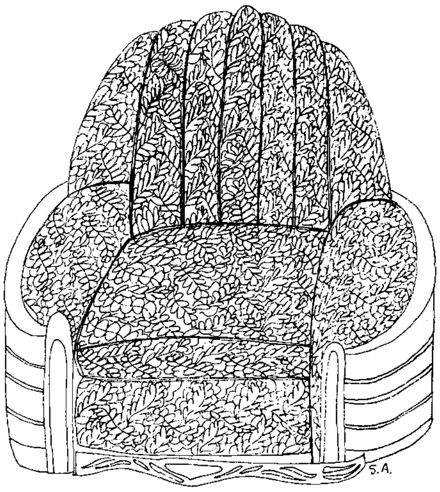
as much as twenty miles away. These bats don't fly in fog or at any other time when they can't see well. Like birds, bats have been found to have substances in their brains which respond to earth's magnetic field. Just as we don't get around entirely by vision but also by touch, hearing, and sometimes even smell, some bats may not depend solely on one device to navigate but combine several in a sensory collage. To mate and hibernate, gray bats head for a few unique caves that trap and store cold air. In the fall, when it's still mild outside, certain caves are cold enough for the bats to start hibernating. Some gray bats migrate northward, but others arriving at the same cave have flown east, west, or south. Since they all mate randomly at the cave, there's no way a colony could be genetically programmed to move in a certain direction. They must learn to locate their caves, and the information appears to be passed from parent to offspring. Such is the hand-me-down nature of learning at which mammals so beautifully excel.

"It's really phenomenal," Tuttle says, "when you consider that the gray bat can't detect obstacles or topography more than a couple of metres in front of it with its echolocation system. There it is, migrating hundreds of miles, from Florida to southern Virginia, say, for hibernation. Even blinded bats can make these trips. How do they get across highways, and sense new changes in the topography? How do they find the cave when its entrance may be so obscured that even when I've known about it for years I still have to hunt around and kick through the bushes, realizing that I am within sixty feet of the cave, but can't find it? How do *they* find it? They must have a very precise ability, which relies heavily on memorization—memorization of details beyond our comprehension. It's mind-boggling to think of it. Imagine being released hundreds of miles from home. You're blindfolded, and you're given an echolocation system that reaches only a few feet in front of you. Now find your way home, you're told. You're helpless. It's inconceivable. And yet these guys are doing it all the time. So, just in terms of navigation, there are amazing things to be discovered about bats, and some of those things may be useful to us."

Navigational systems are of special interest to the Navy, and it has spent a lot of time and money studying bats. One of its early efforts sought to discover whether fishing bats used sound to detect fish. Navy scientists were puzzled by how bats sensed the presence of fish under the water, since sound should bounce off the surface; if the bats had a unique sleuthing device, the Navy wanted to know about it. As it turned out, what the bats were really detecting was not the submerged fish but tiny protruding tips of fins, or ripples on the surface of the water.

WE follow the old mining road for only six miles, but it is a rodeo ride in the high-bucking pickup truck. Our voices take on a buzz from the vibration, and it feels good to get out at last and stretch our legs, pack up our gear, and set out on foot up a rock-strewn creek bed, dry now in the diabolical heat. On each side, sandstone cliffs, striped like sherbet, reveal layer after compressed layer of time. How can time be so rigid in the rock and so molten as we live it? Underfoot, sheets of rock swirl red, yellow, white, blue. Life blooms in unlikely places: tufts of grass jut out from a rock; slabs of cactus sprout from sheer cliff high above us, where you'd think no dirt could settle. That savage violence once occurred here is apparent from ripped and twisted cliffs, from swollen claws of rock jammed on top of each other. Here and there, small ponds hold thousands of tadpoles, and slick gray rocks look like basking seals. Finally, we come to the first of three *tinajas* (it's the Spanish word for a large earthenware jar)—a small pool cupped by the rock of the arroyo. Red dragonflies plane low over deep, black water, and giant hornets and other insects are dogfighting in the air.

It's been a long drive and a hot hike, but Tuttle at once begins setting up a net across the first of the three pools. Each contains water of a different color, determined by its depth and its resident algae. This is familiar and soothing work for Bert and Don, and for Tuttle, too.



"Do dragonflies have sections they call their own?" Bert asks as he steadies a pole.

"Some of them are territorial—yes," Tuttle answers.

Don pulls the net across the narrow neck of rock and water, and Tuttle follows, lifting it above a thornbush. By dusk, the three nets are up. The arroyo is so narrow that only a wedge of cornflower-blue sky is visible, patrolled by two crab-shaped clouds. Carol has hiked on up ahead, on a nature walk of her own, and she calls to Bert: "There's an animal up here! It's got a long tail, it's fluffy and gray. Looks a little like a weasel." Jubilant, Bert leaps across the rocks and up the gorge to meet her. The animal turns out to be a coati.

Shortly after eight, a large, billowy storm blows south of us, with swelling gray-blue clouds and tinges of electric green, which are the signature of hail. Sunlight cuts through the clouds, making corridors of light that seem almost traversable. When night falls, lightning keeps prowling around the south rim of the gorge. Coyotes yowl in the distance. Shooting stars begin to streak the sky. It's time for the miners' headlamps, the mini bat-detectors, and the vigil for the spotted bat.

What questions are bat specialists still tantalized by, I ask. Tuttle laughs. Ninety per cent of the world's bat species haven't even been studied, he says. Some are almost rumor—nothing more than a description and a name. In fact, one of the most common bats in the West, the pipistrelle, which is right above us tonight, wings in and out of many people's lives at dusk. Yet nobody knows for sure where the pipistrelles roost. Shocking though the thought is, bats throughout the world that we may not even have discovered and named yet are on the edge of extinction.

Part of people's fear of bats, I suppose, is a dread of catching diseases from them. "You know," I say, "before I came out here, I had doctors, health officials, and well-meaning academics all warning me that I could get rabies just by inhaling around bats. I'm not sure if bats are rabid, but I know that some of the people I spoke with were."

This is a topic that clearly burns Tuttle. "Fear of rabies from bats has been vastly exaggerated, beginning with mistakes made by researchers some twenty-five years ago, when bats were thought to be asymptomatic carriers of rabies," he says.

"You mean they're not Typhoid Marys, who can carry the disease and infect others without succumbing to it themselves?"

"Of course not. They can get rabies, the same as dogs or cats can, but when they do get it they die quickly, just as other animals do. Anyway, less than half of one per cent of bats contract rabies, and, unlike most mammals, even when bats are rabid they rarely become aggressive. Only about fifteen people in the whole of the United States and Canada are believed to have died of *any* bat-related disease in the past four decades. When people *are* endangered, it's usually because they've foolishly picked up a sick bat that bites in self-defense. Just leave bats alone, and the odds of being harmed are infinitesimally small, whereas two thousand people die every year of falling down stairs.

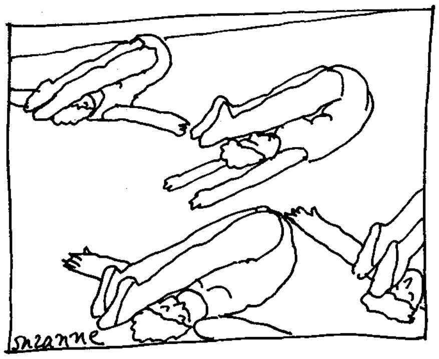
"One thousand people die each year of bicycle accidents, and yet we think of biking as a safe and healthy form of exercise. Over five thousand people die of drowning each year, and yet surely it's healthy to swim. We don't get alarmed by the fact that ten or twenty people die each year from dog attacks. It's a tiny proportion of the population, and everybody knows the advantages and pleasures of having pets. We recognize that we need bees: they produce honey, they pollinate our crops. We're careful to leave bees alone, that's all. It should be like that with bats. We don't get excited about the fact that more people die of food poisoning at church picnics annually than have died *in all history* from contact with bats. Now, here we have a chance of dying that is so remote compared with all these others, and we're terrified of bats. Thousands of us die annually at the hands of our own spouses, yet I don't know anybody who is afraid of getting married for fear of death at the spouse's hands. What I'm saying is, unless you're living in abject horror of all these other threats to your life it simply makes no sense to be afraid of bats."

"While we're on the topic of myths," I say, "it seems that an awful lot of people can't shake the vampire image from their minds, either."

"Well, let me point out that vampire legends come from horrible, deviant behavior by *people*, not by bats or other animals. There have been stories of people who enjoyed bathing in blood, drinking people's blood—doing all kinds of hideous things. But such legends preceded by hundreds of years the discovery of a bat that ate blood. And what's the big deal? So this bat does drink blood. There are many aboriginal people who drink blood. The Masai mix blood with milk. I've watched people in Mexico cut the legs off a sea turtle and suck the blood out of the living turtle. Europeans make blood sausages. I mean, what's the big deal? We kill the whole animal every time we want to eat. The vampire seldom does that, or harms the animal at all." Warming to his subject, he goes on, "One other thing about vampire bats—there aren't many mammals known to be altruistic. Vampire bats adopt orphans, and they help and feed other bats of their species in times of need. They seem to have long memories, and they remember who has helped them in the past, and are likely to reciprocate. They're very intelligent, neat animals. Yes, they drink blood, and they're occasionally a problem to cattle raisers, sometimes requiring control. But to view them as hideous, grotesque, horrible ghouls—that's ridiculous. Wait! There's one!"

A dark flutter at eye level disappears, and its *ping-ping*, *ping-ping*, *ping-ping* disappears with it. Surely he doesn't mean a vampire bat? My mind shimmies a moment. Vampires live in Latin America. No, he has heard the cry of a spotted bat.

We look down at the net, hidden in the dark and shadows. Tuttle flashes his headlamp over the misty strings, picks up his infrared nightscope, and looks more carefully. Nothing. But at the next net one pole is bobbing. For bat catchers, as for fishermen, that's a sure sign. Don and Bert leap to the net and begin disentangling a small bat, in the overlapping beams of their headlamps. It is not a spotted but a "ghost-faced" bat, one of Bert's favorites—a little squinting face in a fluffy parka of fur. Then we catch a free-tailed bat, just like the ones I saw at the nursery cave. This time, Tuttle shows me how the tail slides in and out, like a sword concealed in an English walking stick. On its wings, red veins make a Christmas-tree design.



"I'll show you why bats are such model animals for research," he says, and he instructs Bert, "Take your light and shine it behind its wing." As Bert does so, a page from a Gray's "Anatomy" of bats pops into view. You can see right through the thin membrane. "When you put it under a microscope, you can watch individual blood cells move through the capillaries without harming the bat. What's this? I never noticed this before." Tuttle shows us a small wedge at the corner of each wing. "Look at that pocket. Well, now. These fellows make a funny whistling sound when they fly."

"And you think it might be involved with those pockets?" I ask.

He nods. Then, shining his light squarely on the bat's small triangle of furry flesh, he inspects it methodically. He gently removes two ticks from its face, one from the eye, one from below the chin.

"Can I hold him?" Bert asks, reaching out a finger as if for a pet parakeet to step onto. The bat hooks its feet on and hangs upside down, unalarmed. None of us mean to hurt it, and it's two ticks ahead of the game. Then Bert swings it gently, like a small brown hammock, and it rolls to one side and takes flight at the same moment. With the bat flown, it's time to return to our stations and await the next one. But there is to be no spotted bat tonight.

We lie on our backs in the still of the Texas night, with the occasional click-warble of an elusive spotted bat overhead, the stars bright, the coyotes howling, the meteors throwing their small bouquets, and silent lightning forks prowling the south. It feels like peace everlasting.

WHEN we return to Austin, I visit Tuttle in his office at Bat Conservation International, where he has a large collection of books and articles about bats. Today, he also has two bats hanging upside down in a mesh cage. The smaller one, Rafiki (the name means "friend" in Swahili), looks like a fat dark plum. He is an Angolan fruit bat, and next to him hangs a straw-colored flying fox, a large tawny-and-gold-furred bat with black stretchy wings, named Zuri ("good" in Swahili). Tuttle brought them back from one of his trips to Africa, and they have often travelled the country with him since, in a varnished box with a hot-water bottle in the bottom, to perform on countless shows, from "David Letterman" to "Newton's Apple" and the "Today" show. Tuttle's efforts to get them through security on nearly every major airline have provided many pilots, flight attendants, and airport managers with unlikely cocktail-party stories.

The two bats are oddly matched companions, in that Rafiki belongs to a standoffish species and is very much a loner, whereas Zuri belongs to a highly affectionate species. Their keepers, Margaret and George Perry (he is the executive director of B.C.I.), say that they often see Zuri inching up to Rafiki, who inches away, only to be inched up to again. Once, when Rafiki was sick with an abscessed tooth and a chill, they found Zuri with his wings wrapped completely around the little bat, holding him close to keep him warm and comforted. Today, the air-conditioning in Tuttle's office makes Rafiki chilly, and he allows Zuri to sidle up to him and press close. Zuri just hangs there, but Rafiki wraps his wings completely around himself and then latches his thumbs behind him for good measure. I've seen old men stand like this in parks.

Tuttle reaches into the cage and takes Zuri out by unhooking one foot at a time, as if he were lifting coat hangers out of a closet. Zuri shifts his feet to Tuttle's forefinger, and Tuttle presses on them gently with his thumb, just to guard against his flying off and perhaps into a glass window. Flying foxes don't echolocate, so they are as vulnerable as birds to window-bumping. Interestingly, the smallest and the largest of all bats, the bumblebee bats and the flying foxes, share the same Southeast Asian rain forests. Bumblebee bats, weighing just two-thirds as much as a penny, are the smallest mammals on earth. Bats often look bigger than they are because their wings are so large, but flying foxes can be huge, with ten- to twelve-inch bodies and with wingspans of six feet. Though they don't inhabit the Americas, they're commonplace in a range extending from West Africa to the Pacific islands. Reddish-brown, with familiar, foxlike faces and large black eyes, they have tiny ears and no sonar equipment on their faces. Fruit- and nectar-eaters, they've been known to travel as far as sixty miles for food. Hand-raised flying foxes are lovable pets, who imprint quickly, and snuggle up to owners and lick their faces. B.C.I. has members in Australia—"bat mums," they're called—who have raised injured flying foxes, set them free, and found the bats returning to visit, months, and even years, later, sometimes to show off new babies.

Zuri, who's about ten inches long, hangs comfortably from Tuttle's finger, watching the human pageant.

"Why don't bats faint from hanging upside down?" I ask.

"Why don't we faint from standing right side up?" he retorts. "Why doesn't all the blood rush to our feet? Actually, the bat's better off, because he's sure of a good blood supply to the brain."

"Well, do bats do everything upside down?"

"They don't fly upside down," Tuttle says. "Flying foxes even turn right side up to go to the bathroom, so they won't soil themselves."

Hanging down, with most of his weight at the bottom, Zuri looks like a half-open umbrella. He turns his head up to look at me with large eyes, and they hold my gaze. He sneezes. In old wives' tales, bats were thought to tangle in women's hair and drive them insane.

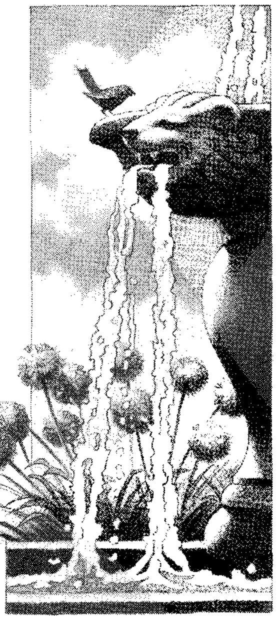
"Want to tangle?" I offer, as if inviting him to perform an Argentine dance. We lift him onto my hair, which is thick and curly, and at first he slides off. Finally, he hooks his five-toed feet on and hangs down one side of my head as if he were on a motel curtain. Travelling with Tuttle, he's had to put his feet up in some odd places, but human hair is clearly not one of his favorites. At last, he creeps around my head a little, and I hear him sneeze gently again—from my cologne, it seems. Then he wraps his wings around my neck, his tiny claws search my skin for a foothold, and he looks up at me with his liquid eyes.

"What's the best way to show affection to a bat?" I ask Tuttle.

He carefully considers the question, then says, "I'm not even sure I know the *best* way to show affection to a person." Everybody laughs. Margaret Perry suggests petting Zuri right behind the neck in the direction the fur grows. Lifting him onto one finger, I pet his soft neck, and then we put him

SPRING

...brings warmth and blossoms and visiting holiday guests. What better way to celebrate spring than at Rancho Bernardo Inn? **Stay 5 days and 4 nights for $482.** The price includes a spacious room, unlimited golf and tennis on our tournament-quality facilities, complete breakfasts and dinner of your choice at either of our renowned restaurants, transportation to and from San Diego Airport. ❖ And for the children...spring brings rejoicing, up to 12 hours each day during our special holiday camp, March 26-April 3...filled with over 30 innovative activities for the young at heart. Visit soon...and feel new again. Price is per person, based on double occupancy. For additional or fewer nights, add/subtract $116 per person. **(800) 542-6096. Outside California (800) 854-1065.**



RANCHO BERNARDO INN

IN WEATHER-PERFECT SAN DIEGO
ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S FINE RESORTS

Mother Nature creates the feathers. We create the Featherbed.

Besides Mother Nature, no one knows as much about natural fibers and natural fills as The Company Store. After all, we handcraft more down comforters, cotton bed accessories, and down outerwear than anyone else. So, it's not surprising that we would introduce America to the featherbed.

You'll love your European Featherbed for one simple reason: It helps you sleep better by gently cradling every contour of your body. Lie on the European Featherbed and surrender to the softness of our blend of hand-selected, small, white waterfowl feathers surrounded by 100 percent cambric cotton. Our cotton shell is silky smooth, yet strong enough to keep the feathers inside. Each European Featherbed is made by hand at The Company Store in La Crosse, Wisconsin. To order your European Featherbed, or to request a free copy of The Company Store catalog, call **1-800-356-9367, extension 1J0**, or send us the attached coupon.

The Company Store®

© 1988 The Company Store

☎ **TO ORDER CALL TOLL FREE**
1-800-356-9367, Ext. 1J0

Style #C502-EUROPEAN FEATHERBED

☐ Youth	(33″x66″)	**$35**
☐ Twin	(39″x75″)	**$39**
☐ Full	(54″x75″)	**$59**
☐ Queen	(60″x80″)	**$79**
☐ King	(76″x80″)	**$99**
☐ Calif. King	(72″x84″)	**$119**

Color: White

Style #O603-FEATHERBED COVER

☐ Youth **$15**	☐ Queen **$39**
☐ Twin **$19**	☐ King **$49**
☐ Full **$29**	☐ Calif. King **$59**

Colors: Light Blue, White, Peach, Champagne, Mint and Dusty Rose

Use your credit card. Or order by mail.
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐ American Express
☐Diners Club ☐Check

Acct. # ______________ Exp. Date ______
STYLE # ______ QTY. ____ x PRICE ______ = $________
STYLE # ______ QTY. ____ x PRICE ______ = $________
Delivery in MN-6% Tax, IL-5% Tax = $________
*Federal Express Service = $________
TOTAL = $________
For delivery in WI-5% Tax = $________
Total for delivery in WI = $________

*☐We ship UPS ground service unless you request otherwise. Federal Express add $8.50.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City/State/Zip ______________________

Send to: The Company Store, 500 Company Store Road, Dept. 1J0, La Crosse, WI 54601

DDD
DIVINO
2nd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts.
NEW YORK CITY, NY 10028

RISTORANTE Res. 861·1096
GASTRONOMIA Take-out 861·1533
CAFE 517·9269

Hosts: Antonio Bongioanni
Mario Balducci

ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOURS
1988 TOURS LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS

Thailand/Burma; Egypt; Guatemala; Indonesia; Treasures of Byzantium; Sicily; Etruscan Italy; Anatolian Turkey; Peru; Eastern Turkey; Caves & Castles; Israel; Cyprus/Rhodes & Crete; China: Ancient Capitals, China/Tibet, Silk Route

archaeological tours
30 E. 42 St. Ste. 1202E, NY, NY 10017 • (212) 986-3054

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

back in the cage. At once, he scuttles over to Rafiki, snuggles against him, and, when he's settled, begins a long, thorough cleaning of his wings, chest, and body, licking methodically, like a cat, to get rid of the oils, salt, perfume, and human essence he found on me. It is obvious that he feels soiled. He washes up slowly, eying us good-naturedly, then closes his eyes and begins to doze. After all, it is sleep time for bats. Nonetheless, when anyone draws near he opens one eye and peeks out over his arm to see who's there.

AT *dinnertime*, Tuttle and I head downtown and try the patio of the Four Seasons Hotel, which is on Town Lake, a few blocks from the pink granite capitol and right across from the Congress Avenue Bridge. We have come not for the Margaritas or the lobster enchiladas but to watch an emergence nearly as dazzling as the one we saw at the nursery cave. Tucked inside the crevices under the bridge are three-quarters of a million bachelor free-tailed bats. That makes Austin the summer home of the largest urban bat population in the world. As the sun coats the river with thick pastels, two racing shells pull past us gently, side by side. Can they see the bats when they pass under the bridge, I wonder. Sweethearts have begun to stroll across the bridge hand in hand, waiting for the emergence. Sodium lights from another hotel cast a trail of copper coins across the water. Suddenly, smoke billows from underneath the bridge. No, not smoke—a column of bats. Then two columns soar high and fly in parallel, like the long black reins of an invisible sleigh. The bats keep surging out, and soon four columns stretch for miles across the sky. A few strays loop and feed near us, passing like shuttles through the weave of the trees. The evening is noticeably free from insects, to no one's surprise. These bats will eat five thousand pounds of insects tonight alone.

In a metaphor of the Venerable Bede's, from the Dark Ages, life is a beautiful and strange winged creature that appears at a window, flies swiftly through the half-lit banquet hall, and is gone. That seems about right for a vision of creation as beautiful as this one, which now includes the city lights, the sunset doing a shadow dance over the water, and the four columns of bats undulating across the sky.

—DIANE ACKERMAN

THE THEATRE

Of Two Minds

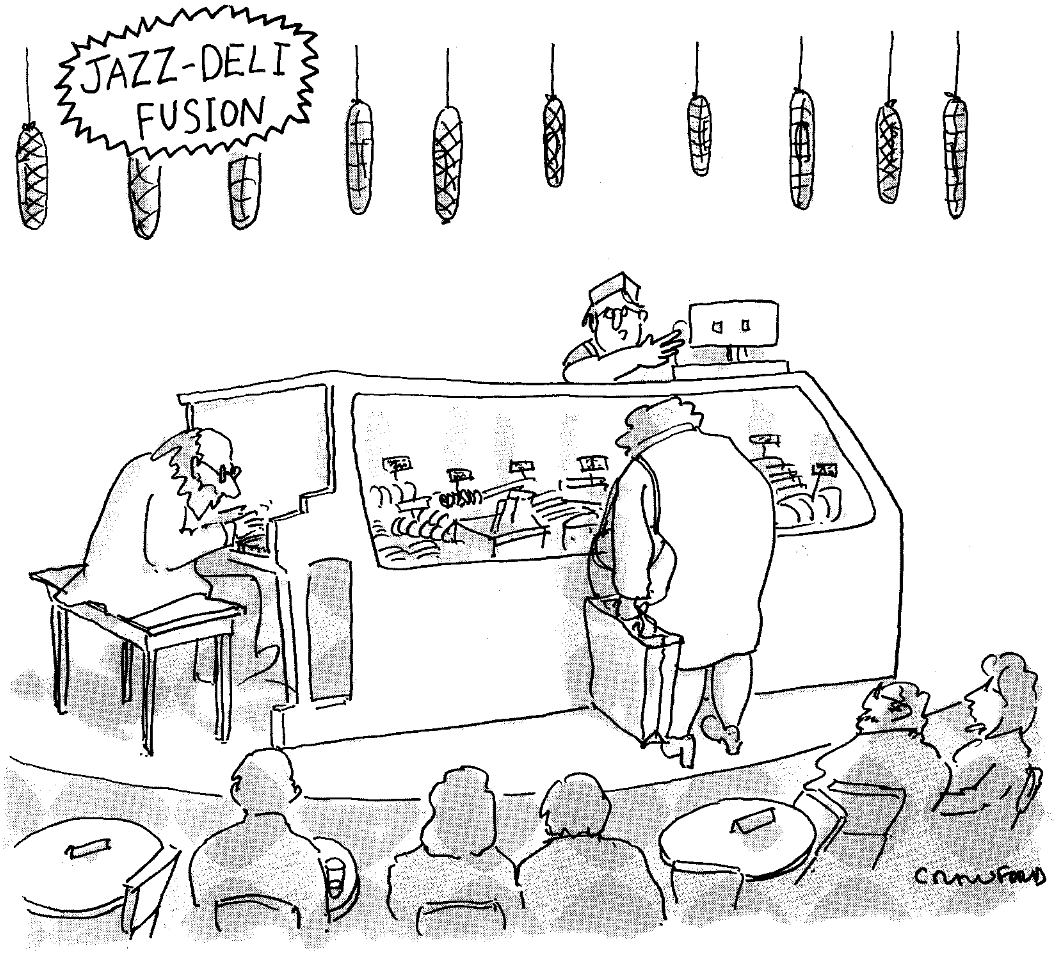
AT the beginning of Alan Ayckbourn's "Woman in Mind," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, Susan, in the gifted person of Stockard Channing, is lying unconscious on the ground in her garden as her doctor, kneeling nearby, rummages through his bag. Her husband, Andy, and her brother Tony and daughter Lucy rush in. They are handsome and gentle, and more sympathetic than amused when they find out that she has stepped on a garden rake and knocked herself out. The doctor wants to call an ambulance and get her to a hospital, but her loving family insists on taking care of her at home. Soon she faints again, the lights dim, and in come *another* husband—starchy Gerald, in clerical garb—and her plain sister-in-law, Muriel. Puzzling, I thought, but no more than that.

"Woman in Mind," a London import, is a comedy that darkens so subtly, so imperceptibly that if you are as lucky as I was and have read nothing about it ahead of time you, too, may swallow it whole with laughter and delight, until concern sets in, somewhere in the second act, and deepens into shock at the end. Mr. Ayckbourn is such an expert craftsman, at a time when craftsmanship is in short supply in the theatre, that he seems to control his audience all the way through, and though I want to keep this synopsis sketchy so as not to spoil the surprises, it probably doesn't hurt to know ahead of time that Andy and Tony and Lucy are Susan's dream family, and Gerald and Muriel and a troubling son, a former religious nut named Rick, are her actual family. And so we move back and forth between the golden dream, in which Andy never ceases to court Susan, and Lucy and Tony are devoted to her, and the real world, where stiff, humorless Gerald is at work on a history of the parish, where thin-lipped, incompetent Muriel makes omelettes out of tea leaves, and where scruffy Rick, who has been a virtual stranger to his parents for years, breaks his silence to tell them that he has married.

In "Woman in Mind" Mr. Ayckbourn has most admirably stretched the boundaries of comedy to encompass a subject that is usually treated solemnly, if not clinically. His characters are very well drawn and very good company, his lines are witty and to the point, and his tone is always exactly right. His is a practiced and prestidigitatorial hand, and yet it is impossible to take his play seriously, partly because he is so comfortable, or purports to be, inside the head of a woman. There is something patronizing, not to say impudent, about his assumption that her dream world—by implication every woman's dream world—consists of this fairy tale of a gentle Prince Charming and affectionate royal family. Our dreams come in all sizes and shapes.

The performance goes well, under the direction of Lynne Meadow, who is, of course, the artistic director of the Manhattan Theatre Club. Stockard Channing is an excellent choice for the complex role of Susan, and she is very good. Susan's dream husband is Daniel Gerroll and her real husband Remak Ramsay, so she is strongly supported, conscious or un-. Patricia Conolly is fine as Susan's disapproving sister-in-law, and so are Michael Countryman as her brother, Tracy Pollan as her graceful daughter, and John David Cullum as her rough-cut son. Simon Jones, also fine, appears in both of Susan's worlds, as an exemplar of that old English tradition the doctor who makes house calls. The distinguished settings—two gardens side by side, one drab, the other bright—were designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Pat Collins, and the attractive costumes were designed by Ann Roth.

—EDITH OLIVER



"Take my hams, I want to lose them. Take my slaws, I'll never use them."

THE CONTROL OF NATURE

COOLING THE LAVA—II

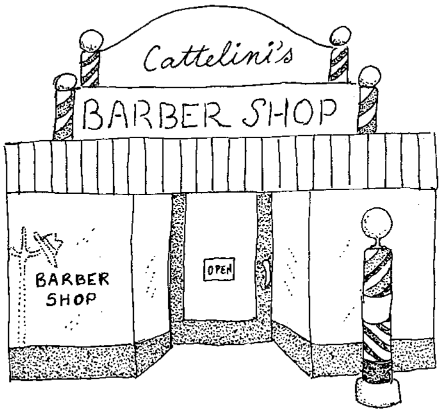
FIFTEEN years ago this winter, when a fissure suddenly opened in fields on an island off the south coast of Iceland, fire curtains rose hundreds of feet in the air and a new volcano began to grow. In ensuing weeks, lava poured forth in great quantity and threatened to obliterate an irreplaceable harbor, whose fishing boats accounted for a large percentage of Iceland's export economy. Iceland decided to fight the lava—to chill it firm with cold water, using pumps, hoses, and pipelines, not to mention bulldozers operating up on the solidified skin of the moving lava. An undertaking that was at first regarded with derision soon impressed the nation and the world when a great advancing tongue stopped short of a breakwater at the harbor mouth. Soon thereafter, a large piece of the volcano—which had broken off and was nicknamed Flakkarinn the Wanderer as it slid imperiously toward the harbor—was arrested in its tracks. This battle, waged on Heimaey in the island group called Vestmannaeyjar, is the only instance in history in which human beings have engaged in an all-out campaign to halt flowing red lava.

THE destruction of Flakkarinn and the stand at the harbor wall were such convincing victories that the Icelandic government circulated a request for "movable high-pressure water guns"—for the most powerful pumps available anywhere. The United States Navy volunteered to look around. In a sense, the pumpers seemed to be ahead of nature by a two-to-nothing score, but it wasn't much of a sense. It was local, peripheral, lobar. The volcano had thus far added more than a million cubic yards to the bulk of the island, and a great deal more was to come.

Right after Flakkarinn disintegrated, a new and voluminous lava tongue broke out. Most of the magma that had come up in the eruption so far had flowed north and east, spilling into the open sea. The new tongue headed west-northwest, directly into town. It burrowed under and tossed apart the bulldozed barrier defenses. It advanced on a front a thousand feet wide, on its way to demolishing a fifth of the community. In a single day, it would cover as much as eighteen acres of streets and houses to a general thickness of sixty-five feet. It came to be known as the City Flow. When it broke loose, exactly two months after the beginning of the eruption, the cooling operation abruptly ceased, as pumping brigades were forced to take apart their pipelines and clear out. Equipment was lost. In the words of Gudmundur Karlsson, "We were retreating day and night. Sometimes we were retreating fast and sometimes we were retreating slow—but we were retreating all the time." It is widely said that in the battle meetings there was much confusion at this time. To confusion, though, there may not have been a rational alternative.

In one day, the City Flow took seventy houses. When the lava moved against them, some flared up like Ping-Pong balls ignited by a match, others were crushed like eggshells, others came off their foundations and were scuffed along through the neighborhood until they broke into pieces and were eaten. There were islanders on the mainland who flew to Heimaey after learning that their property was certain to be destroyed. Reverentially, they swept out and otherwise brightened the appearance of their homes, preparing them for the lava. In 1926, at Hoopuloa, on the Kona coast of Hawaii, a storekeeper swept his place clean before it went under lava.

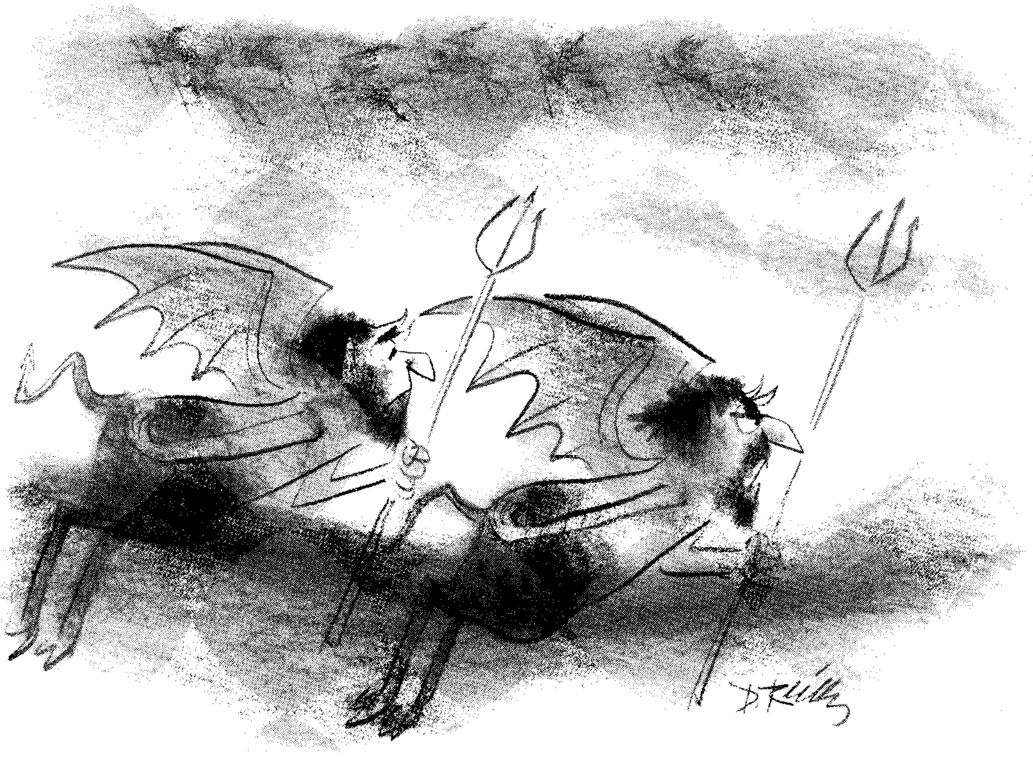
Sigurdur Jonsson, remembering the City Flow, said, "We had to stop the pumps, take the pipeline apart, and throw it. Then we had to build the system again. We laid a new pipeline in town. Then we had to move it. We laid another. The City Flow went faster than others. You had to get everything away as quick as you could. It didn't matter how you did it. Pumps were on the lava. We had to pull them away. We worked two shifts. When we came on, if the guys on the other shift had lost ten houses, that was nothing. If they had lost three water hoses, they were no good."



It has been noted that a space the size of a baseball park was hardened with seawater in order to vanquish Flakkarinn the Wanderer. A great deal more than that had been altered by the pumping. Along the harbor approaches, the cooling had not just stiffened the new shoreline but extended the chilled margin some six hundred and fifty feet back toward the volcano. The water-hardened zone was nearly a hundred feet thick. It had shattered Flakkarinn, and clearly it could influence anything to follow. Among the natural patterns of lava flows, it was utterly anomalous. In a very certain sense, it was man-made. And it asked a question: By creating this occlusion, had the pumping actually caused the newly appearing lava to turn left and overrun the city? Phrased another way, were the direction and devastation of the City Flow products of human intervention?

The answer lay somewhere on the spectrum between probably and yes. In almost any contest, everything that happens affects everything that happens thereafter. A free throw missed in the third quarter does not make the difference in a one-point game. Even in something as primal as a volcanic eruption, the component of human interference could apparently enter the narrative and, in complex and unpredictable geometries, alter the shape of succeeding events. After the human contribution passed a level higher than trifling, the evolution of the new landscape could in no pure sense be natural. The event had lost its status as a simple act of God. In making war with nature, there was risk of loss in winning.

Water was not the only weapon considered for use on Heimaey. There was talk of bombing the volcano. In one unofficial scenario, a United States Navy ship would saturate the mountain with high-explosive shells. In another, a precision bomber or a ballistic missile would lay a device in the crater. In any case, the intent would be to blow out the mountain's east side, loosing a gush of lava into the open sea. Explosives were contemplated also as a way of breaking the insulating crust over lava that might threaten the harbor or the town, exposing the molten interior, and causing it to cool. There was a possibility of unforeseen results, some of which were investigated by Stirling Colgate, an American physicist from the New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology. His calculations suggested that if bursting bombs or other artificial explosions were to cause a rapid exchange of heat between lava and seawater above it, a "runaway mixing process" might occur in the three- or four-megaton range. This recalled the day in 1883 when the island Krakatoa, in the Sunda Strait, made a sound heard three thousand miles away and was spread throughout the world as so very much dust that it darkened sunsets for seven years.



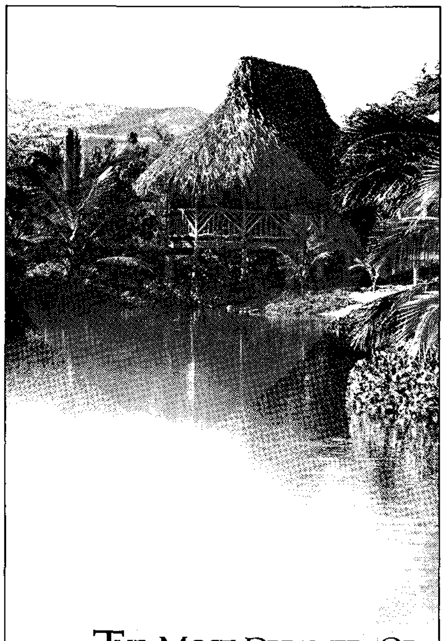
"Forget it—we'll never get Meese."

• •

Many other possibilities were studied for diverting, slowing, or stopping lava, but, with minor exceptions, they were hypothetical. There was no manual. The Battle of Heimaey was without precedent. In words of the United States Geological Survey, it was "the greatest effort ever attempted to control lava flows during the course of an eruption." Others had been scattered and abortive. In Sicily in 1669, when lava appeared on the south slopes of Etna, citizens of Catania went up the mountain with picks and axes to break the crust on one side of the flow and cause it to migrate toward the city of Paterno. Five hundred Paternesi came out shooting. This led to a royal decree: Henceforth, no one would molest lava. No one did, for three hundred and fourteen years. In 1983, as blazing lava poured down a shoulder of Etna on a vector that included a ski resort, a barrier was constructed to divert the flow in the direction of another ski resort. A barrier was waiting there as well. The construction effort, which had been prodigious, was directly inspired by the saga of Heimaey. The lava made a pair of christiania turns, missing both hotels.

In 1911, when the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association was founded, it adopted the motto "*Ne plus haustae aut obrutae urbes*": "No more swallowed-up or buried cities." Field artillery was contemplated as a means of living up to the commitment, also high explosives tied to the ends of sticks. When lava extends as a river, its upper reaches crust over, forming tubes that insulate the orange-hot liquid racing within. In 1935, Keystone bombers of the United States Army Air Corps bombed a lava tube on Mauna Loa. The source vent was high on the mountain at nearly nine thousand feet, but the advancing front, far below, was threatening the port of Hilo. The tube, blown apart, became effectively clogged with debris, and lava spilled to one side, yet the result was inconclusive, because the mountain stopped erupting. In April of 1942, with Hawaii blacked out and Japanese carriers at large on the ocean, Mauna Loa erupted again. The lava river flowed so fast it included standing waves. Once again, the direction of flow was toward Hilo. The eruption was a military secret. People spoke of it in whispers, lest it serve as a beacon to the Japanese. This time, the planes were B-18s—Bolo bombers. Their target was a natural levee hardened at the edge of an open flow. The bombs breached it. The lava spilled sideways. It ran alongside the original stream and rejoined it a short distance below.

It should be mentioned that these historic efforts to do battle with lava in Hawaii were few in number, futile in nature, and not conceived by Hawaiians. They were products to some extent of mainland-educated scientific minds and to a much greater extent of West Point-educated military minds. Hawaiians had lived with eruptions throughout Hawaiian history, and their primary way of dealing with the problem was through votive offerings. To this day, one sees strewn flowers at the edge of active craters, flowers in vases, offerings of tobacco, of food, and, most of all, of gin. The offerings are there to placate an irritable deity whose dark humors are expressed as earthquakes and whose rage takes form as molten fire. Pele. Among the forces of the earth, she is as powerful as any but her sister the sea. Hawaiians have been as susceptible to science as everyone else, but their passive acceptance of the errant moods of Pele remains intact even if their belief in her does not. In what is now approaching two centuries of recorded data, their Long Mountain—their Mauna Loa—has erupted, on the average, every three and a half years, and in that short time has poured out four billion cubic yards of lava: enough to pave Iceland. Mauna Loa has coated and recoated itself so often that it has never had time to



THE MOST DREAMED-OF
SPOT ON EARTH
ACTUALLY EXISTS

Kona Village
A CLARION RESORT
at Ka'upulehu
P.O. Box 1299, Dept. NY
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745
Phone: 800-367-5290

Unwind!
in a relaxed atmosphere of
informal elegance!
Discover how satisfying
the Quiet Quality of
The Tides Inn feels.

THE TIDES INN
Box 339, Irvington, VA 22480
Mobil Four Star/AAA Four Diamond
1-800-TIDES INN • VA: 800-552-3461

SOUNDTRACK
FOR
EXTRAORDINARY
LIVES

WQXR 96.3 FM 1560 AM
The Classical Music Stations of The New York Times

erode. Whatever the rain may have taken away has quickly been replaced. The long mountain is fifty miles long. Viewed from the edge of the ocean, it is an astonishing trompe-l'oeil, because it is so smoothly constructed that it appears in two dimensions and presents a deceptive depth of field. It looks like a low friendly hill, a singing dune, at worst a bald Scottish brae. You *think*, *I'll run up there and have a look around before lunch.* The long mountain is as high as the Alps. If it were dissected by streams—given promontories and reëntrants, serrated by canyons, invaded by shadows—it might look something like the Alps. As is, it's just a massive shield, composed of chilled magma, looking the way the Alps would look if a dentist could repair them.

The big island of which Mauna Loa is a part consists of five volcanoes, which appeared at different times and grew close beside one another. Slightly higher and somewhat older than Mauna Loa is Mauna Kea the White Mountain, thirteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-six feet. The youngest Hawaiian mountain that is visible above water is Kilauea, one of the two or three most active volcanoes in the world. Kilauea was in a state of continuous eruption for the entire nineteenth century. Its present altitude is about four thousand feet. Its summit crater, an irregular oval, is two miles one way and two and a half the other. In addition to the flowers and the food and tobacco and assorted measures of gin, there stands on the rim a small compound of buildings that are in themselves a votive offering. They are the United States Geological Survey's Hawaiian Volcano Observatory, the highest part of which is a glassed-in room that closely resembles an airport control tower, and from which—with respect to lava—no control of any sort is contemplated, attempted, or exerted. Thomas L. Wright, Scientist-in-Charge, who has seen Styx itself come out from under his office—seen an Amazon of new, flowing rock—says he can envision no rational alternative to "letting nature take its course." When I called on him at the observatory one spring day, he remarked that "the Hawaiian heritage is to be fatalistic," and went on to say, "They accept the renewal of land by volcanic eruption. There's no feasible way of dealing with large, continuing flows. Political issues have aligned the state and county in a fatalistic mode. The consequences of diverting lava from one place onto another would be unacceptable. To me the idea of putting explosives on the upper reaches of a volcano—of putting artificial things into a natural environment—is abhorrent."

Eleven thousand feet up the north slope of Mauna Loa the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has housed an expensive collection of instruments in a few small buildings that could easily be lost in new rock. In 1986, NOAA built a large barrier above the compound, in the shape of the Greek letter lambda—λ—with legs a couple of thousand feet long, to divide any lava coming from above and make the scientific station a kipuka, an island in a river of lava. Barriers had been proposed in Hawaii before—in various configurations to protect Hilo—but this is the first time in the United States that large defenses have ever been set up to protect property from volcanic eruptions. The NOAA barriers are in a high remote place, and when lava does come against them it is not going to carom into someone's kitchen. Near Hilo, though, on the low slopes of Kilauea, that sort of thing could happen. As on Heimaey, lava deflected from one route could wipe out houses on another. And this is not Iceland, the home of the fair; this is the United States, the home of the lawyer. When Mauna Loa erupted in 1984, the state was asked if, in dire emergency, an attempt would be made to save Hilo. The answer was no. The Department of Land and Natural Resources regarded such a struggle as futile in the first place, and, moreover, could not imagine any way to deal with the legal consequences of lava diversion. The Hawaii County Civil Defense Agency's standing instruction to firefighters is to try to prevent lava from causing runaway fires but to make no attempt to stop or divert it. Hawaiian firemen spend a good deal of time tracking hot lava through people's yards. Say an ooze-out from the main flow is threatening to raze the house of Louis Pau. The Fire Department turns its hoses on the lava in an attempt to keep the house from catching fire. This is a situation of some nuance. You can't pour water on lava without in some way affecting the movement of other lava. In Pall Zophoniasson's words, "If you stop the lava here, it moves there." That would seem to be the message from the Battle of Heimaey.

The juxtaposition of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa has created something that an explosives-maker would call a shaped charge. In the crease where the mountains touch are many rivers of frozen lava and one of flowing water. The crease is a natural conduit, a natural slot; and its lower end is Hilo. This is the second-largest city and second-largest port in two thousand miles. An article published in 1958 in *Pacific Science* described Hilo's situation in terms that soon echoed in Vestmannaeyjar: "The loss of Hilo harbor would be disastrous to the present economy of much of the island of Hawaii, for there is no other harbor in that part of the island capable of handling the cargo that moves through the port of Hilo." Hilo's beautiful harbor, like the one on Heimaey, consists entirely of cold lava. The eruptions of 1852, 1855, 1942, and 1984 all started at the summit of Mauna Loa and all stopped within a dozen miles of Hilo. In 1855, the lava was five miles away, in 1984, only four. As Tom Wright said, "Hilo was looking right at it." Mauna Loa was capable of sending forth as much as twenty-five million cubic yards per hour. In 1881, a flow entered what is now a part of Hilo, and came within a mile of Hilo Bay. Diversion barriers were proposed, but were so controversial they were never built.

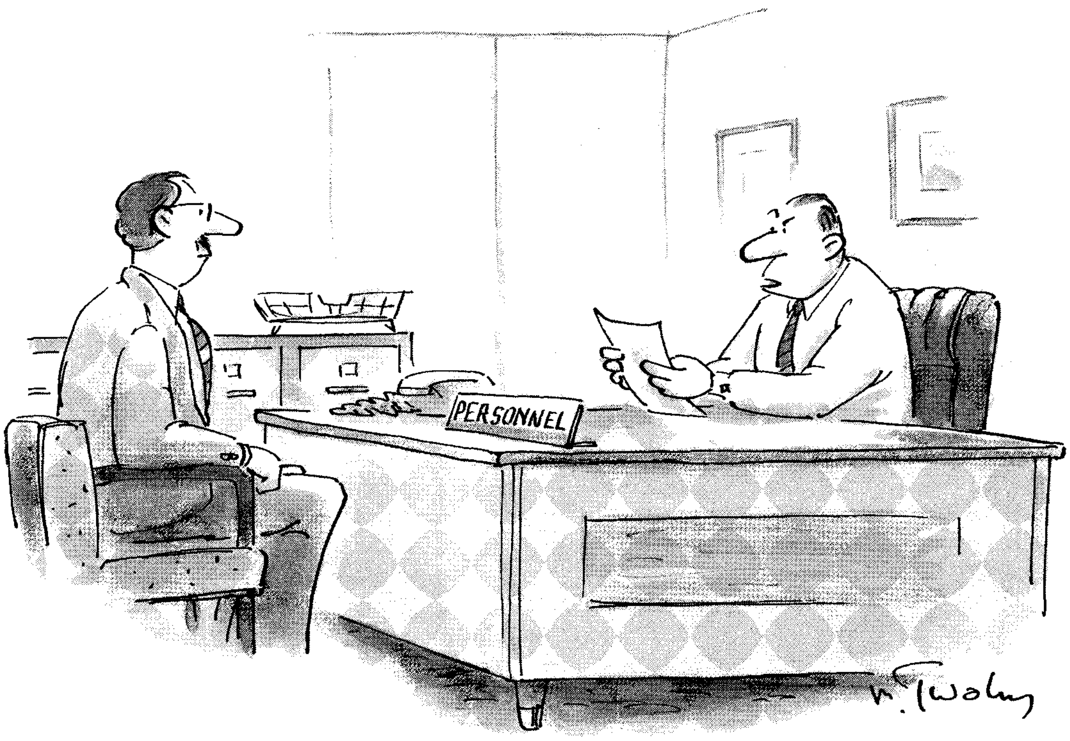
In 1973, the story of Vestmannaeyjar travelled around the Pacific Basin like a message writ in smoke. Inspired by the triumph in Iceland, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers considered building a dam high up the crease between the huge volcanoes. The dam would create a reservoir, the source of water for the chilling of future lava. Confronted with these developments, Harry Kim, director of the Hawaii County Civil Defense Agency, pondered what to do. The next time Hilo was looking right at it, people would be mentioning Vestmannaeyjar. "I knew there would be questions posed with regard to this technique, questions I could not answer," Harry Kim told me. "So I invited someone to come from Iceland—anyone at all."

The person who went to Hawaii was Patton. When Auckland asked similar questions, Thorleifur Einarsson went to New Zealand. But Patton himself—Sveinn Eiriksson—flew to Hilo and conferred with Harry Kim. This was the first summit conference in the history of fighting lava. Unfortunately, there is no transcript. Sveinn Eiriksson has since died, of a heart attack, and Harry Kim is careful to say that Eiriksson—whom he found "enlightening"—cautioned him not to be influenced by the publicity that attended the Icelandic situation. Harry is an intense man, serious and dedicated, slim to the point of being weightless. Deep is his love of the terrain, before and after it is altered. When he said to me that Eiriksson had told him that nothing much had really been accomplished in Iceland, I was about as startled as I would have been to learn that Eiriksson's American namesake had let it drop that nothing much had been accomplished in the Battle of the Bulge. The dubieties of Harry Kim seemed to me to be as astute as they were pragmatic. When lava starts filling Hilo Harbor, someone is going to be expected to rally forces and stop it—stop it in the way that Patton did in Iceland—and someone's name is Harry Kim. "They did not stop the flow," he said. "They worked on a small lobe, not the main flow. If we were going to attempt anything like that, it would have to be cost-effective. I would not spend a million dollars to save five houses. And government has to be careful. We must not destroy one home to save another. Morally, we should not do it —even if you give me legal protection."

I asked him what he thought of the Corps of Engineers' proposed reservoir and dam.

"Ridiculous," he said. "A discredit to what was tried in Iceland."

It has been asserted in scientific circles that Mauna Loa will inevitably destroy Hilo. This has given Harry Kim a visceral antipathy toward some, if not all, volcanologists. He thinks their alarming predictions have needlessly frightened the people. He said, "The town was in a state of great agitation when '84 came." The numerals referred to a time when only three and a half million cubic yards of molten material was pouring from Mauna Loa per hour. "I think for the most part the panic was controlled," he went on. "But certain individuals create a mentality. The mentality says, 'We *must* do something.' If Madame



"You don't look like a Dave."

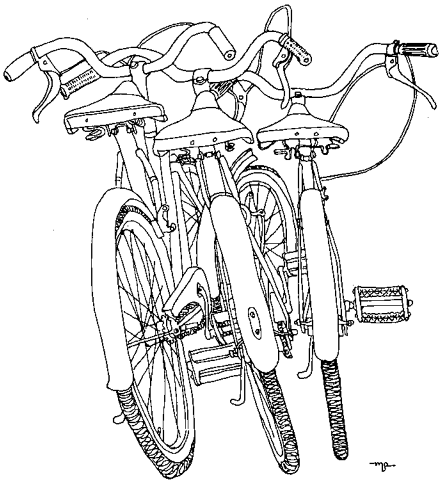
• •

Pele could not be stopped by the Pacific Ocean, how dare mankind attempt to stop her with pumps?"

WHEN '84 came and a bright-orange river poured for three weeks from Mauna Loa, an eruption of much greater duration was simultaneously taking place on Kilauea. As on Mauna Loa, the lava was emerging from a mountain flank, and not from the summit crater. The Kilauea eruption, which began in January of 1983, is still in progress. It began half a dozen miles from the Kalapana coast. Crossing roads, eating through villages and subdivisions, consuming great acreages of forest, it has several times entered the ocean. There have been times of crisis when it was consuming a house every thirty minutes, between quiet times when the lava stream, making a ruddy borealis against the night sky, just crackles along slowly on top of earlier flows. In a subdivision called Royal Gardens, a family whose house was lost had the lava field surveyed and—in the manner of the pastor's monument at Kirkjubaer—had a new house built on the new rock, above the old site. Nearby, I noticed a house that had been spared when the lava stream divided, flowing past it on both sides. The owners were still in residence. One result of the present flows from Kilauea has been the wholesale devastation of numerous marijuaneries—or homesteads, as they are called—established by agriculturists from the mainland. Marijuana has been described as Hawaii's foremost cash crop.

If, for the first time, you were to touch down in a jet at Keahole Airport, west of Mauna Kea, you would not be altogether irrational if you were to look out the window and decide that a distressingly imaginable navigational error had brought you to Iceland. The terrain surrounding Keahole and the terrain surrounding Keflavik are much the same: rivers of lava frozen in time. Vegetation has scarcely reached them. At Keflavik, the jagged aa has a green blush of moss; at Keahole, the apalhraun is black, without a hint of life. The Hawaiian flow is younger. In 1801, it came down off Hualalai, a lesser volcano eight thousand feet high, and poured into the sea. There on the leeward side of the island, where rainfall is ten inches a year, the lava has remained essentially unchanged. Resorts have been sculpted in it like movie sets, landscaped with imported soils. The bunkers of designer golf courses are not concave and full of sand but—lovely in the green surrounding turf—solid black islands of undisturbed basalt. Use your wedge on that. Your hands sting for a year. If a long approach shot lands on one of those, it bounces to Tahiti.

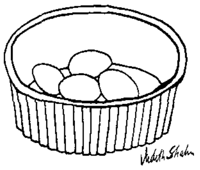
Flows of many ages cover the Big Island like wax that has grown on a bottle. But the action at the moment is all in the southeast, in the evening shadow of Mauna Loa, where Kilauea is. At the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory, a waiver was presented to me early one morning by Christina Heliker, a volcanologist. In Vestmannaeyjar, I had walked a good bit on rock so young that its interior was still in liquid form, while steam, in a reversal of the artesian process, was running uphill within the volcano and dancing away from the rim. Evocative as that was—as palpably as it told its story—a recent flow is not a live eruption. Heimaey had been quiet for something under fifteen years. Kilauea since 1983 has not been quiet for fifteen minutes. The waiver was in the first person, the prose of a ghost-writer who had studied law. Over my signature I mentioned "unusual hazards to persons and property," and went on to say, "I freely choose to encounter such hazards on my own initiative, risk, and responsibility," and "I do hereby, for myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators, remise, release, and forever discharge the Government of the United States, its officers, and its agents from all claims, demands, actions or causes of action, on account of my death." After signing, I got into a fire-resistant flight suit, property of the same government, and a pair of what I hoped would prove to be heat-resistant boots, property of myself. Heliker's boots were new, and she thought them a little tight. She said, "Once they melt a little, maybe they'll fit."



We waited on a tarmac helipad with Ronald Hanatani, who is a native of Hawaii, and is therefore, like an Icelander, a birthright volcanologist. Heliker is a convinced volcanologist. In 1980, she was working somewhere in the Pacific Northwest on a minor conundrum in glaciology when Mt. St. Helens exploded. Young, mobile, adventurous, she just packed her gear and went there to ask what she could do. "Once you get red-rock fever, you are never the same again," she remarked now. As if that were a cue, the chopper came over the trees.

We flew to Camp 8—a makeshift platform tent resting on a kipuka in a newly frozen river of black-and-silver lava. It was not all hard, by any means. Below its surface were arterial tubes in which the unceasing flow was descending in the direction of the ocean, which was eight miles from the source vent, in the mountain's eastern rift zone. For a year or more, the magma coming up from the interior of Kilauea had been emerging in a lava lake—a new crater some hundreds of feet across. The outlet of the lava lake was the mouth of the main-trunk tube, and it was larger than the Lincoln Tunnel. The main tube and its distributaries traced sinuous patterns under the lava field, their integrity—here and again—imperfect. Bits of roof had fallen into the tubes. These skylights, as they are called, were windows into the inferno, which is exactly what was there. From a panoramic altitude, they were bright specklings of white-orange in the silvery-black surface of the stream. If the helicopter hovered close enough, you could see Cerberus. While we hovered above one skylight, Heliker said, "I wouldn't want to stand on the edge of that." And she added, "This whole field was forest a short time ago." The field was as wide as the Mississippi River in New Orleans. It narrowed with distance from the lava lake. Camp 8, a mile downstream, was literally the eighth base of its kind. In the course of the long eruption, Camp 1 had gone under the lava. So had Camps 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. Camp 8 was on a small knob, covered with ohia trees and fern forest, in the middle of the flow. The knob was the summit of a cinder-and-spatter cone from an earlier eruptive story, now all but lost in the new lava, which stood a hundred and fifty feet higher than the previous surface. Another kipuka, not far away, was so new that the trees at its edges were still burning.

Hanatani shot a laser at established reflectors, to see if Kilauea was locally expanding—swelling with increased magma. Calling off numbers, he said that the first reflector was "roughly" 1,505.718 metres away. He and Heliker also used a theodolite to measure the angle between Camp 8 and the rim of the lava lake, and when they had finished that part of the work we pulled on gloves and walked up there. The gloves were to prevent cuts when you slipped and fell on this newly minted terrain. It was a surface known as shelly pahoehoe ("pah-hoy-hoy"). Very different from jagged aa, pahoehoe is the other general texture of newly solidified lava. They are the results of varying gas content and viscosity, and their appearance is consistent wherever lava flows. In a magnified way, the version we were walking on might have been peanut brittle. You weren't sure what would happen to your next step. The rock would break, and you would crash through—dropping six inches, a foot—and you put out your hands to brace yourself. The rock, being essentially glass, was very sharp. It was also hot, particularly where a tube lay below and molten lava was running there. We came to a skylight and inched toward it. Steam swirled above it but did not close off the view—of the racing orange currents of an incandescent river. By an order of magnitude, this was the most arresting sight I had ever seen in nature. The time spent gazing into it could not be measured.



Gradually, I began to think. Out of curiosity, I asked Christina if we were looking down into the near side of the tube or were standing over the middle and looking at the far side of the tube.

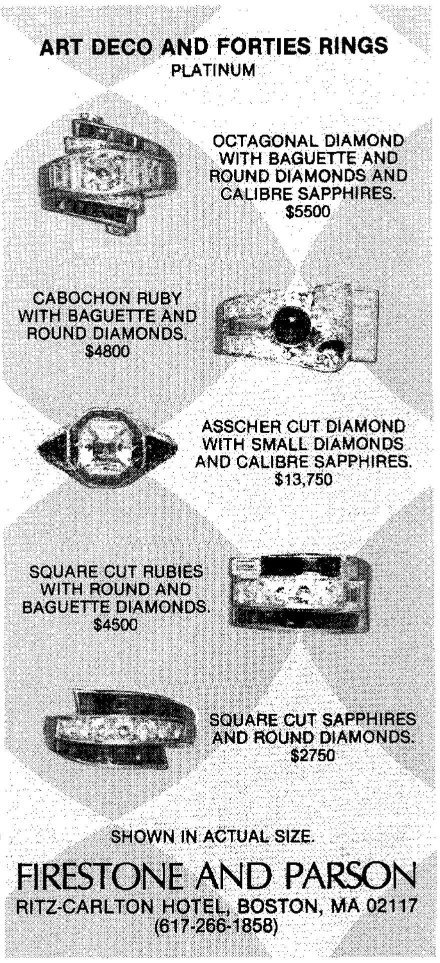
"The far side," she said.

If my legs still had knees in them, I was unaware of it.

A few minutes later, continuing uphill, I crashed through the pahoehoe and fell about a foot, hammering a tibia against an edge of glass. The blow was sharp enough to draw blood, I discovered later, and the resulting lump lasted two months, but I don't remember feeling pain. I attribute this less to terror than to pure excitement. We were nearing the lava lake.

On any given day, the elevation of the lake will vary, depending on the efficiency of the tube system that drains it. On this day, the crater walls—which were sheer—were forty feet high. The lake was just what the word says: liquid. It appeared to be covered with elephant hide. There was an overlaying scum produced by contact between the lava and the air. This gray surface was continuously moving, heaving, tearing. It would rip apart from one side of the lake to the other, sending forth a red-orange wave. Lava would dive beneath lava. Or one patch of it would slide past another. Or one acre would separate from another and move in an opposite direction—opening a rift of brilliant red. Perhaps not by simple coincidence, the lake's stiffened surface was imitating plate tectonics. It is sometimes said that the way plate motions function is the way a thick soup will behave in a saucepan as it simmers. Scums form on the surface, and, driven from below by the convecting soup, they move. They slide under one another, they slide past one another, they diverge—like the Eurasian, Persian, Pacific, North American, Arabian, Bismarck, Fiji, China, Philippine, Solomon, Turkish, Adriatic, African, Aegean, Australian, Antarctic, Caribbean, Cocos, Nazca, and Juan de Fuca plates. In the Archean Eon, before there was land, soft-shelled continents are thought to have slid about as scums, experiencing comparable tectonics. This is what was going on in the lava lake. The plates of elephant hide were passing one another on transform faults and coming together in triple junctions, like the plates that make the surface of the whole earth. In the lake, the plate boundaries blazed with volcanic fire. The air was acrid. After Mark Twain was at Kilauea, he said, correctly, "The smell of sulfur is strong, but not unpleasant to a sinner." The heat was so intense you could lean on it.

Behind us, about fifteen feet back from the edge, was a crack about ten inches wide that ran on as far as we could see and was parallel to the rim. When we first stepped across it, I had remembered Christina Heliker at Camp 8 expressing irritation with the air traffic that often congests around the lake. She said, "The fixed-wing aircraft are limited to five hundred feet. Helicopters are not supposed to fly low enough to cause a safety hazard. They fly ten feet off the ground. They're out of Hilo control, so they police themselves—and they don't. Three or four helicopter tours and a fixed-wing plane may all be going for



ART DECO AND FORTIES RINGS
PLATINUM

OCTAGONAL DIAMOND WITH BAGUETTE AND ROUND DIAMONDS AND CALIBRE SAPPHIRES. $5500

CABOCHON RUBY WITH BAGUETTE AND ROUND DIAMONDS. $4800

ASSCHER CUT DIAMOND WITH SMALL DIAMONDS AND CALIBRE SAPPHIRES. $13,750

SQUARE CUT RUBIES WITH ROUND AND BAGUETTE DIAMONDS. $4500

SQUARE CUT SAPPHIRES AND ROUND DIAMONDS. $2750

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square. $70 to $140.

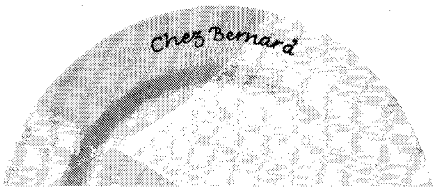
(800) 227-3844

524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

NOW YOU CAN SERVE A TRULY MEMORABLE DISH.

Hand-lettered and personalized with any name or place, this beautiful white porcelain 20 piece service for four serves your guests in superb style. Great gift idea, too. Lettering on dinner, salad and soup plates only. In blue, crimson, black, or green. Dishwasher, microwave safe. Send check, M/O, Visa, M/C $140 + $7.50 for shipping. Ma. residents add 5% sales tax. 4 weeks delivery.

CHEZ NOUS, BOX 522, DEPT. NYR 2
SO. EGREMONT, MA 01258 OR CALL: (212) 650-0308



the site at once. They're an accident waiting to happen. They hover near the lake. If they have news media on board, they're trying to get pictures of geologists near the lake. The place is deafening. Hearing is important to the geologists, and we have complained to the F.A.A. You'd want to hear the crack if your piece of the rim were about to cave into the lake. With so many aircraft, that could be difficult. Sometimes, the smell of jet fuel is as strong as at an airport. The rim is unstable. Frequently, you get collapses with no warning. If you're near the rim and you hear a cracking sound, you want to jump back. But you would not hear it if a helicopter was hovering overhead."

While we were there, we saw only one tourist helicopter. It hung around like a dragonfly. Then it left.

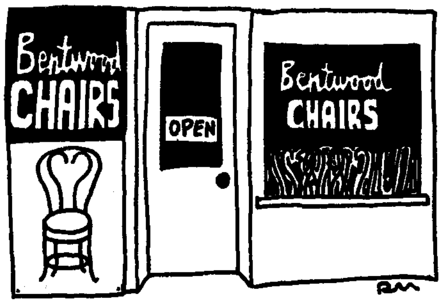
I wish not to exaggerate the danger, which, for the most part, was more apparent than real. It should be noted that in Hawaii in the twentieth century only one person has been killed by a volcanic eruption. Lava in Hawaii is rarely explosive. You can be quite near it and know what it will do. When the bombs were falling on Heimaey, the people below were just flush with luck. Workers up on the lava were known for a time as "the suicide squad." They gagged on sulfur and suffered burns, but no one died.

On a transceiver, Heliker called our helicopter. A few hundred feet from the lava lake, we stamped out a crude helipad in the shelly pahoehoe. We flew downslope and landed near the toe of the lava stream. On that day, it was four or five miles from the lake to the place where the lava came out of its tubes and flowed red and black in the open. The bright-red channels, perhaps twenty feet wide, were configured like a braided river. The color was ruddier and duller than it had been in the skylights near the source, the lava somewhat cooler, and viscous. The flow stood up ten or fifteen feet, and moved slowly—chiming, crackling—with an occasional heavy thud as a partly hardened blob tumbled to one side and broke. Bulges would develop, then break, laterally spilling red-hot lobes. If the skylights in the tubes had been portholes of the underworld, and the lake the earth primeval, this association with the flowing rock was a good deal more intimate, and, thereby, even more stunning. We were next to it—to hot red tongues like tidal pools, to a mass of jagged fins moving downhill like sails. Ron Hanatani, shielding his face with a canvas bag, dipped a hammer into the lava and pulled forth a dripping coagulation that he set on the ground. Blackening on the outside, red on the inside, it slowly cooled. I asked if I could borrow the bag and the hammer. Holding the bag in front of my face, I dipped the hammer into the stream, and discovered that the liquid lava had the elastic texture of egg-white chocolate mousse. When I set it down, none of it stuck to the hammer, the temperature of the steel being so different from the temperature of the lava. Meanwhile, the canvas bag had turned brown at the edges and was giving off smoke. My own temperature felt abnormally high, but perhaps not so much from the radiant heat as from a critical case of red-rock fever.

I waited for my new rock to cool, with intent to take it home, where rock samples lie around in abundance and typically have ages of five hundred million years, fifty million years, five million years. The age of this one was five minutes. While it grew older and colder, I walked around the toe of the lava stream, in part to have a look at the actual front and in part to indulge the utmost desire to pee. About fifteen feet from the toe, I stood at parade rest, and—pissa a hraunid—faced the crackling, crunching, pooling, spilling, steadily advancing lava. Until that moment, I had no idea how hot the surface was on which I was standing—the hard pahoehoe of an earlier flow. The water, falling, instantly turned to vapor, and barely had time to hiss.

ICELAND and Hawaii in a sense are twins. They are geophysical hot spots, the two most productive in the world. According to the theory that at present describes them, they are places where heat of very deep origin has found a surface outlet. Radioactivity in the deep rock creates so much heat that it must find a way out, and some think it originates as deep as the core. Travelling upward in plumes of, say, two thousand miles, it eventually encounters the thin surface plates, and may help explain why they move. In any case, when the heat reaches the underside of a plate it punches through, and, as the plate moves, punches through again, and soon again, like the needle of a sewing machine penetrating moving cloth. The plates average sixty miles thick. Beneath them, the narrow plumes of rising heat essentially remain in place, like the navigational stars. While the Pacific lithosphere slides overhead, the Hawaiian heat source stays where it is, making islands. There are five thousand miles of Hawaiian islands, older and older to the northwest, reaching to the trench just east of Kamchatka. Almost all of them have long since had their brief time in the air, and have been returned by erosion and seafloor subsidence into the fathoms from which they arose. The northernmost part of this chain is named for Japanese emperors, and the oldest emperor is about to dive into the trench. While the Pacific Plate moves north-northwest, the fixed hot spot, as it manifests itself on the surface, appears to move south-southeast. In the state of Hawaii, the oldest major islands are Niihau and Kauai, which, as peaks of volcanoes, have been out in the air for five million years. Kauai's amazing beauty—its huge canyons, its fjordlike coastal valleys—derives from the fact that it has been inactive long enough to erode. As successive lavas and intruded magmas, the islands build up from the ocean's abyssal plains to surprising volumes and heights. Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, from seafloor to summit, are by far the highest mountains on earth. Their base is a hundred miles wide, and they are thirty-three thousand feet high. Kilauea continues to build. The Pacific Plate continues to move. As Kilauea goes off the top of the plume, something new will rise. In fact, it is already rising, twenty miles offshore—a new Hawaiian island, twelve thousand feet high at this writing, and three thousand feet below the present level of the ocean.

All of that and then some is Iceland. Iceland is a hot spot, but not a simple classic, like Hawaii. Iceland's track is written in the crust of the North American Plate, but Iceland has come to be also Eurasian. Iceland is a hot spot at a spreading center. It is exactly astride the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, where the Atlantic broke open, and from which it has spread fifteen hundred miles in each direction. In the complexities of plate motions, spreading



centers not only spread but drift as well. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge has drifted over the Icelandic thermal plume. Eastern Iceland is moving east with Europe. Western Iceland is moving west with North America. The rock at the two extremes of Iceland is Iceland's oldest rock (something over fourteen million years), and the two sides become younger and younger as you move toward the middle until you come to the Mid-Atlantic itself, the center of the country, where the rock is so young, so fluid, it has no age at all. Iceland is the geologic chocolate shop of this minor planet.

There are people who like to think that Iceland, which is already of great strategic importance in the geopolitical confrontation between East and West, is rapidly becoming more so as it grows territorially into both hemispheres. Villi Knudsen warns the world, "You'd better watch out for the future. Eventually, we are going to take over." Meanwhile, one of Reykjavik's principal thoroughfares is called the Road to the Warm Spring. People wandering about after late parties lie down in warm brooks.

The emptiness of ages in his face…
Who is this busybody? Can't a person lean on a hoe around here?

Poet and Peasant

* *

At Geysir, northeast of the capital, a large hole in the ground is the world's eponymous geyser. The old geyser is no longer forthcoming. It is full of water but not of action. It has literally been roped off. Close at hand is a young geyser. At five-to-seven-minute intervals, the young geyser swells tumescently, lets forth a series of heavy grunts, and into the sky shoots a plume of flying steam. Meanwhile, the old geyser just sits there—boiling. On special occasions, Icelanders know how to make the old geyser do its thing. They throw soap in it. It erupts.

From Surtsey's inception, scientists of many disciplines have carefully observed the island, taking advantage of any number of exceptional opportunities—for example, to observe the very beginnings of the process of forest succession, as seeds from who knows where invade and colonize freshly forming soil. For many months, they watched intently for the first green shoot to make its appearance in the black grit. This could offer insight so deep it might extend its illumination even as far as the Silurian world. At last, a leaf appeared, unfurled, and was followed by a vine—a tomato plant.

The Icelandic mainland, in length and breadth, is roughly the size of Pennsylvania, and the Mid-Atlantic spreading center runs down it in a swath about forty miles wide that in Pennsylvania would include Harrisburg and Gettysburg. Heimaey, Surtsey, and the rest of Vestmannaeyjar are off to the south like Antietam and Manassas, and are also positioned on the line of maximum action. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge in Iceland is locally known as the volcanic zone. Eruptions are about as frequent there as harvests in an orchard. In the Krafla Caldera alone, toward the northern end of the zone, there have been ten eruptions in the past twelve years. The stratovolcanic Hekla, farther south, has erupted twice in the nineteen-eighties and twenty-three times since the founding of the parliament. Grimsvotn, under the Vatnajokull (the largest glacier in Europe), has erupted thirteen times in fifteen years. The Civil Defense Council meets "whenever there's a tremor," and is thus in constant session.

In 1783, a fissure opened in south-central Iceland that was fifteen miles long, starting an eruption that lasted eight months. Icelanders refer to it as the Fires of Skafta, which brought on the Hardship of the Blue Cloud. This—the Moduhardindi—was a haze that spread all over the Northern Hemisphere. The haze included large amounts of fluorine, and it affected sheep and people. There was hydrofluoric, hydrochloric, sulfuric rain. The sheep rotted alive. The people weakened. A third of the population died. For the others, there was famine. Meanwhile, the long fissure, strung with craters, was pouring out sixteen billion cubic yards of new terrain. One summer day, a big tongue approached the riverside church of the Reverend Jon Steingrimsson, who happened to be conducting a service. The worshippers were afraid. Reverend Jon closed the chapel door, blocking the view, and led the people in prayer—a moment that went into history as the Fire Mass. When he opened the door, the lava tongue had stopped. River water ponding against the lava had helped to stop it. In the winter of 1973, a pastor held a service in Vestmannaeyjar that was widely regarded as a reinvocation of Jon Steingrimsson's Fire Mass. Afterward, the eruption continued. As it happened, the City Flow began that night.

In all, it covered fifty acres. It demolished and largely buried two hundred buildings. How much more would have been lost if there had been no pumping no one can say. In the background, the volcano was alternately sending up ash eruptions and lava fountains as the City Flow pushed through block after block. Nearing the harbor, it came up against the wall of Gudmundur Karlsson's fish factory. This was a major obstacle, the size of a city high school—full of computers, automatic doors, machines that rubbed skins off, machines that sliced fillets like boards in a sawmill. "The lava flow was always coming nearer and nearer and we had been retreating every day," Gudmundur told me. "It was just like being at war. Then the lava broke sixteen metres into this building. It came through windows on the second floor. We could have driven a jeep onto the top of the building. We were pumping water from the roof onto the lava. Without the pumping, this factory would have been completely broken down."

Today, a new street goes past the fish factory through a road cut blasted in the lava. If you follow the street to the east and then go along by the edge of the harbor, you come to Skansinn, a stone fort with walls ten feet thick. It was built beside the harbor in 1628, in the aftermath of the invasion of the pirates called Turks. The fort has stood symbolic for three and a half centuries, and the Turks have not returned. The City Flow reached Skansinn at the end of March. The lava climbed upward and over the walls. Against furious pumping, it advanced a few feet more. It reached the middle of the fort and moved no farther. The City Flow stopped—or was stopped—there.

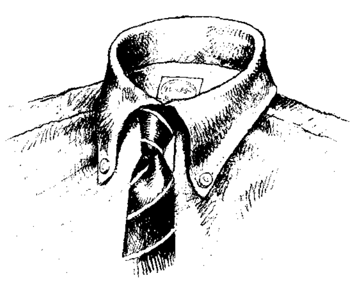
THE lava, damming itself, built up so high during the cooling that it is now a hill beside the town. Roads of black ash traverse it, winding through the otherwise untraversable aa. When I was walking on those roads, steam came out of the road cuts. The new basalt looked exactly like basalt two hundred million years old. In places along the road where the views were good across the town and the harbor, red plank benches with yellow arms had been lovingly set about, turning the eruption into a preserve, as we have done in Northern California, at Lava Beds and Lassen.

The view over the community is of red, green, blue, beige, yellow bright rooftops, walls of oyster and cream. Silver. Turquoise. Copper. Butter. It's a trig and colorful, prosperous, handsome town. There is a house in three shades of green that closely resembles the geologic map of Nebraska. Its appearance is not singular in Vestmannaeyjar.

Streets that once ran east out of town are culs-de-sac now in the lava. Captain Street, so called because many skippers own houses there, once had the highest views in town. It now dead-ends in lava. There is new construction in many places beside the halted flow. Up the street are houses with deep tephra still on top of them, windows vacant, walls askew. Some are just hunks of plaster-covered concrete attached to reinforcing rods twisted like matted hair. A horizontal chimney protrudes from a new black slope. Dora Gudlaugsdottir, in her bookstore, showed me a picture of preëruption Heimaey, saying that it was very beautiful then, with the clear tone that an aesthetic disaster cannot be stopped with spray.

When the eruption was less than two weeks old, the Icelandic parliament increased the national sales tax, and in other ways created a repository known as the Catastrophe Fund. It paid Patton's army. It helped offset damages. The surtax has never been rescinded, and has evolved into an insurance system against natural disasters. In 79, the Emperor Titus provided emergency funds with his own money as well as money of the state, and the Roman Senate declared that the assets of extinct families of Pompeii and Herculaneum were to be used as a catastrophe fund.

From the perspective of the streets of town, the skyline of the lava is high and prominent, inclining upward toward the new volcano. On a fine blue morning after night rain, the ridge was steaming like a bread pudding, and tour buses were on it, as they were in every weather, slowly traversing the tephra roads. "There are now three tour buses," Magnus Magnusson said.



BAGGIER AND BETTER

Guaranteed better than *all* the rest,
our 100% pima cotton oxford cloth buttondown is generously cut for maximum comfort and traditional good looks. Its uniquely woven, yarn dyed cloth and fine single needle stitching throughout guarantee a shirt that lasts forever. Always in style, the authentic 3¼" polo collar and its distinctive full roll, six button front, single pocket, long sleeves and tail are unmistakable. Unlike others, we compromise on one detail only—our price.
$35.00. Two for $65.

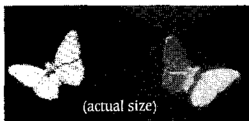
Available in white and blue sizes 14½-17½, 32-36.
Add $3.00 shipping/handling/insurance
chk/mo ☐ *mc/visa* ☐ *amex* ☐
card #__________ exp. date__________
For immediate delivery, call (617) 523-0317.
239 Causeway #A103, Boston, MA 02114
MERCER & SONS

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. It turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe, leaves you free to think, allows you to perform.
Sixty-Five plus Four for shipping.

Colors: Navy, Charcoal Grey, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, A Suggestion of Grey, Pewter, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Bright Red, Vermont Green, Slate Blue, Exquisite Mocha, Booby Foot Blue, Palest Pink, Emerald Sea Green, Lapis Lazuli, Heavy Cream, Taupe, Robin's Egg Blue, Camel and Cognac.

CHECK VISA MASTERCARD
VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
PO BOX 1008NY RUTLAND VERMONT 05701 802 775 6754



(actual size)

BUTTERFLIES
Pierced Earrings:
Sterling—$30; 14K—$65
Tie Tack:
Sterling—$20; 14K—$35

Hand-made, satisfaction guaranteed.
Catalog Available.
VISA/MC (703) 548-5994

Vern Wayne Pond
Studio 3, 105 N. Union St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

Quality Handcrafted
ADIRONDACK CHAIRS
Teak - Mahogany - Birch
SEND FOR A FREE CATALOG
CLASSIC COUNTRY CHAIRS
3365 W. 201st St. Farmington,
MN 55024 (612) 460-6184

"Half the tourists come from Iceland." He went on to say, "The north end of the lava is so high because of the cooling. The molten lava built up against the chilled lava. You can never see in Iceland so steep a lava front."

One house caught in the edge of the lava is to be saved indefinitely as a reminder of the flow's destruction. A large empty window stares out of the rock as if it were the mouth of a cave. Just inside is a steam radiator, all but enveloped in lava. Above the window is a red gable. The rest of the roof is crushed into the living room. The concrete walls are cracked like shattered glass. Magnus said, "Now the community owns that house, paid for by the Catastrophe Fund. It was a new and very solid house, one of the strongest on the island, a big house. It was decided to let it stay."

When I asked Magnus who owns the new lava, which increased the size of the island by twenty per cent, he said that it belongs to the Vestmannaeyjar community, because the community owns the whole island. People own their houses, but they lease their lots. Reflecting on the three hundred and fifty properties that were buried by the eruption, I remarked to Magnus that sorting out such a thing in the United States would take three hundred and fifty years. Someone had pitched a bright-blue tent high up on the flow, beside a piece of Flakkarinn, as shelter from the wind.

Magnus Magnusson was defeated as mayor after the war against the lava. The petrologist Sigurdur Steinthorsson has compared the fate of Magnus to the fate of Winston Churchill. On Heimaey, there were changes in the constituency. Pall Zophoniasson, who was mayor when I was on the island, pointed out that a third of the evacuees had not come back. "We have about twelve hundred new people," he said. "About half of those have no connection to Heimaey. Old-timers say the place is different now, but they don't agree how." One difference was that these comments, ex officio, were being made in a large hot tub beside Vestmannaeyjar's new swimming pool, where the delectable warmth at differing levels in hot tubs and the pool was coming from heat exchangers up on the new lava. The water, piped from the mainland, was melted glacier ice. The mayor—every inch a statesman, even in a tub—was a lean dark-bearded man who would not look amiss on a five-dollar bill.

Before the eruption, the population was fifty-three hundred. Gradually, it had reapproached that figure, but it was still six hundred shy. "The first years were not that pleasant," Gudmundur Karlsson told me. "It was like living out in the desert." When the wind blew hard, flying pumice made such a din against people's windowpanes that they had to shout to be heard across a table. Pall Zophoniasson told a reporter from *Iceland Review*, "The pumice-grit gets through every crevice, even into people's souls, if I may say so." Many who lost houses stayed on the mainland. Even the skipper of a fishing boat, who had left the island with his wife and four children, never came back. Just as the lava had covered fields, more green fields were quickly covered with new streets and new houses in an effort to bring back the people. "We miss that land quite a lot," Sigurdur Jonsson said. "It was a double destruction. It was necessary—to build quick, to try to draw them back. But many did not come. Many who did come soon went back to the mainland. They'd got the feeling of living in Iceland."

There was some incidence of what doctors had come to call "the Surtsey neurosis"—a writhing sleeplessness and acute anxiety that had made its clinical début not long after the sea boiled and Surtsey emerged, erupting. "We thought it would never leave the people," a doctor told me. "But it has. People recovered very fast."

Not all marriages recovered very fast. "If your marriage has a crack in it, and then you have an eruption, everything comes out in the open," someone explained to me. "It's like in John Steinbeck, in 'Busspå Villovägar,' when the bus gets stuck out in the country." In a number of instances, one partner did not wish to return, the other did. The reluctant party was often a mainlander who had married a person in Vestmannaeyjar, and the prenuptial understanding did not include an eruption. The words *busspå villovägar* are Swedish. The name Surtsey derives from Surtur the Fire God. The people of Heimaey smoke like volcanoes.

Islanders who did not go back to Heimaey created opportunities for others. Vestmannaeyjar is often described in Iceland as a place of "mysterious attraction," invested with "an aura of adventure." One of the odder effects of the eruption is that it attracted people to live on the island, where the mystery was subsidized with cold cash—with jobs to be had in fishing, jobs in new construction. "I am not afraid," a newcomer remarked to me. "The south of Iceland, it can all blow up. Yes. It's like living in San Francisco."

Magnus Magnusson commented that when the newcomers refer to the mainland they do not call it Iceland. They use the word *fastalandid*, which means steady land or sitting land. "They don't have the old sense of Iceland and the Vestmann Islands," he said. "You'd have to be here from birth."

"We in many ways regret this change," Gudmundur Karlsson said. "The outlooks of the islands have changed completely. Many of our friends and relatives didn't come back. New people came. It was like changing a crew on a ship."

After the eruption, Dora Gudlaugsdottir and her family went to Eyrarbakki, because it was difficult to get an apartment in Reykjavik large enough to accommodate five children. Their furniture followed them to the mainland. They were in Eyrarbakki until May and then went to Selfoss. Having left Heimaey for what they thought would be a few days, they returned after half a year. "I thought, It is like a ghost town," she told me. "I knew what I was going to see. I knew we could clean it up and make a home again. I am very stubborn. I didn't like the lava. It was all black. I thought it was very ugly. Now I can see it has a beauty, too."

Gudmundur Jonasson, who was fourteen at the time of the eruption, said that he would regret all his life "the spoiling of the beauty of the island."

"The life has changed," Sigurgeir Jonasson said. "We lost very good people—islanders. When we walk on the street, we do not see the old people. The new people cannot think like we do about the mountains, the sea, the birds. Maybe after many, many years. The east part of the island was the greenest part. We had the farms. Now we have the lava. We don't like the lava, we people who were on the island before. We saw all the sea. But we got a much better harbor, ash for paving streets, and warmth to warm up the town."

On the summit of Helgafell the Holy Mountain, on the highest part of the crater rim, is a circular bronze tablet equipped with a swinging arrow. Helgafell, in whose shadow Magnus Magnusson and Dora Gudlaugsdottir and Sigurdur Jonsson and Gudmundur Karlsson and the other islanders grew up, has green, friendly slopes that become cindery only near the top, where the view is comprehensive. One clear day, after climbing up there, I slowly moved the arrow, stopping where the tablet informed me that the arrow was pointing at Hekla. I looked up, over water and far into the mainland, where the stratovolcano stood white under fast-passing clouds. To the west, the Reykjanes Peninsula was visible, sixty miles away. Turning the arrow southwest, I stopped it on "Hellisey," "Geldungur," "Geirfuglasker," "Brandur"—volcanoes of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, each freestanding as one of the Vestmann Islands. When the arrow was pointing at Brandur, it was also pointing at a much larger island eight miles farther away—of which there was no mention on the tablet. Swung to the northeast, the arrow pointed straight into the unvegetated slopes of the new volcano—Eldfell the Mountain of Fire. But the tablet mentioned only Bjarnarey, an offshore islet that was behind the volcano and blocked from view. The tablet had been placed on Helgafell in 1952. The scene obviously required a nimble cartographer, working in a medium less eternal than bronze.

Where Heimaey used to have one conical volcano dominating its central landscape, it now has the two. Although they erupted five thousand years apart, they came up almost in the same place and stand side by side, at virtually the same height, their craters separated by less than half a mile. Helgafell appears to have cloned itself. The before-and-after aspect is exploited on picture postcards. In the hospital one day, some years after the eruption, an old man sat up crying, "Where am I? Where am I? Where am I?" He had been bedridden since before the eruption, evacuated to Reykjavik, and eventually brought back. Attendants hurried to soothe him. One of them said, "You are in Vestmannaeyjar, where you have lived all your life. Don't worry. Everything is all right." The new volcano was framed in the window beside his bed. "I am not in the Vestmann Islands," he said. "If I am in the Vestmann Islands, what is that mountain doing there?" In the Radhus, in the chamber of the town council, is a large painting of a man in rubber boots, a knitted cap, walking on volcanic ash on Birkihlid Street among half-buried houses. The two mountains are in the background. On another wall of the room is a painting that dates to the eighteenth century, showing a schooner in the harbor, a couple of dozen buildings near the shore, and one mountain.

I went up the new volcano one weathery afternoon and, from the rim of its broken crater, looked down on the new lava. From the chimneys of the heat exchangers, steam was streaming downwind. The vestiges of Flakkarinn stood up like avalanche debris. To the south, great heaps of tephra, like mounds of bituminous coal, marched across the fields to the ocean in a straight line, marking the fissure that split the island. The heat exchangers were first put in wells, but they corroded, even if they were made of stainless steel. Drill bits explored the bottom of the flow, passing en route through the core of molten lava—a feat that had been accomplished only once before, by a drilling crew in Hawaii. The engineers wanted to find out if trapped seawater had become a reservoir of superheated steam. It had not. In the end, the method by which the community turned the lava into a central-heating plant was much the same as the method by which they had fought it. Where the new flow was thickest—more than three hundred feet—they spread hoses over an area of about an acre and dropped water through cracks to the molten horizon. At the time, that was sixty feet down. Since the molten horizon was impermeable, the water could not escape. It was captured as steam and circulated through the heat exchangers, saving the community two million dollars a year. The volume of the molten core was diminishing, though, and would soon become an igneous mush, ending the bonanza.

POPCO
POPCO
a. ehrenberg

Hearing a sound like a chain saw's, I looked down to see a motorcycle climbing the new volcano. The rider wiped out as he approached the crater rim. The motorcycle, pinwheeling, spun downhill in a sputtering swirl of tephra. Ash over teakettle, the rider tumbled, too. At last arresting his fall, he got up, ran after his loose machine, trapped it, then resumed the steep climb. Reaching the top, he zipped around the narrow rim. He stopped for a moment, contemplating. Then he plunged hundreds of feet down the dark-red slope inside the crater all the way to the bottom, under control. Motorcycles seem to have more prestige in Iceland than in, say, Greenwich, Connecticut, or Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. All over the new volcano, white-painted automobile tires mark the established tracks and competitive routes of what were described to me as "the largest, most powerful, most beautiful motorcycles in Iceland."

Where the lava went eastward into the sea, some of the new cliffs are a hundred feet high. Waves occasionally break over them. After a Belgian trawler crashed there in 1981, waves threw pieces of the trawler up on top of the cliffs. Rocks weighing half a ton have been tossed up there, too. It was at the base of one such cliff that Gudlaugur Fridthorsson first landed on the night of his long swim. In two places, bays with rocky beaches have indented this new coastline. One is called Baetur the Beach of the Insurance Claim. The other is Vidlagafjara the Beach of the Catastrophe Fund. The rocks, whether they are the size of potatoes, grapefruit, watermelons, water beds, or motor buses, are all rounded. Most are so cavitated by former gas bubbles that they suggest black coral, or models of the human brain. It was discovered on Surtsey and confirmed on Heimaey that such boulders do not require thousands of years to assume their shape but can be rounded by a single storm. During the eruption, a lighthouse on the eastern shore went below the lava. A new lighthouse stands above the Beach of the Insurance Claim.

BEFORE the eruption, the harbor entrance was half a mile wide. The lava narrowed that to five hundred feet—a great improvement, doing away with the danger from eastern winds and waves. With Magnus, I watched a dredge taking tephra out of the harbor. A heavy black slurry poured from a large pipe. Magnus said the dredging had been continuous for what was nearing fifteen years. At quayside—in a thicket of cranes, booms, and stays—were trawlers and other fishing boats, four abeam. A few were small and double-ended, no longer than canoes. Top-heavy with radar, they were obviously undaunted by the North Atlantic.

Walking past the boats one day, I saw a young seaman, who was standing on the quay, reach over the water with a paint roller that failed to touch the hull of an eighty-ton trawler.

"Almost but not quite," I said.

He set down the roller and asked where I was from.

In his running shoes, bluejeans, and corduroy jacket—under a tumble of light brown hair—he could have been from anywhere. His name was Ingi Thor Sigurjonsson, and he was from Hafnarfjordur, not Vestmannaeyjar, but he clearly had developed pride in his surroundings. "It's a totally natural harbor," he informed me. "The lava really made it good. It is said to be the best natural harbor in the world. In the North Atlantic, a harbor means everything. This harbor has the record for fish on land—more fish per fisherman than anywhere else. Boats come in so heavily loaded that only their bows and sterns are out of water. There have been times when the freezing plants couldn't handle the fish. To store fish, they had to use the streets and fields."

"When was that?" I asked him.

"Like ten years ago," he said.

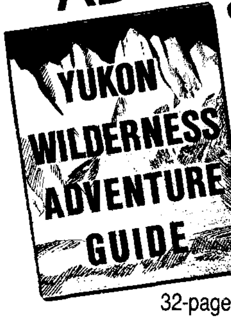
Ingi went to high school in Texas. His mother took him there after she married an American geologist. Now, as a netman on the trawler, he was making as much as six thousand dollars a month. Auriferous is the aura of Vestmannaeyjar. As much as a third of the value of a haul is allotted to the crew of a fishing vessel and distributed in prorated shares. Ingi's trawler was the oldest steel fishing boat in Iceland, but its fish finder was among the newest, and could easily tell a pollack from a haddock and distinguish both from a cod.

At noon one day, I bought a prefabricated sandwich at an Esso station, and, since I couldn't read the label, asked what was in it.

The young attendant said, "I don't know how you call it in English. I think you say lobster."

I thanked her, and walked out to Eidi, an isthmus lying between two of the sea stacks that form the north side of the harbor. While I sat on a boulder looking over the water and consumed the state flower of Maine, a girl and boy, maybe six and eight, rode up on tricolored bikes. They were wearing Nike warmup suits. On the back of one bike was a cardboard carton, from which the boy removed a young puffin. He carried it down toward the edge of the sea. Holding it with both hands, he made four false heaves, and the chick flapped its wings, getting ready for flight. The fifth heave was real. The chick flew over the water, set down, and began at once to swim with the competence of a loon. Within ten seconds, it had dived for a fish. Now, in a Volvo, came a man and two boys. They released four puffins in the same manner. The man heaved them high. At first, they wheeled giddily in the air, as if to go back, but then they turned and sailed across the water—six, seven, eight hundred feet—before touching down. Immediately, they dove for fish. The children with the bikes took another puffin from their box. The little girl heaved this one, and it landed on the rocks. She helped it into the sea. A maroon Dodge Aries arrived, driven by a woman in a yellow running suit, with four children, two boxes, sixteen puffins. Baby birds—all prepared for flight in the same manner and then heaved into the air—were hitting the water like raindrops. No puffin took more than ten seconds before making its first dive—with one exception. The bird sat there indefinitely. Fishing was not his thing. More parents, more children, more puffins came to Eidi: a man and a child in a Jaguaresque Datsun 260Z, a man and five children in another Volvo, a party of two adults and ten children in a Citroën and a Mitsubishi van, a woman and a very small child in a Saab GL.

In spectacular belays from cliffs, people of Heimaey gather the eggs of countless varieties of seabirds. The baby puffins come to the town. When they are ready to leave the cliffs where



YOUR YUKON WILDERNESS ADVENTURE STARTS RIGHT HERE. WRITE NOW.

Send for a free 32-page Yukon Wilderness Adventure Guide and discover a unique get-away-from-it-all adventure in Canada's north. Each colourful guide is packed with photos and information on guided fishing, hiking, canoeing, rafting, and packtrain excursions plus detailed information on winter skiing and dogsled adventures.

Clip and mail to: ***Tourism Yukon,*** *P.O. Box 2745-8005,*
Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada Y1A 5B9.

Name (please print)

Street

City/Town State/Prov.

Country Code 8005

THE NAUTILUS

Each piece of jewelry is individually handmade with the expertise and pride of Richards and West.

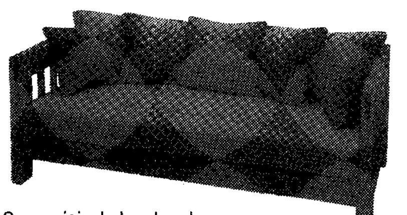
Pendant
14 K Gold $\$298^{00}$
Sterling Silver $\$96^{00}$
Earrings
14 K Gold $\$97^{00}$
Sterling Silver $\$35^{00}$

Pendant $^{11}/_{16}$" high x $^{13}/_{16}$" wide x $^{5}/_{16}$" deep

RICHARDS & WEST

1-800-234-9378
1255 University Avenue
Rochester, New York 14607

Satisfaction Guaranteed. All designs copyright 1987
MasterCard • Visa • American Express



Our original handmade Southwestern furniture is uniquely suited to a variety of interiors and offices, contemporary or traditional. Interesting catalog, $3.00: Taos Furniture, Dept. C, 232 Galisteo, Santa Fe, New Mexico USA 87501.

TAOS Furniture®

they are born, the chicks at nighttime go for the light. The children have collected twelve hundred and fifty in a day, more than sixteen thousand in a season. Touching is the scene when the chicks are released, but as adults they are caught and eaten. A chef in town is a master of hot smoked puffin—a taste that marries corned beef to kippered herring. Burgundy flesh is in the puffed-up chest of a puffin. It is served with new potatoes and sweet thin slices of pickle.

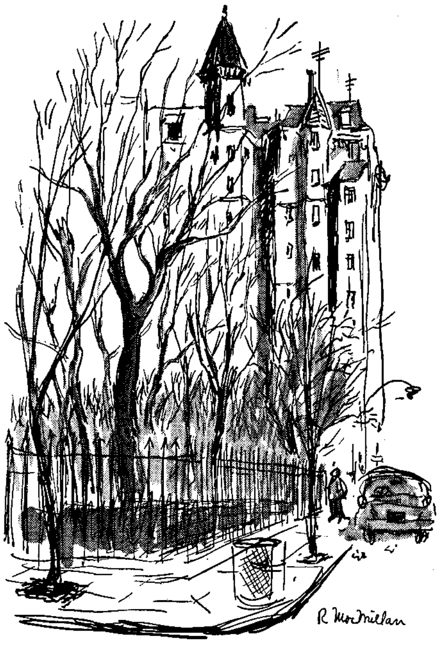
Under the lava is Olafshus, home of the late Erlendur Jonsson, master catcher of puffins. Olafshus had territorial rights to Alfsey, which is two miles from Heimaey. He and a crew of three or four sat in high niches in the dizzying cliffs of Alfsey, and with long-handled nets caught puffins in flight. In a four-week season, Erlendur would be content if he returned to Olafshus, and his wife, Olafia, with twelve thousand puffins. Olafshus went very quickly under the lava. The puffin is among the nation's emblematic birds. With its bright-white chest, its orange webbed feet, and its big orange scimitar bill, it could be an iced toucan.

The cost of cooling the lava was one and a half million dollars. The lava brought more than thirty million dollars' worth of heating to the town, and harbor improvements worth a great deal more. Heimaey had lacked paving material. With the new tephra, the airport runways were widened and lengthened, and streets were freshly surfaced all over town. It is said on the mainland that people of Vestmannaeyjar are sensitive about the infrabooty they got from the volcano—about their favored-nation status with regard to the Catastrophe Fund. They are not receptive to banter on this topic. As a mainlander noted, "you say that once, and not again."

The American pumps arrived in the tenth week of the eruption. To shoot water thirty feet into the air, almost any strong pump will do. If you want five hundred vertical feet, you need unusually specialized ordnance, and these machines had come out of a military warehouse at two and a half tons the unit, accompanied by papers calling them invasion pumps. There were nineteen. They were of the generation that was developed to move gasoline from offshore ships to Omaha Beach. Their aggregate maximum output was thirteen thousand gallons a minute.

In a two-stage procedure, they were supported by suction pumps, drawing water from the harbor they were trying to save. Altogether, about forty pumps were lined up in ranks on a broad quay, which came to resemble a natural-gas field or an oil refinery, with large pipes in parallel clusters and valves controlled by wagon wheels. The water went off the quay, through the town, and up on top of the lava, where steel pipes and aluminum pipes had been broken so often by the restive basalt that Valdimar Jonsson, who by now was in charge of the design engineering, risked the flammability of flexible plastic. Protected from within by the cold water, the plastic did not melt. Altogether, he soon had seven miles of working pipe, most of it up on the flow, discharging water directly onto the lava through diameters the size of dinner plates. The system pumped as much as twenty-three million gallons a day. The water ran downhill in simmering brooks.

The invasion pumps cooled the lava for a hundred and three days. On April 22nd, Easter Sunday—about three weeks after they began—a new lava current emerged from the crater that was thinner and faster, and therefore less predictable, than any that had come before. It bubbled. It surged. It seemed to come forth at a rolling boil. It ran east, fortunately, and veered south. Swiftly, it entered the sea. It was truly a red river—broad, fast, braided—moving like a big arctic stream. It flowed for more than two months. The greater part of it continued to flow east, building a new platform of about a hundred acres into and far above the sea. Some of it went north, in the direction of the harbor and the town, and ran into a very large reception of pumped salt water.



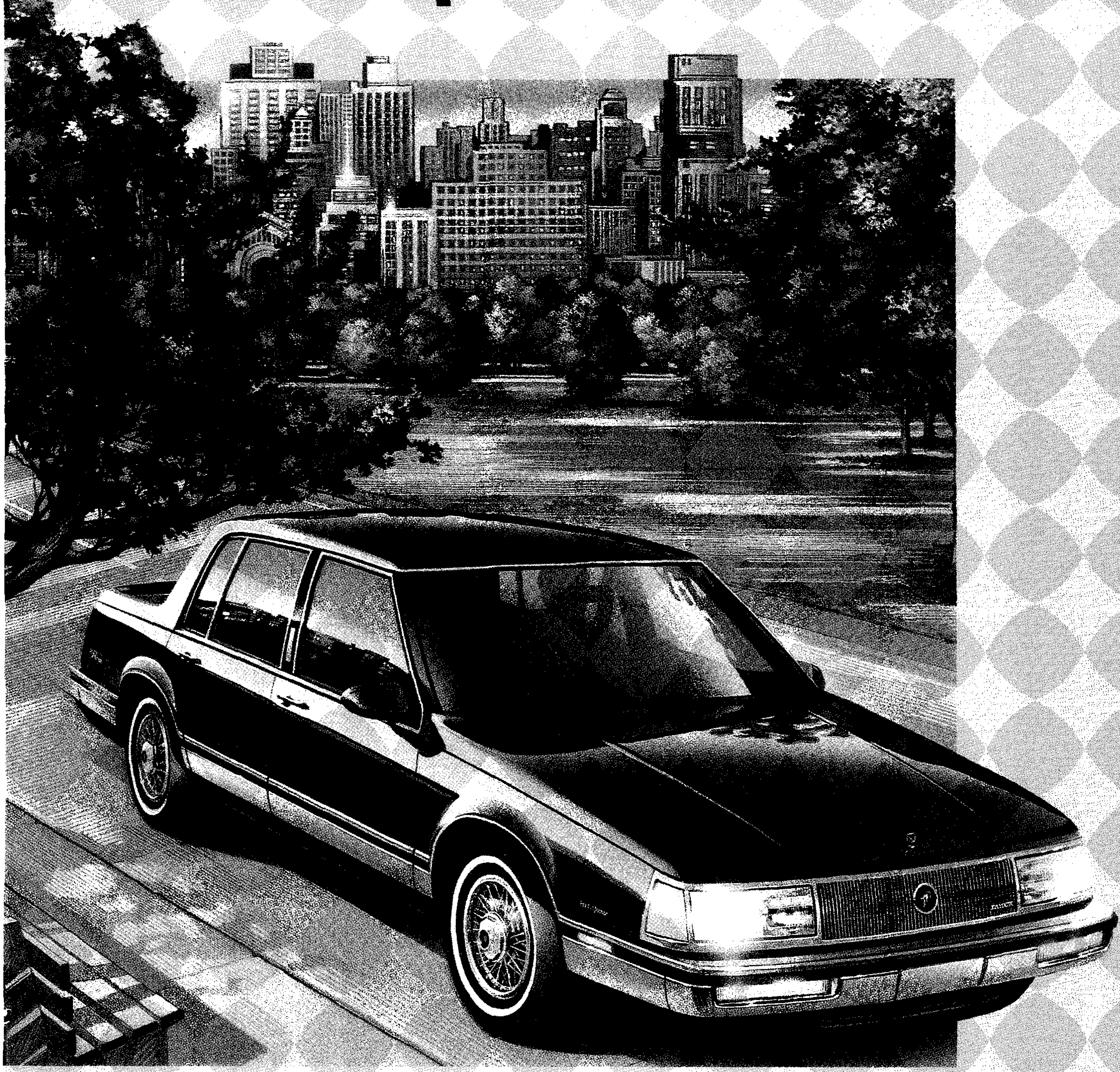
Valdimar said, "At each place we cooled, it was just like putting a nail through the lava. After three days, we would move the pipe thirty metres, and drive another nail. If more lava came, we were ready. We had put up our piping system to within two hundred metres of the crater. We were ready to take on new bursts."

When Valdimar was called in to set up the high-pressure pumps, he had been Professor of Thermal Fluids in the Engineering Department of the University of Iceland for less than six months. He had taught at Imperial College in London. He had taught at Penn State. His Ph.D. is from the University of Minnesota. He grew up in Hnifsdalur, a fishing village of three hundred people in northwest Iceland, where his father was a carpenter, his forebears fishermen. He is a large-boned lumberjack of a man with deep-blue eyes and dark, swept-back hair. During the Vestmannaeyjar eruption, his varied professorial commitments caused him now and again to disappear. After the first three weeks of attacking the lava with the new invasion pumps—during the early part of which he slept three hours a night—he went off to Penn State, where he led a seminar called Volcano in Town.

As each new road was built on the lava, it would move and be replaced, move and be replaced, until the lateral motion stopped. In Thorbjorn's words, "You could see that the lava was stopping, and you could extend the pipes. We moved closer to the crater, moved gradually up there—from place to place, a week at a time, just letting water pour out on the lava. If you look near the volcano, the surface there now is extremely rough. Close to the crater, the flow movement was fast. With the cooling, you create huge blocks of solid matter that move on the lava stream and turn over." When ice forms in the Yukon River, it makes huge blocks that move on the stream and turn over. Eventually, they jam—piled one upon another in a stilled surface that is mountainous and rough.

If the Easter Flow had gone more north than east, it would have over-

Make every road feel like Park Avenue.



The 1988 Buick Park Avenue features a new ride system so smooth and capable, it evokes the great boulevards of Manhattan. This ride breakthrough is due to Dynaride, a system of shock absorber technology combined with Park Avenue's 4-wheel independent suspension and automatic level control. Dynaride simultaneously offers excellent stability and isolation from road irregularities, while providing crisp and precise handling.

More power for the road.
Complementing Park Avenue's new ride quality is the new 3.8 SFI "3800" V-6 engine. No other V-6 in the world offers this engine's combination of sequential-port fuel injection, a balance shaft and roller valve lifters. The "3800" V-6 delivers 165 horsepower, 10% more than its predecessor, and great dependability. Its balance shaft and 21%-lighter piston assembly also make it a remarkably smooth-performing engine.

Feel the difference.
Reward yourself with a test drive soon. Buckle up and experience the difference the new "3800" V-6 and Dynaride suspension can make in your driving. Your Buick dealer is ready to make your favorite road feel like Park Avenue.

BUICK

USA OFFICIAL CAR OF THE 1988 U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

GM

The Great American Road belongs to Buick.

The most precious thing you can own

Land . . . what else can give you so much pleasure now and for years to come?

The land we're offering is far from the crowds and rat race of cities, away from noise and pollution. It's nature in an unspoiled state.

Each ranch is 40 acres or more. A really big spread. With controlled access that assures exclusivity and privacy. We're up in the mountains of Colorado's glorious Sangre de Cristo range—the heart of the Rockies. Where deer, elk, eagles, wild turkey and other birds and animals still roam.

Very few owners will share this part of the American Alps, and our concept for buyers is simple: A large, desirable piece of property, offered with financing and full buyer protection. You can build here if and when you want. You may use it as a base for vacations, for cross-country skiing, hunting, fishing, hiking, camping and all kinds of outdoor sports and family fun.

It's the perfect place to acquire a substantial part of the American dream. Here you will taste life on the scale it was meant to be lived.

Forbes Magazine's division, Sangre de Cristo Ranches, put this project together based on the many requests received over the years for a really large tract of land. Through Forbes Wagon Creek Ranch, we're pleased to be able to share a part of it with you and your family. We've ranched this area for almost two decades and plan to be around for generations to come. Our neighboring Forbes Trinchera Ranch covers over 400 square miles, which is our firm commitment to the future of this unspoiled paradise in Colorado.

Ranches here start at $30,000. It's not a small sum. But unlike paintings and jewelry or new cars, this ownership extends past your lifetime and the lives of those you love to guarantee your own substantial heritage in America the beautiful.

For complete information, without obligation, call 719/379-3263 or write to: Errol Ryland, Manager, Forbes Wagon Creek Ranch, P.O. Box 303 A5 Ft. Garland, CO 81133.

Forbes Wagon Creek Ranch

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Equal Credit and Housing Opportunity. A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Secretary of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Secretary of State or that the Secretary of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering . A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from Sangre de Cristo Ranches. NYA86-153. A statement of Record filed with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission permits this property to be offered to New Jersey residents, but does not pass upon its merits or value. Obtain the New Jersey Public Offering Statement and read it before signing anything. NJA #60686004 CO; Florida AD 20537.

whelmed all opposition, ending the battle in the absolute defeat of people and pumps. Instead, it filled a huge space but damaged nothing. Possibly, or probably, it was diverted.

"It was enough lava to cover the town and fill the harbor," Thorbjorn said. "I tend to think that it went that way because the lava in front of the crater was more stable."

The lava in front of the crater was more stable because it was in the process of being bathed in six million tons of water. As Gudmundur Karlsson said, "I am convinced that because we were pumping and this part of the lava was cooled most of the new flow went east and out to sea. If we hadn't done something, I very much doubt that we would be here now. Of course, we can't do anything if the natural force is strong, but I am convinced that this really helped. We tried, anyway."

They cooled (and hardened) more than five million cubic yards of lava. They left upon it two hundred thousand tons of salt.

On July 3, five and a half months after the fissure opened and the fire curtains rose, Thorbjorn went down into the crater of the new volcano and pronounced the eruption dead—a remarkably decisive thing for a scientist to do. Thorbjorn felt it was important. He explains, "The production had decreased very regularly. It was almost possible to extrapolate and see when it would stop. The day we went down into the crater, it was completely stationary and cool. The air was cool there. It was very peaceful. We issued a proclamation that the eruption had stopped. We took the risk of telling people that the eruption was over, so they could come out and settle down again and build up the town." In the National Emergency Operation Center, the Vestmannaeyjar campaign is remembered in the glow of total triumph. As Thorbjorn is the first to suggest, however, the true extent of the victory will never be known—the role of luck being unassessable, the effects of intervention being ultimately incalculable, and the assertion that people can stop a volcano being hubris enough to provoke a new eruption.

—JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

CASH for deer & moose horns, snowshoes, furniture & Harold S. Holmes. —*Adv. in the Central Maine Morning Sentinel.*

Harold does not come cheap.

An almost unbelievable offer—but there is a reason!

Why would Haverhills "sell" this ML-1893 Halogen PowerLite for only 12^{\underline{95}}$?*

But read the ad for an even more astonishing deal!

• The ML-1893 Halogen Mini PowerLite is a precision-machined product. It will give you outstanding service for many years. The halogen bulb and the computer-designed parabolic reflector give you a brilliant white beam, 50x to 70x brighter than that of ordinary flashlights.

We are one of the largest national mail-order houses. In order to make our operation ever more efficient, we need to increase our customer file by at least 25,000 names per month. The best way to do this is to make an irresistible offer of quality merchandise—as the Godfather put it, "an offer you can't refuse." The *ML-1893 Halogen PowerLite* is one of those.

The *ML-1893* is the most powerful flashlight of its size. Its principal secret is the tiny "grain-of-wheat" halogen bulb, which delivers a brilliant white light. It casts a dagger-like beam of light that is visible for at least one mile. The beam is 50x to 70x as bright as that of ordinary flashlights. The *ML-1893* is of heavy-duty aircraft aluminum construction, triple lacquered to withstand corrosion, even in saltwater environments. The construction is water-tight, warranted to a depth of 50 ft. You can change focus from needle-sharp to soft diffusion. A spare halogen bulb is permanently nested in the cap.

We offer the *ML-1893* as a list builder and at the hard-to-believe price of $12.95. But we have an even more astonishing deal: ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** With this offer, only mail orders acccompanied by check or money order can be accepted (no phone, no charge!). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write **"Code E458." Tell us** how many *ML-1893's* you want and include $2.95 for one (1) and $5.90 for three (3) *ML-1893's* for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available. Mail to →

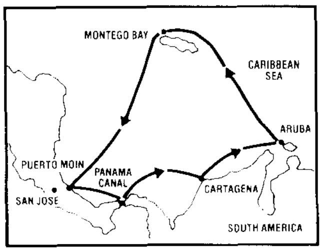
since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Unique 7-day Panama Canal/ Caribbean/South America Cruise.

Every Sunday Regency cruises from Montego Bay to Puerto Moin (Costa Rica), Cartagena and Aruba, highlighted by a dramatic journey into the Panama Canal.

You'll sail in comfort aboard the gracious REGENT SEA or REGENT STAR and enjoy fine continental cuisine and attentive European service. Prices start at only $995 including free air from select U.S. cities. For reservations, call your travel agent or Regency Cruises at (212) 972-4499.

Prices per person double occupancy.
Ships' registry: Panama and Bahamas.



REGENCY CRUISES

Please send me your 1988 Caribbean brochure.
Name
Address
City
State Zip
Regency Cruises: 260 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016
NR229

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

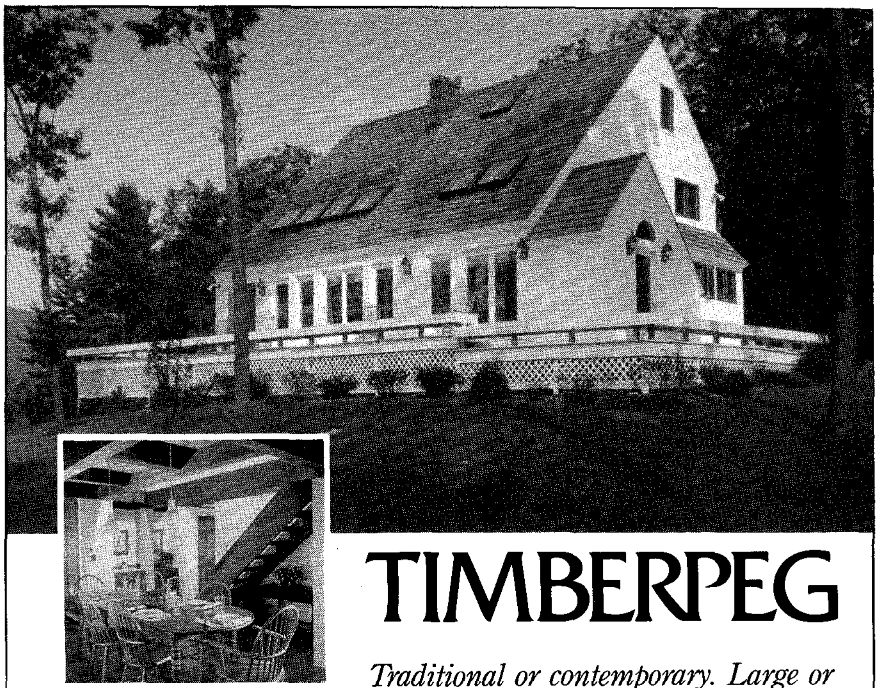
AMAGANSETT
FEBRUARY 2, 1988

The Editors, *The New Yorker*
DEAR SIRS:

I HAVE received a number of letters about my account (Annals of Medicine: "The Fumigation Chamber;" January 4, 1988) of a case of chronic poisoning from pesticides containing the toxic chemicals known as organophosphates and carbamates, which were used in ridding a summer cottage of carpenter ants. These letters fell generally into one or another of three categories. There were those that described an experience similar to that of the woman I called Dr. Betty Page. There were those from readers who feared that they might be suffering from such poisoning. There were those that expressed indignation and alarm at the seeming indifference of the federal government to the dangers inherent in the many toxic chemicals in casual use these days. One letter, however, was interestingly different. It came from Dr. Jerrold F. Rosenbaum, chief of the Clinical Psychopharmacology Unit of the Department of Psychiatry at Massachusetts General Hospital, and it enclosed a report written by him and two colleagues (Dr. Robert Norman, of Harvard Medical School, and Dr. David Bear, of the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine) which described an unusual manifestation of what medical science calls anticholinesterase intoxication.

The signs and symptoms by which this intoxication may declare itself approach the full span of physiological derangements. These include disturbances of the heart, the lungs, the gastrointestinal system, the eyes, and the neuromuscular network. The report by Dr. Rosenbaum and his colleagues, which appeared in a recent issue of the journal *Psychosomatics*, suggests that the mind and the emotions may also be affected. They offer into evidence a case report:

> A 50-year-old professor of medicine at a New England university applied a commercial tick powder, composed of 5% carbaryl [a carbamate] and 95% "inert" ingredients, twice daily during a summer month to his two-year-old castrated male cat. He took the precaution of wearing gloves and a surgical mask while dusting the cat . . . on an outside porch. However, he was aware that a dense cloud of powder frequently blew back over him. During the



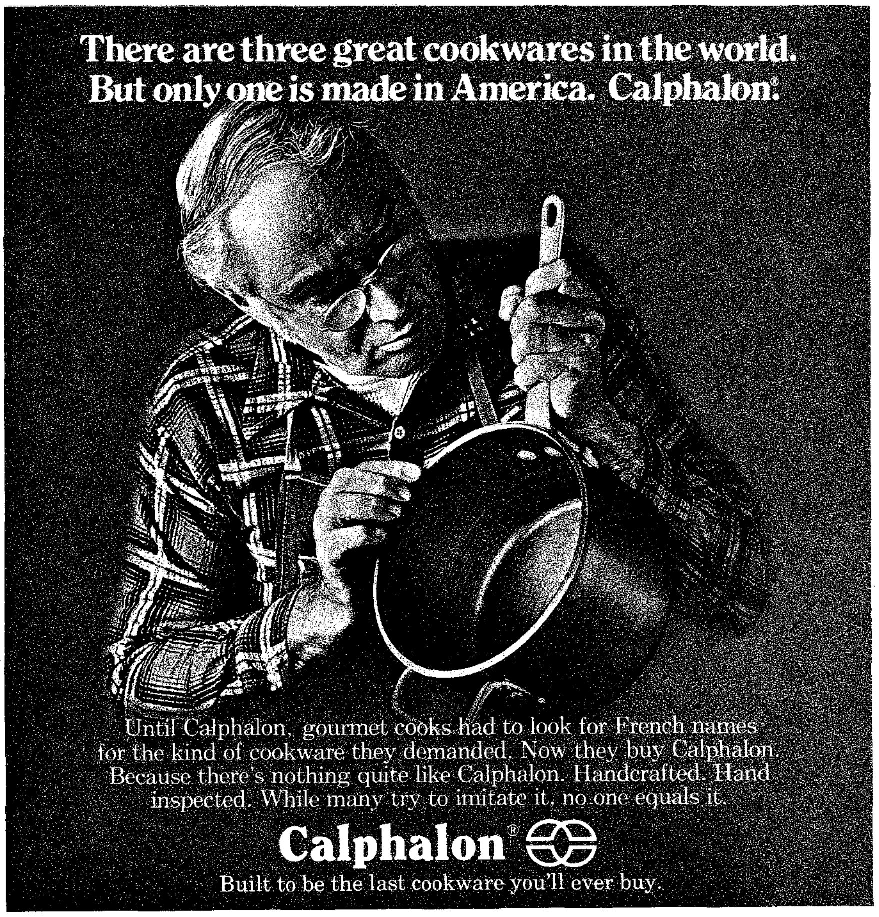
TIMBERPEG

Traditional or contemporary. Large or small. Single or various levels. Select and modify from an existing plan or, with our architects, create an ideal post and beam home for you and your land.

Our colorful 65 page Design Portfolio will introduce you to the fine quality, energy efficiency and ease of creating your new home. Mail $10 to the nearest office, or telephone VISA® or MasterCard™ orders.

Dept. K6, Box 1500, Claremont, NH 03743 (603) 542-7762
Dept. K6, Box 880, Fletcher, NC 28732 (704) 684-1722
Dept. K6, Box 8988, Fort Collins, CO 80525 (303) 221-3355
Dept. K6, Box 70123, Reno, NV 89570 (702) 826-4447

© T-Peg, Inc., 1988



There are three great cookwares in the world. But only one is made in America. Calphalon®

Until Calphalon, gourmet cooks had to look for French names for the kind of cookware they demanded. Now they buy Calphalon. Because there's nothing quite like Calphalon. Handcrafted. Hand inspected. While many try to imitate it, no one equals it.

Calphalon®
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY, DEPT. 56, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

course of the day, he often handled or rubbed against the [cat].

Within approximately ten days, he and a housemate noted large numbers of injured or dead birds and mice on the front lawn. The cat brought additional mice into the house, where, "by the hour," he attacked new victims with claws and teeth. The docile cat had never previously attacked birds or mice, leading its owner to remark, "My cat has become a murderer!" At the time of this observation, the owner's companion informed him of a concomitant change in his personality and behavior: "Don't you realize? You, too, are in a continual rage, twenty-four hours a day!" The companion reported that "virtually anything" would provoke caustic verbal retorts, delivered in a menacing voice, with flushed face, followed by prolonged inappropriate arguments. The professor was observed to kick his "misbehaving" cat, and, because of a distinct fear of physical attack, his companion left the premises. Only at this point did the professor become aware of and explicitly acknowledge the extremes of his inappropriate aggressiveness. He had previously noted such physical manifestations as fatigue, aching of joints, and tearful or swollen eyes, but he had not consulted a physician. Other symptoms of anticholinesterase intoxication were not recalled. When he and his companion independently came to suspect the carbamate, he immediately terminated its use. Within one week, aggressive behavior ceased in both cat and man (confirmed by the professor, his companion, and a professional colleague).

The report concludes with the comment "We believe there is a need for further study of the behavioral effects of cholinesterase inhibitors. Paradoxically, behavior such as aggression may become more problematic with low-dosage or chronic exposure that does not produce physical weakness or explicit medical symptoms."

The case of the professor and his cat did more than merely excite my interest. It brought me up short. I remembered that a few months earlier the man who gives my cocker spaniel an occasional haircut had given me a "Flea and Tick Killer Deodorant Bomb." I went to the kitchen closet and dug it out. Sure enough. The active ingredients listed on the can included carbaryl.

Sincerely,
BERTON ROUECHÉ

●

When Mussolini and the Fascists came to power in Italy, Mussolini went to the United States, where he became musical director of the Metropolitan Opera, the New York Philharmonic and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Perhaps the greatest interpreter of Verdi and Wagner, he was able to conduct a 600-work repertoire entirely by memory.—*Washington Post.*

But he couldn't remember what he did with Ethiopia.

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The Economy of Israel

Is it sound? Should you invest in it?

If you follow economic news, you may have concluded that Israel's economy is in dire straits. And you may have heard of rampant inflation and other disquieting information. But when you visit Israel, and feel the vigor and "vibes" of the economy, you get a different impression.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is still paying for all the wars forced upon it since its birth. Out of an annual budget of about $20 billion, more than one-third, about $7 billion, is for repaying and servicing of that debt and $5 billion goes for defense. That leaves just $8 billion to run all other services of the country. In making peace with Egypt and returning the Sinai, Israel gave up the oil fields it had developed, which yielded an annual income of over $2 billion and which made Israel independent of oil imports. Israel also gave up the enormous investment in some of the world's most advanced and sophisticated military bases, and the cities of Yamit and Ofira.

■ All of these sacrifices did indeed create a major economic crisis, which resulted in inflation, unemployment and stagnation. But for the last three years, Israel has put into effect wide-ranging recovery plans, leading to economic stability and renewed growth. The results of these plans have exceeded expectations: Inflation was beaten without causing recession, unemployment declined, the budget deficit was reduced to 4% of GNP, and the Bank of Israel's foreign reserves almost doubled.

■ The energy and resourcefulness that has enabled Israel to absorb over 2 million immigrants and to convert a desolate land into one of green fields and modern cities are also reflected in Israel's economic development. Israel is a modern industrial state, whose output encompasses some of the most advanced technology and sophisticated production in the world. Industry is concentrated in high-technology and high-added-value products. It is based primarily on domestic scientific and technological creativity and innovation.

■ Israel is a leader in the fields of medical electronics, military electronics, civilian and military aviation, agri-technology, telecommunications, computerized graphics, fine chemicals, solar energy, water desalinization, and computer hardware and software. Traditional industries include food processing, textiles and fabrics, furniture, fertilizers, rubber, plastic, and metal products. The highest growth rates are in those branches that require heavy R & D investment and sophisticated production techniques.

■ Israel is the acknowledged world leader in the diamond industry. It produces over 80% of the world's output of small polished stones. Israel is also the developer and the world leader in the drip irrigation technology of agriculture. Israeli equipment and this technology are now being used with great success in the arid regions of the United States and in many developing countries (some of which don't acknowledge the "existence" of Israel).

■ Domestic tranquility, a western legal system, the superb university network (centered on Hebrew University in Jerusalem and the Technion in Haifa), the full infrastructure in transport, commmunications, and utilities, but primarily its educated and motivated population make Israel attractive to foreign industry. They are also aware that the highest level of R&D work is performed in Israel and that is costs around 40% less than in the U.S. Such companies as IBM, Digital Equipment, Intel, National Semiconductor, Motorola and many others have established plants and design centers in the new industrial parks mushrooming around the country's academic institutions. Israel has a Free Trade Area agreement with both the E.E.C. and with the United States, the only country in the world whose goods have preferential tariff reductions and duty-free access to the two most important markets in the world.

Israel's economy is healthy, is vibrant and growing, and offers countless investment opportunities in industry, agriculture, real estate, tourism, commerce, mineral exploration and much more. This is a country that started totally from scratch, less than 40 years ago. It is almost totally devoid of raw materials, has poor soil, and scant water resources. Yet is has fought five major wars, has absorbed and settled over 2 million immigrants, and has created a formidable industrial/agricultural society. The emerging nations and "third world" countries should take the economy of Israel as their example.

This ad has been published and paid for by

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America
P.O. Box 590381 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for these messages.

NY11

YES, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$____________.

My name is____________________

I live at____________________

In____________State______Zip______

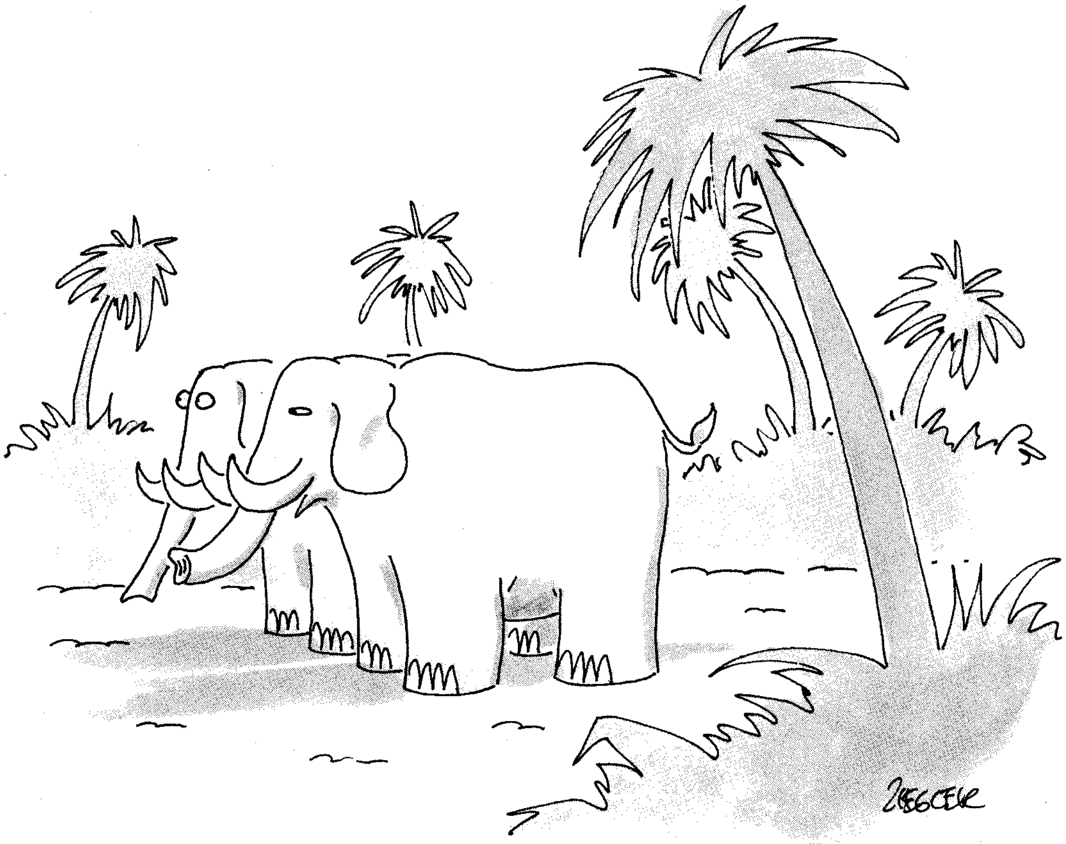
Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590381, San Francisco, CA 94159

AROUND CITY HALL

BOARD GAMES

CURRENT events in this city keep taking unexpected turns. Consider the plight of New York's Republicans. On the national scene, their party appears to prosper despite unnerving historic scandals. Here Rudolph Giuliani, the United States Attorney whose credits include having successfully prosecuted this city's most celebrated recent corruption case—that involving Mayor Edward Koch's close friend and political ally the former Democratic boss Stanley Friedman, along with Koch-administration officials and other City Hall regulars—just announced that he would not be running for the United States Senate this year after all. His decision leaves the state G.O.P.—hardly more than eight months before the election, in an era of long campaigns—caught in an unseemly scramble for some valiant soul willing to take on the two-term incumbent, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. The Party's disarray here is nothing new, and it's not that there's nobody around who's willing to vote Republican: Ronald Reagan carried the state both times. In 1982, however, the Republican candidate against Moynihan had to drop out after his false claims to a military record were exposed. Moynihan then defeated the replacement candidate by the largest vote ever racked up in a contested Senate race in a non-Presidential election year. In 1986, the Republicans had a hard time persuading anyone to run against the incumbent governor, Mario Cuomo. The most memorable aspect of the campaign of the candidate they eventually settled upon, Westchester County Executive Andrew O'Rourke, was a five-and-a-half-foot foldaway cardboard replica of Cuomo, which O'Rourke carried with him everywhere he went, introducing it as a surrogate opponent in protest against the Governor's refusal to debate him during much of the campaign. "We expect the dummy will win," Cuomo said when he heard that O'Rourke had scheduled a mock debate on television with the cardboard model. On Election Day, Cuomo took nearly two-thirds of the vote.

Giuliani's announcement of his unavailability disappointed Republicans who recalled that another local Republican prosecutor, Thomas Dewey, had parlayed a rooting-out-Democratic-corruption record to the governorship and almost to the Presidency; the announcement also, to a degree, trashed a fellow-Republican, Senator Alfonse D'Amato. Giuliani explained that the reason he wasn't running for the Senate was that he wasn't willing to trust the United States Attorney's office to any of the people he understood that D'Amato was considering as his successor. This public swipe at the Senator was a surprise, since only a year and a half ago the two men had turned up together on the front page of the *Times*, dressed in shabby-picturesque style, after taking part, as a team ("The Fonz and Rudy Show," reporters dubbed it), in a small drug deal to prove that it was mighty easy to buy crack in Washington Heights—a discovery that was news to not a soul in town. Some believe that Giuliani's unhelpful remarks about D'Amato could have something to do with rumors that the Senator might be interested in running for governor of New York if Cuomo were to vacate that post, for one reason or another. Giuliani is also said to have his eye on such a possible opening. (Cuomo is the first Italian-American to have been elected governor of New York; times have surely changed.) After he cancelled out of the Senate race, Giuliani was also frequently asked about a more certain political opportunity: next year's mayoral race. Although Koch has said he will be running for a fourth term (and a fifth and a sixth), there is already some local rustling about among both Democrats and Republicans, who see a race against him as far more interesting than it was before the corruption scandals and before there began to be a sense—as there has been lately—that his act at City Hall is wearing exceedingly thin.



"Wow! Dig the umbrella stands on her!"

IN recent weeks, it has been hard to remember how often in the past the Mayor has been chided for playing the clown or doing a song and dance or saying over and over, "I'm an optimist by nature," to avoid—or so it seemed—

having to deal with a multitude of the city's more cheerless problems. "My advice to the people of New York is to have faith in Ed Koch," he said at a press conference the day after the October 19th Wall Street crash. There has been little sign of the old ebullience lately. The Mayor visible to his constituents on the evening news has been angry and red of face, and his voice has often risen to a shout as he fights with borough presidents, state legislators, advocates of the homeless, or members of the press. His battles with the press are nothing new, but they have an uglier tone now. "I'm not sure how to treat black reporters anymore," he told the *Newsday* reporter Mike McAlary in December. "I want to treat them the same way I treat white reporters—like crap." A few weeks later, he quoted the remark on a television call-in show, adding, "But I used another word than 'crap' "—and, indeed, the Mayor has become increasingly foulmouthed at press conferences. One person who took him to task for his attitude toward reporters was Billie Boggs, as she likes to be called, in preference to her real name, Joyce Brown. She was the black woman who lived on a street grating on the upper East Side and became the first person taken to Bellevue last October under the Mayor's program of forcibly removing from the streets those who appeared to be severely mentally ill—or, as he described them, "the paranoid." So far as City Hall reporters can recall, Koch has never mentioned her sojourn in the streets without describing her as "defecating in her clothes" or "wallowing in her own excrement." The version that she and her lawyers testified to in court is that on occasion she used the sidewalks as a toilet, no alternative being available. In any event, there are other symptoms that are usually considered worthy of citing to prove grave mental illness. The Mayor, however, seems to be preoccupied with bodily functions lately. Talking to the press after he left the hospital last August following a slight stroke, he dwelt at length on the indignities of hospital life, involving bedpans and urinals. When he turned up later that month with a bump on his forehead after a fall in his Gracie Mansion bathroom, he explained to reporters that his doctors had prescribed aspirin and that therefore "I urinate more than beforehand. . . . I don't know if you want this, but I'm going to give it to you anyway. . . . In going to the bathroom in the dark I slipped and fell. . . . I got up all by myself, and then I urinated." A Koch press conference can be quite an earthy affair. At Bellevue, Miss Boggs declined to undergo a spinal tap prescribed by doctors or to take mind-altering drugs, also prescribed. She explained in court, "I say no to all drugs"—a message that has been well received in other jurisdictions. Last month, after her right to reject treatment was upheld by the courts, the city released her, freeing her to become a television celebrity on shows such as "Donahue" and "60 Minutes" and a lecturer at Harvard Law School on "The Homeless Crisis: A Street View." A member of the city's corporation counsel's office, which spent many thousands of man-hours arguing the case for Miss Boggs' continued incarceration, described her release as "a tragedy." However, the Mayor's good friend Abe Rosenthal, formerly the editor of the *Times* and now a columnist for that paper, concluded that the outcome of the case was a victory for Miss Boggs *and* the Mayor: she "is a feisty, determined type . . . and he knows himself the value of a little feist." (Most people who are partial to the currently stylish use of that word in its adjective form may not know that it derives etymologically from a word for breaking wind.) After her release, Miss Boggs said on a WNBC television program, of Koch's treatment of the press, "I have seen Mayor Koch . . . being interviewed by well-known journalists. . . . I have heard him call them names. . . . He looks wild to me."

The Mayor's feud with three of the borough presidents with whom he sits on the city's powerful Board of Estimate—the presidents of Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens—started up last fall when they offended him by opposing his plan to build large transitional shelters for the homeless in each borough. They proposed instead that the homeless be housed in smaller, permanent units, including some units in buildings that the city has taken over for nonpayment of taxes. Their opposition to the transitional shelters forced him to make a deal with David Dinkins, the Manhattan borough president and the only black member of the Board. In return for voting for the shelters, Dinkins won the Mayor's promise to move all families out of welfare hotels in the next five years

The good life
at a great price:
Condos $180/day
$960/week*

Enjoy your own private, luxury one or two bedroom vacation condo overlooking Sanibel Island on Florida's Gulf Coast. The Sonesta Sanibel Harbour Resort promises as much or as little activity as you like. There's the Tennis Center, a private beach, boat launch, world class spa and fitness center and 3 pools. Sonesta Sanibel Harbour is a world apart, with your own luxury vacation condo. Plus, the sunset views from your balcony are worth the trip all by themselves.

Sonesta Sanibel
Harbour Resort
17260 Harbour Pointe Drive,
Fort Myers, Florida 33908
813-466-4000.
For reservations call your travel agent or Sonesta toll-free at **800-343-7170.**

*One bedroom vacation condo. Effective February 1, 1988–April 15, 1988. Subject to availability. Rate based upon 7 day/6 night package. Additional nights $160.

The
Russian Tea Room

150 WEST 57 ST., NEW YORK
265-0947

The
CHARLOTTE
INN

MARTHA'S
VINEYARD

FEATURED IN
Country Inns and Back Roads

South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 • 617 627-4751

Foreign Language Cassette Programs for Children!
"Springboard" audio-cassette programs in **Spanish, French,** and **German.** Ideal for ages 5-10. $21.95 each, postpaid. Money-back guarantee.
AUDIO-FORUM® **Room B261,**
Guilford, CT 06437

and also a promise that none of the new shelters would be built in Manhattan—a stipulation that Dinkins insisted was reasonable, since his borough already has sixty per cent of the welfare-hotel families.

Although the Mayor got his way, and construction of the transitional shelters will soon begin, he has been on poor terms with the Brooklyn, Bronx, and Queens borough presidents ever since. His relationship with Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden is particularly bitter; they aren't even on speaking terms. ("We'll see who gets hurt the most," the Mayor has said.) All five borough presidents are terribly uneasy just now on another count. Federal courts have ruled that the Board of Estimate is in violation of the Constitution's one-man, one-vote provision, since Staten Island, which has fewer than four hundred thousand residents, has the same voting strength on the Board as Brooklyn, which is more than six times as large. In November of 1986, the Mayor appointed a charter commission to devise a means of dealing with the federal ruling, and lately the commission's chairman, the real-estate developer Richard Ravitch, has been dropping the word that the answer will probably be just to abolish the Board. Most of the power that the borough presidents now have derives from their seats on the Board, which give them some say in citywide policy. They angrily predict that most of the power taken from them will go to the Mayor—who, they note, chose the commission members. There is, of course, the City Council, but it is hard to come up with instances in which it took an action that the mayor—any mayor—seriously opposed. A familiar anti-City Council slur is that you could hardly call it a rubber stamp, because even a rubber stamp leaves an impression. From the borough presidents there have been loud cries that the abolition of the Board will result in "an imperial mayor," or "King Koch." The dispute over Koch's proposed twenty-five-billion-dollar financial plan for the next fiscal year, offered on February 1st, has given them an opportunity to rail against what they see as his royally high-handed ways. Queens Borough President Claire Shulman, formerly a close Koch ally, complained that every year at this time the Mayor offers what she called a "doomsday" budget, which underestimates revenues and overestimates expenses—that he proclaims a huge gap (this year he put it at seven

PIER HOUSE
KEY WEST
One of the many reasons you'll savor a vacation at Pier House.
On the Gulf. In the heart of Old Key West. 120 tropical rooms. Very private beach. Five delightful restaurants. Five irreverant bars.
For reservations, call 1-800-327-8340. (In FL, 1-800-432-3414 or 305-294-9541.)

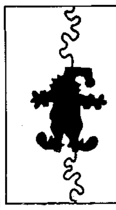
What to Give a Key Person
A key ring you would be proud to use or to give as a gift. Leonore Doskow has designed many hundreds of key rings but none has exceeded this one in popularity. The three letters form a solid block of heavy sterling silver and the ring is equally solid. Ideal for friend, family or business associates.
$49.50 sterling silver.
Add $2.00 for shipping & handling.
NY residents add sales tax.
Allow four weeks for delivery.
Send your check/money order to:
Croton Crafts
P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521

NOUVELLE, SHMOUVELLE
Come to an authentic French restaurant that isn't snobby, stiff or expensive.
PARK BISTRO
414 Park Ave. South (at 28th St.) (212) 689-1360

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to the Village of Fearrington, 625 acres full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, cows, a country inn & families of all ages.
Call 1-800-334-5475 or 919-542-4000

"50 Plus Club"
LEISURE VACATIONS
BRITAIN
15 Days via TWA
London (4 nights) and Bournemouth (9 nights). First class and Deluxe hotels, breakfasts and 9 dinners, tours, theatre and more. Departures: June/July/August.
ISRAEL
22 Days via EL AL
Jerusalem (8 nights), Galilee (4 nights), Tel Aviv (8 nights). First class and Deluxe hotels, breakfasts and dinners daily, tours, social and recreational evenings: Monthly departures.
SWITZERLAND & ITALY
15 Days via SwissAir
St. Moritz (7 nights) and Lucerne (6 nights) or Abano Terme near Venice (6 nights). Deluxe hotels, breakfasts and 6 dinners in Abano, tours, concerts, nature walks & more. Weekly departures June through September.
For free brochure, call or write:
A.J.S. Travel Consultants, Inc.
177 Beach 116th Street
Rockaway Park, New York 11694
(718) 945-5900 • (800) 221-5002

© 85 Jim Morris
WILDLIFE T-SHIRTS
Support wildlife by wearing environmental t-shirts. (10% of profits go to environmental groups.) Many designs. $9.45 each. Heavyweight 100% cotton t-shirts in S, M, L, XL, in white, blue, silver, yellow. Sweats also, $21.45 each. FREE CATALOG.
JIM MORRIS PO Box 831 DEPT NY28 Boulder, CO 80306 (303-444-6430)
Satisfaction guaranteed. Share the Earth!



Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary.
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
The only fine, handcut, mahogany-backed puzzles still being made today.
1-802-649-1450
Free 36-page catalogue. Stave Puzzles Box 329A Norwich, Vermont 05055

Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel
& Magnificent Suites
Telephone: 01-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 01-724 3328.
DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

hundred and fifty-eight million dollars), requiring city legislators to cut programs dear to their constituents and requiring the legislators in Albany to come up with large amounts of special financial aid for the city. Then, each spring, she said, all disasters having been warded off, "he presents his own shopping list of services that we can now afford," winning large political credits for himself.

The Mayor acknowledged that for at least the last four years the city had ended its fiscal year with a five-hundred-million-dollar-or-so favorable difference between expenses and revenues, but he insisted that this time the problems facing the city were real. Even Governor Cuomo, who doesn't usually mix it up with the Mayor, put in a word on this point. After Koch told Albany that he would have to have two hundred million dollars in what he called "gap-closing" state aid, the Governor said, "Koch has a surplus of five hundred and fifty million dollars and he says he needs two hundred million to close a gap. What gap?" Bronx Borough President Fernando Ferrer accused the Mayor of trying to "slam-dunk" unreal figures through the budget process. The thirty-seven-year-old Ferrer, the first Hispanic member of the Board since 1968, was, unexpectedly, a beneficiary of the city's corruption scandals. Ferrer's predecessor was Stanley Simon, the handpicked choice of Stanley Friedman, whom Koch supported in elections over all Hispanic opponents. Ferrer won his office when Simon was forced to resign, having been indicted for extortion, accepting bribes, and misuse of his city office in connection with the case involving the Wedtech Corporation, in the South Bronx.

BUDGET numbers, real or not, don't always hold public attention, but few people at City Hall had any trouble keeping up with the constitutional crisis over last month's shutting of a firehouse occupied by Engine Company 232, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. Earlier, the Mayor had attacked Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy for arranging to attach to a federal budget bill a rider forbidding the Federal Communications Commission to grant any further waivers of a 1975 law that banned one person from owning both a newspaper and a television station in the same city—a rider that may result in the closing down of Rupert Murdoch's *Post*, which has been Koch's most dependable supporter among local dailies. (Early in this century, New York had fourteen daily papers. With the departure of the *Post* it would be down to three: the *Times*, the *News*, and *Newsday*.) In a speech last month at the National Press Club in Washington Koch charged that Kennedy had acted "in the dead of night" and then did not "immediately own up to it—we've seen that before." He told reporters that he had not been referring to Chappaquiddick. After the sudden shutting of the Brownsville firehouse, on Sunday, January 31st, Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden accused Koch of having acted "in the dead of night."

At a City Hall press conference, Koch said, correctly, "It was *not* in the middle of the night," whereupon several reporters called out, as one, "No, it was in the middle of the second quarter!" Indeed, the fact that a large share of New Yorkers would be preoccupied with the Super Bowl that Sunday evening had figured in the administration's timing of its plan to close the firehouse. There had been rumors that in the wake of the October 19th crash there would be sharp cutbacks in the city budget for the new fiscal year, which begins July 1st, and that the Brownsville firehouse was at risk. Since it was funded through the current fiscal year, however, residents in the area had thought they had time to try to save it. Instead, at 7:34 P.M. on Super Bowl Sunday, Engine Company 232 received a signal to move to another firehouse, halfway across Brooklyn—a signal that usually means that the second firehouse is in need of emergency reinforcements. Leaving their dinner (chicken and shrimp) on the table, the on-duty shift of the 232's twenty-nine-man force took off, lights flashing, sirens screeching. When they reached their destination, there was no visible activity. They were then told that 232 was out of service and that they should report three days later for reassignment. As soon as the firemen had left the Brownsville firehouse, members of the city Police Department had moved in and locked it up. Vincent J. Bollon, the president of the fire officers' union, called January 31st "the blackest day in Fire Department history."

During the next few days, the supporters of the firehouse got a lesson in imperial mayoral power. They went to the nearest police precinct to charge the Fire Department official who had

TASIS: one School, four Countries.

• SWITZERLAND • ENGLAND • FRANCE • GREECE

- Longest established independent American boarding/day school in Europe.
- Beautiful campuses near Lugano, London, Paris, and Athens.
- Small classes, AP courses, dedicated faculty, and family-style community.
- Extensive European travel, sports, art, music, and theater.
- U.S. college prep education with added international dimension, grades K-12.
- Unique Post Graduate Year in Europe with college-level study and course-related travel.

SUMMER PROGRAMS
Intensive foreign language study. Academic credit and enrichment courses, study skills. International children's camp.
Ages 6-18.

TASIS NY Office,
326 East 69th St,
New York,
NY 10021
(212) 570 1066
Tlx 971912

The Finest Southwestern Furniture Available!
Your Source for Handcrafted Native Furniture
ERNEST THOMPSON
The True Spirit of the Great Southwest
Dealer Inquiries Invited
(505) 873-4652
Residential & Commercial
2618 Coors S.W. ■ Albuq., N.M. 87105
For Catalog: Send $4.00

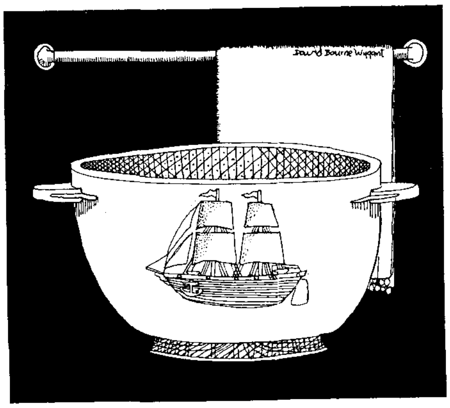
MICHELANGELO
Limited edition portfolio of 14 lithograph prints of the Italian Master's drawings. Exact scale reproductions printed in Florence on Rusticus paper capture superior detail.
TO ORDER: mail check for $150.00 plus $3.50 for shipping to: C. Miller, P.O. Box 1294, Media, Pa. 19063. Or write for further information.

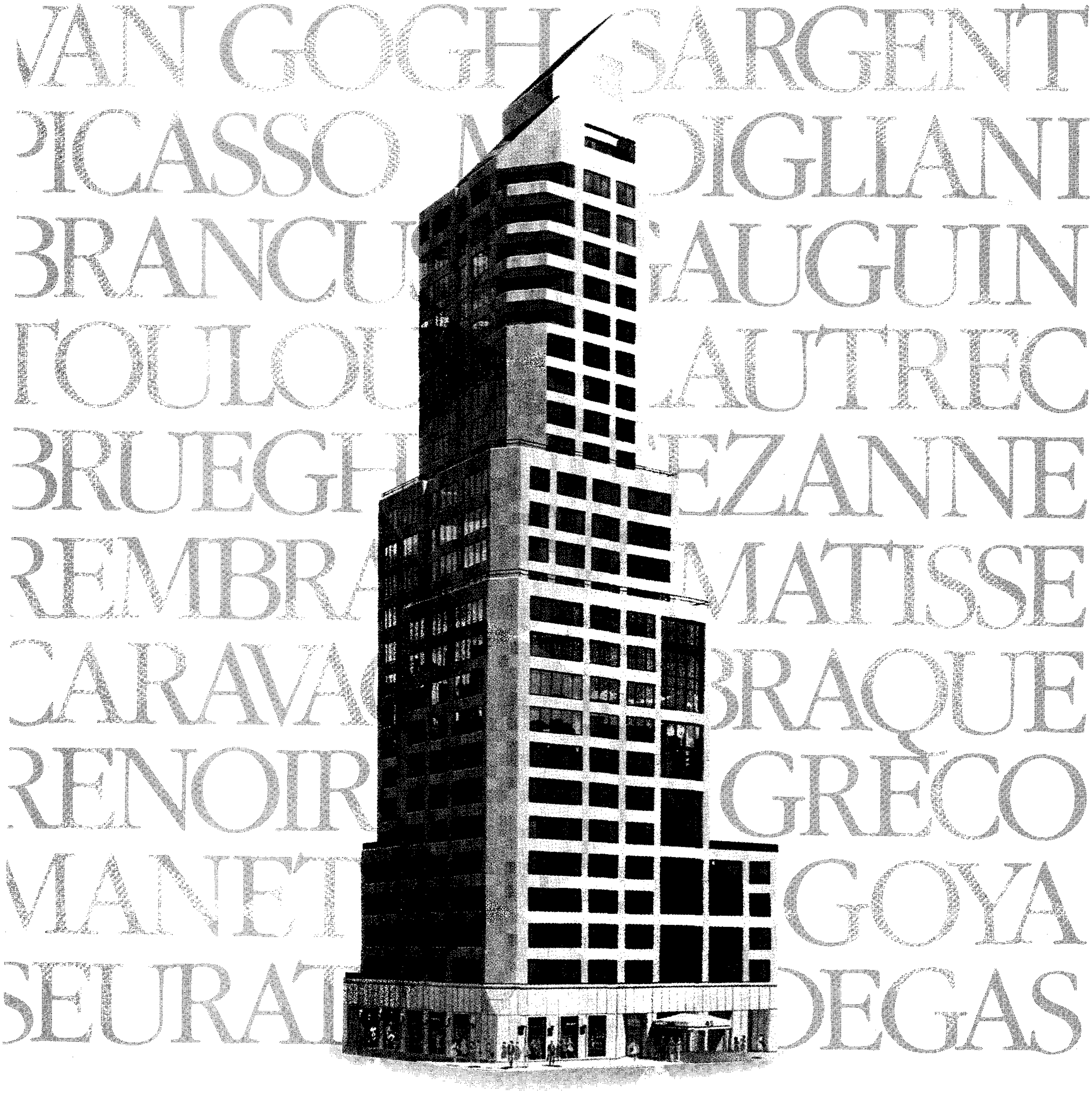
A CHILD'S CHOICE
Natural Children's Wear and Heirloom Quality Toys
Newborn to 6 years Call or write for our catalogue
1-800-634-5463 Ext. 260
17 Monument Avenue, Boston MA 02129

sent the misleading signal with turning in a false alarm, and the cops declined to accept their complaint, as did the chief clerk of a Manhattan criminal court. When Borough President Golden got the Board of Estimate to pass a resolution requiring a public hearing before a firehouse or a police station could be closed, an assistant city corporation counsel said that the Board had no power to enforce such a resolution. Golden thereupon accused him of working only for the Mayor. However, Koch explained that, far from being "sneaky," as the Brownsville people claimed, seizing the firehouse had been "brilliant," and reminiscent of the tactics of Eisenhower in the Second World War. He shrugged off reminders that when he was running for mayor in 1977 he had campaigned in support of residents who conducted a sit-in to protest the closing of what became known as the People's Firehouse, in the Northside section of Brooklyn, and that after he got to be mayor he had seen to it that the firehouse was restored to service. "I didn't know the problems of being mayor at that time," he said.

Lately in this city, it is a rare event that isn't interpreted as having racial implications. The People's Firehouse was in a white neighborhood; Brownsville is heavily black. "He wouldn't have done this in Greenwich Village," Golden said, and he added that he was contemplating filing a suit that would charge the city with civil-rights violations for having closed the firehouse in a poor, black neighborhood. The Mayor explained that he had closed the firehouse so abruptly because he wanted to avoid confrontation. Black members of the City Council then asked how this fitted in with his extensive observations of the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr.—hardly a non-confrontational figure—earlier in the month. As it happened, the demonstration of mayoral power in Brownsville led to demonstrations of interracial solidarity, which has often been in short supply in this city recently. "I do know we have to stop hating each other. . . . If we don't, then Howard Beach will happen again" was the message last month from Charles (Joe) Hynes, the special prosecutor in the Howard Beach case. (Hynes' way of conducting the case was so widely admired by many New Yorkers, including many militant blacks who had originally opposed his appointment, that he is being urged by some anti-Koch Democrats to consider running for mayor next year.) The mostly white members of Engine Company 232 were as angry over the firehouse closing as the Brownsville blacks, and some whites from neighboring areas, fearful that similar preemptive closings would reduce fire protection in their neighborhoods, joined delegates from both groups for protest marches against the closing. As they marched, they sang together "We Shall Overcome." Some of them carried signs that said "KOCH=DEATH." While at City Hall to lobby against the cutbacks specified by the Mayor's Office of Management and Budget, fire officers' union president Bollon said, "No man, woman, or child is safe in this city while the O.M.B. is in operation." On February 18th, an estimated six thousand uniformed firemen massed in front of the Fire Department headquarters in Brooklyn and then marched across the Brooklyn Bridge to City Hall to protest the Brownsville firehouse closing, waving signs and shouting insults at the Fire Department brass and at the Mayor. Whatever Koch had avoided by shutting down the firehouse, it was not confrontation.

THE Mayor's fight with state legislators was over a bill that would increase the pensions of retired city employees, with special benefits for those who retired in the nineteen-sixties, some of whose pensions were said to be less than six thousand dollars a year. The city said it couldn't afford the increase; the employees' unions and the legislators, who are eager to stay in the unions' good graces, insisted that it could, citing swelling pension-fund revenues. The Mayor accused the legislators of having "flinched, blinked, and caved" to the unions. The unions are particularly proud of their historic role in having used their pension funds to save the city from bankruptcy in the fiscal crisis of the mid-nineteen-seventies. The Mayor accused them of having caused the crisis in the first place. His O.M.B. got up charts and graphs showing the districts of all legislators from the city and the cuts in services they would face if the pension increase went through. Speaking of a Brooklyn state senator, for example, Koch demanded, "Is Marty Markowitz's district so safe that he can afford to lose ninety-seven cops?" Many of the threatened cuts were in services for the elderly. Could State Senator Leonard Stavisky, of Queens, afford to have the elderly in his district lose three hundred and sixty thousand dollars in aid, including eleven thousand home-care hours? The retirees, of course, were also elderly: it was the Mayor's elderly versus the legislators' elderly. It was understood, of course, that if the legislators were intimidated by the Mayor's threats and gave in he would not charge them with having flinched, blinked, or caved. Manhattan Senator Franz Leichter accused the Mayor of getting his numbers from a Ouija board. Told that his district was threatened with the loss of thirty-six street cleaners, Leichter said, "We haven't seen thirty-six street cleaners in my district since 1964." The Mayor also said that if the legislators didn't "dig in their heels" and make sure that the city got a fairer distribution of state-education funds he would campaign against them this year. This threat caused a reporter to ask whether on past occasions when he campaigned against an incumbent officeholder the incumbent had ever lost. Although Koch conceded that this had not happened, he was incensed at the news that a Manhattan assemblyman, hearing of the Mayor's threat, had said, "Who cares?" "We'll see who cares," said the Mayor, in an ominous voice. At a City Council hearing, he was accused of dealing with the state legislators as if he were Attila the Hun. Instead, Koch compared himself to Horatius, who single-handedly defended a Roman bridge against the Etruscans. (Actually, the bridge was eventually cut down. Horatius, however, was able to swim to safety.) From the start, it was evident that there would be a compromise on the retirees' pension issue, perhaps involving some reduction in retroactivity in the payments, but the Mayor said that this would be "unacceptable." Assembly Speaker Melvin Miller announced that Koch had "lost all credibility," and that "nobody pays attention to




VAN GOGH
SARGENT
PICASSO
M
DIGLIANI
BRANCU
AUGUIN
TOULOU
LAUTREC
BRUEGH
EZANNE
REMBRA
MATISSE
CARAVA
BRAQUE
RENOIR
GRECO
MANET
GOYA
SEURAT
DEGAS

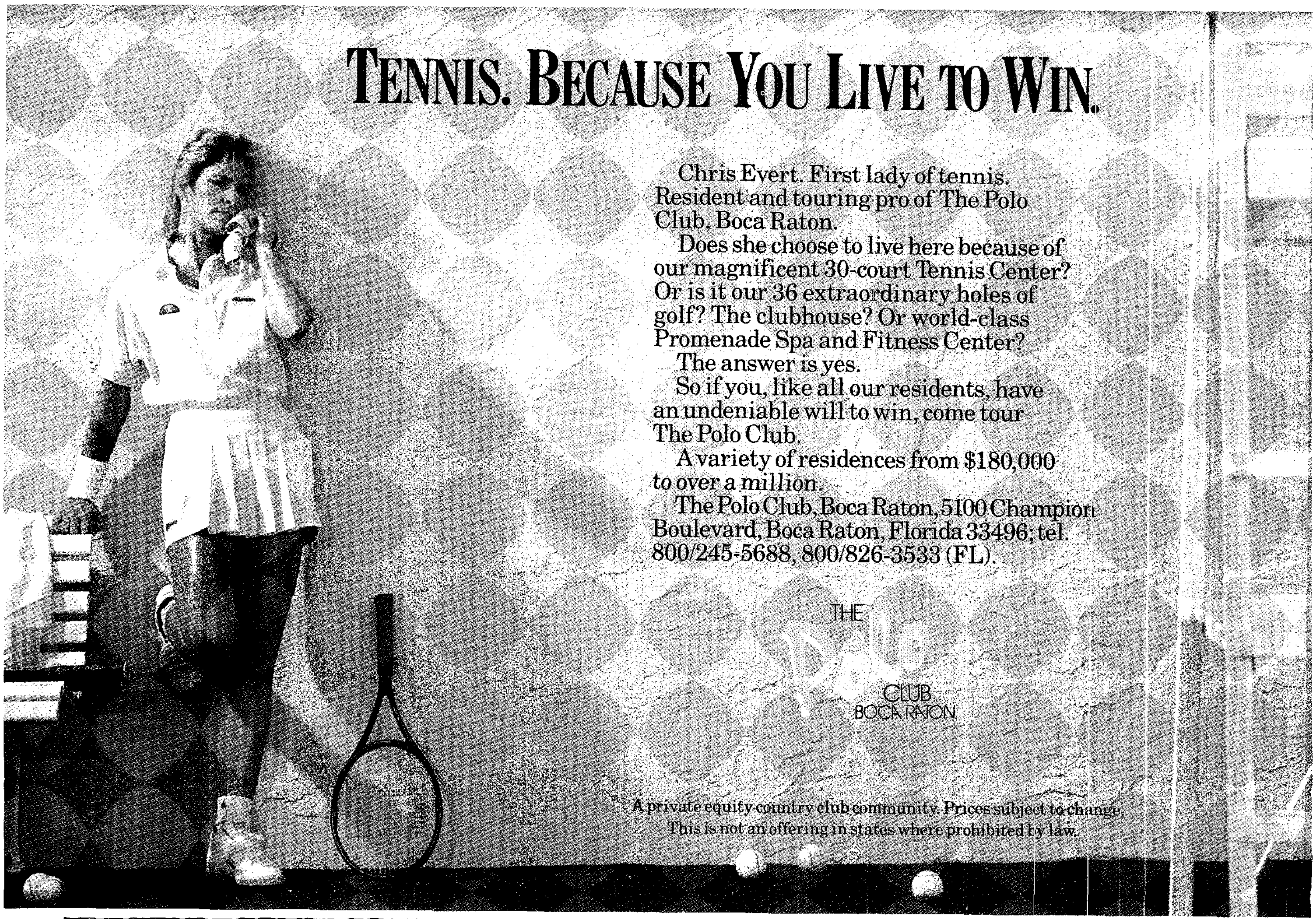
A masterpiece in granite and limestone.

- A new 27-story condominium residence in Manhattan's most desirable neighborhood
- Spacious 2-bedroom, 3-bedroom and duplex apartments
- Full-floor tower apartments with 360-degree views
- Double-paned windows for the ultimate in sound- and weather-proofing
- Brazilian cherrywood parquet flooring
- European-style kitchens with granite floor, microwave oven, washer/dryer
- Marble bathrooms, with whirlpool and bidet in master baths
- A limestone-walled lobby that features a patterned granite floor and 17th-century Flemish tapestries
- State-of-the-art security, including an audio/visual communication system between apartment and concierge

80th at Madison

SHOWN BY APPOINTMENT ONLY. For information, call (212) 628-3600. Sponsor: ADCO-Madison Associates, 645 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022

The complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from sponsor. This advertisement is not an offering to New Jersey residents.



TENNIS. BECAUSE YOU LIVE TO WIN.

Chris Evert. First lady of tennis. Resident and touring pro of The Polo Club, Boca Raton.

Does she choose to live here because of our magnificent 30-court Tennis Center? Or is it our 36 extraordinary holes of golf? The clubhouse? Or world-class Promenade Spa and Fitness Center?

The answer is yes.

So if you, like all our residents, have an undeniable will to win, come tour The Polo Club.

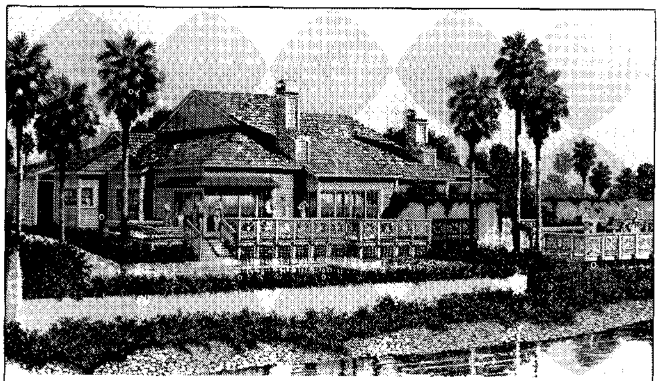
A variety of residences from $180,000 to over a million.

The Polo Club, Boca Raton, 5100 Champion Boulevard, Boca Raton, Florida 33496; tel. 800/245-5688, 800/826-3533 (FL).

THE
Polo
CLUB
BOCA RATON

A private equity country club community. Prices subject to change. This is not an offering in states where prohibited by law.

HOMES & ESTATES



AN ISLAND HOME WITHOUT THE HOMEWORK.

The maintenance-free patio homes of Winding Oaks at Longboat Key Club offer spaciousness and privacy with an easy lifestyle, just off Sarasota. Prices start at $285,000. Call collect 813-383-6411 or for information write to Winding Oaks, Longboat Key Club, 301 Gulf of Mexico Drive, Longboat Key, FL 34228.

LIVE IN THE REALM OF THE EXTRAORDINARY
LONGBOAT·KEY·CLUB
An Arvida Resort Community

This offer is not registered in the state of New York or New Jersey and is not available to residents of either state. Not an offering where prohibited by law.
Arvida Realty Sales, Inc. REALTOR.® ©1988 Arvida/JMB Partners

In the Grand Style

80th at Madison

In cooperation with the Promotion Division of The New Yorker Magazine, a showing of the new Manhattan residential property, 80th at Madison.

Saturdays and Sundays

February 27th and 28th
March 5th and 6th

By invitation only

An About The House
Homes & Estates Event

HOMES & ESTATES

VERMONT

THE LEDGES. Positioned close to the summit of Hawk's Salt Ash Resort in Plymouth, Vermont, is a nearly new four-level townhouse. With four bedrooms, 3½ baths, a fieldstone fireplace, and a double whirlpool and sauna, all is of first rank design and construction. Two of the bedrooms are true master suites with sleeping areas and bathrooms at three different levels. Within minutes you can access Lake Amherst, tennis courts, riding facilities, and Killington and Okemo Ski Areas. Realistically priced at $325,000, unfurnished.

At **HIGH LAKE** 400 lovely acres are shared with never more than twenty owners. There is a private nine-acre lake with sand beach, tennis courts, cross country skiing, and horseback riding trails throughout unspoiled meadows and woods. The 1979 residence offered for sale has 4 bedrooms, 2¾ baths, 2 fireplaces, and lake views. A fine investment at $325,000.

BROOKS H. BARRON
REAL ESTATE

R.D. #1, Box 26A, Rochester, VT 05767, (802) 767-3398

PROVENCE

1791 Farmhouse handsomely restored on 7 acres. Fruit and olive trees. Magnificent views from Alps to Mediterranean. Pool. 3-story living room. 2 bedrooms. 2 baths. Modern kitchen. Sunroom. Maid. Caretaker. One hour to Nice airport. May or October: 11,700 francs. June or September, 14,000 francs.

HUNTINGTON. Claviers. 83830 Callas. France. Tel. 94766460.

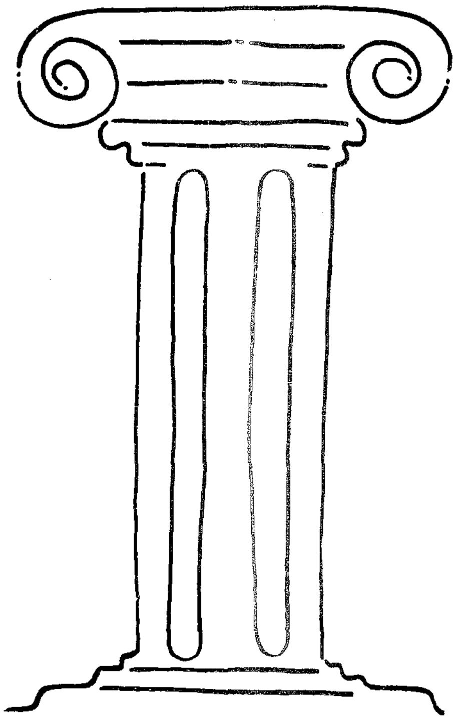
KAUAI - POIPU

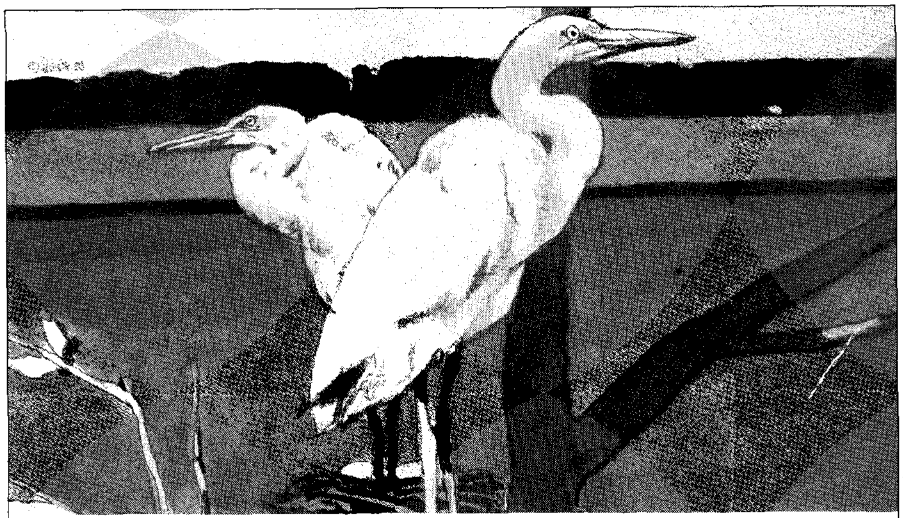
Beautiful fully equipped 2000 sq. ft., 3 BR Home on lushly landscaped ½ acre with 40′ pool, very private, has lanai and sundeck. Walk to beaches for swimming, excellent snorkeling or just plain sunning. Golf and tennis nearby. Sunny Poipu Beach area - $175.00/day.

COLOR BROCHURE
Box 842 • Laguna Beach, CA 92652

17th CEN. MILL IN FRANCE

We have a charming stone millhouse 75 miles south east of Paris in the province of Burgundy. 3 miles from historic town on 6 acres of privacy. Reasonable weekly or monthly rates.
Contact: L. Caron, 6 rue de Bellechasse,
75007 PARIS Tel 47.05.00.22.





BUILD YOUR NEST ON DATAW ISLAND. OTHERS HAVE.

Settle down to a place that's surrounded with pristine water. Clean, clear air. And far, far away from tourists. Just six miles east of Beaufort, SC, Dataw Island is a private community that offers a flock of activities, like championship golf, tennis and fine dining at a magnificent clubhouse. Plus fishing and boating. Homesites begin at $40,000. And homes, including site, range from $145,000 to over $300,000. Come for a Dataw Discovery Getaway. After all, why fly south for the winter when you can live there? *Discover Dataw Island.* **1-800-848-3838.**

DATAW ISLAND

Dataw Island Realty, P.O. Box 819, Beaufort, SC 29901, (803) 838-3838. Arthur F. Levin, Broker in Charge. Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This offer void where prohibited by law. Offering Statement available from subdivider. An Offering Statement has been filed with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission (NJA #J1187049SC). Filing with New York Secretary of State is not approval of merits of offering (NYA-87-148). A Community by Alcoa Properties, Inc. ALCOA MN3

BLANDINGS

Visit Britain this year—and stay in your own rental house. Select a charming country cottage, a Cotswold manor or a Scottish castle. Full staffing available. Golf, tennis, fishing and riding. See Britain's historic houses, museums and fabled countryside. Impeccable standards in meticulously selected properties. No surcharge guarantee on 1988 prices. For superb 4 color catalogue and prices call Vera G. Williams on 202-328-1353 or write Vera G. Williams Inc., International Properties, 2841 29th St. NW, Washington DC 20008 or see your travel agent.

THE BUNDY FARM
Bethel, VT

The Bundy family's handsome Vermont homestead was built during the Civil War and retains its timeless charm. The main house has a friendly country kitchen, a den, studio, 4 bedrooms, 1-½ baths, and a sunroom overlooking gardens and meadows to the mountains beyond. The main barn has abundant storage space and the attached horse barn has 4 box stalls and a tack room. Outside is a riding arena and split-rail and electric fencing.

The farm is sited amidst 300 acres that feature gardens, an orchard, 2 brooks, a pond, and a hiking/riding trail. Fifty acres are open, the rest valuable timberland. The entire property is offered for $445,000. With 260+ acres and the buildings described—$385,000. (The remaining 40 acres available only following sale of the main property, for $75,000.)

BROOKS H. BARRON
REAL ESTATE

R.D. #1, Box 26A, Rochester, VT 05767, (802) 767-3398

HOMES & ESTATES
is a biweekly feature in
THE NEW YORKER

For more information
on advertising in this
section, please call
Laura Baumstein at
(212) 536-5463

QUECHEE LAKES, VERMONT
Homes • Condos • Land

Call or write for our new 1988 full-color listings brochure.

Quechee Lakes Real Estate Center
Box 85, U.S. Rte 4,
Quechee, Vermont 05059
800-323-7525 or 802-295-7525

Quechee Lakes
Vermont's Finest Four Season Community

him anymore." He said he was considering tying some strings to state revenue-sharing funds so that the Mayor would have less control over them—a move that would be damaging to the city. By the time a compromise was reached, on February 13th, which did involve somewhat less retroactivity, most of the legislators from the city were in a rage at the Mayor, and so were the sixty per cent of the legislators from upstate and the suburbs, who call the tune in Albany, and who can make big campaign points with their constituents by voting down measures sought by the city or its strident mayor. A few days after the compromise, the Governor let it be known that he wouldn't think of trying this year to introduce a bill the Mayor badly wanted giving him more control over the city's Board of Education. In the current tense and hostile atmosphere, it would never pass. "Nobody likes a bully," said Assemblyman Alan Hevesi, of Queens.

IF the Mayor's political approach in recent weeks has not always been well received by local and state legislators, he was a smash late last month in an appearance here before a special task force of the House of Representatives that was considering the problems of the homeless. One after another, the five congressmen present, all of them from New York, heaped praise upon him for what he had done in this field. Charles Schumer, a popular liberal-minded representative from Brooklyn, told him, "What the city has done is unsurpassed anywhere." In the nation's capital, Schumer said, homeless people were sleeping on the streets, "sleeping on grates," and "that isn't true in New York"—a statement suggesting that local members of Congress don't often come home or, if they do, don't move around town much. Koch said morosely that in spite of all he did "I rarely receive a kind word" from the advocates for the homeless. Many other New Yorkers understandably resented all that was being done for the homeless, he said. The city couldn't build permanent housing for them, "or we'd never get 'em out." The advocates complained that in the shelters "there are too many beds in one room"—there are eight or nine hundred in some armories—and that they're not safe. "Ridiculous!" said the Mayor. (A report last year by his own Human Resources Administration said that the shelters weren't safe either for those who live in them or for those who work in them.) Speaking of "the advocates," he complained also of "all of this yelling and screaming about the welfare hotels," and accused them of being Machiavellian. "I think they have an agenda to bring down the whole system," he told the congressmen. At another point, he said that the advocates were engaged in "a plot." "I don't know what the plot is," he said, but they were always criticizing him. Of course, he criticized them back. He didn't know what their reason was, but he did it "for fun." He left the hearing at the same time as George McDonald, who in 1985 ran for president of the City Council on a platform of doing more for the homeless. In the hallway, McDonald said to Koch that if he thought the Coalition for the Homeless and similar agencies were engaged in a plot it proved that he was paranoid. The conversation ended there, because the Mayor wouldn't let McDonald get into the elevator with him.

FOR months now, the Mayor has been saying that the local corruption story is history, over and done with. At his sixty-third-birthday party, in December—a fund-raiser, at which the dinner tabs of those present, many of them would-be financial beneficiaries of future contracts dependent on his administration's actions, contributed eight hundred and forty thousand dollars to his 1989 reëlection kitty—the Mayor referred in the past tense to having endured "eighteen months of hell," perpetrated by "some of the worst people on earth." He got a nice hand, although nearly everybody in the room well remembered previous mayoral fund-raisers at which many of the now despised perpetrators, including Stanley Friedman and the late Donald Manes, had been among the jovial guests, arm in arm with the Mayor. Last month, Koch told reporters, with satisfaction, that visitors no longer badgered him with questions about the scandals and instead gave their attention to his latest good-government projects. It is possible, of course, that the view of his City Hall regime as a symbol of municipal corruption has not left people's minds but taken up permanent lodging there. In Albany this month, when he kept insisting that the city couldn't afford to raise the retirees' pensions, Queens Assemblywoman Catherine Nolan said, "It seems his ability to manage his budget is really called into question. Let him find the money from all the money his friends took from the Parking Violations Bureau." And a few weeks ago Jack Paar, doing his annual return tour on NBC, began the show by extending a welcome to those in the audience, including "all the members of the New York City administration who are out on bail."

As it happened, they had heard about New York's municipal corruption at the American International Toy Fair. Despite the doomsday budget that the Mayor has offered, citing the bad news from Wall Street, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin has been pointing out that city revenues are in fact coming in at a higher rate than was projected last year; that although further Wall Street layoffs may come, local unemployment is the lowest it's been in seventeen years; and that retail sales are holding up well, and so is tourism, including attendance at conventions. Koch likes to say that his predecessors as mayor were unsympathetic to members of the business community ("Under Abe Beame, they were leaving New York in droves," he told reporters this month), and that the business world appreciates having a friend at City Hall. Each February, the Toy Fair brings delegations from more than a thousand companies to the Toy Center, at 200 Fifth Avenue, and the Javits Convention Center to show their wares to some seventeen thousand buyers from fifty or so countries. Nearly every year, in the presence of toy-corporation and trade-association officials, the Mayor has presided over a special City Hall ceremony honoring the event. This year, he skipped the ceremony and just issued a proclamation. It may have been just as well, since otherwise the makers of a game called Corruption might have seized the opportunity to come down to City Hall, accompanied by their prop—not cardboard, in this case, but human. The sponsors of Corruption, which was invented by a Wolcott, Connecticut, dentist named Dr. Joseph

Siemiatkoski, had hired a young man to put on an oversized papier-mâché head—nearly bald, with a broad, grinning face, unmistakably modelled on that of New York's Mayor. During the fair, the pseudo Koch pranced about in front of 200 Fifth Avenue and in the aisles of the Javits Center, with fake twenty-dollar bills spilling out of his pockets as he waved copies of the Corruption game at passersby. Those who inquired further discovered that the game, which retails for twenty-six dollars, requires the players to move around a Monopoly-style board, coping with municipal-contract cards, state-contract cards, cards representing, for example, sewer and landfill contracts, for which payoffs are made at Barboni's Café, as well as cards bearing such messages as "The Mayor likes you. Go up one step on your political advancement chart" and "You get a job in City Hall. Donate $1,000 to the Mayor's secret fund." The game involves graft on both city and state levels—the exact city and state unspecified—but Corruption's sponsors brought in as an occasional partner for the Koch figure another human prop representing a higher-level officeholder: a strolling player wearing a crinkly-eyed mask of Ronald Reagan. Fitting right in with this act was the news, arriving during the Toy Fair, that Reagan's former adviser Lyn Nofziger had been convicted of violating the Ethics in Government Act in connection with the Wedtech Corporation, and that former Bronx Borough President Simon as well as another of the Mayor's close political friends, Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, will go on trial in another aspect of the Wedtech case March 7th. As the purported Koch and Reagan moved around the Toy Fair, the Koch figure kept calling out, "They're playing it at City Hall! They're playing it in Washington! Stanley Friedman is playing it! Mario Biaggi will be playing it!" Pictures of the colorful pair made the local papers, and Dr. Siemiatkoski happily reported that orders were coming in at a brisk pace. "It's the perfect game for the eighties," he said. "Corruption—the game, that is—is the American dream."

Koch won't be able to avoid giving some attention to the corruption issue next month. This year's musical lampoon by the Inner Circle, the fraternity of local political reporters, is called "Porky and Bess"—thus featuring two problems he'd rather not think about: his girth, and the legal troubles of his longtime friend and former Cultural Affairs Commissioner Bess Myerson, who was indicted by Giuliani's office last October on charges that included using her office to influence the actions of a judge in the divorce case of her lover, the city sewer contractor Carl (Andy) Capasso. Settling on a federal district judge to handle this trial, scheduled to begin in May, has been no easy task. Robert Sweet, the first to be assigned, excused himself, noting that he had served in the administration of Mayor John Lindsay at a time when Miss Myerson was Lindsay's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs. A subsequent choice, Kevin Duffy, withdrew after Giuliani complained to reporters that Duffy had connections to one of the defendants in the Myerson case and to Milton Gould, a prominent local lawyer whose firm is representing the defendant. The next choice was John Keenan, who was Criminal Justice Coördinator in the Koch administration at the same time that Miss Myerson was a Koch commissioner. However, Keenan said that he had had little to do with the former Miss America and therefore there was no reason for him to disqualify himself. The chances are that if Koch appears as a prosecution witness in the case, as he has said that he will if called, Judge Keenan might be counted on to take a protective attitude toward his old boss should Koch commit any indiscretions on the stand. A couple of winters ago, when Giuliani's office was in the midst of a trial in Keenan's court that charged Carmine (Junior) Persico and other members of the Colombo organized-crime family with controlling through extortion and kickback schemes a large share of city concrete contracts, Koch said during a Sunday-afternoon television interview that everybody knew that the concrete business was dominated by the mob. Persico's lawyers immediately moved for a mistrial. Keenan ruled, however, that Koch's remarks could have had no deleterious effect: anyhow, everybody had been watching the Giants-Bears game that afternoon.

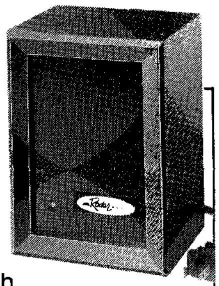
—Andy Logan

•

A memorial service for the 4,500 patients served by the Hospice of St. John in Lakewood is planned for 3 p.m. today at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, 2201 Dexter St. The hospice opened in 1977 and is directed by the Rev. Paul von Lobkowitz. A wine-tasting party, featuring actress Susan Sullivan, will follow at 4 p.m.—*Denver Post.*

The beat goes on at St. Thomas.

GET RID OF
RATS, MICE
BATS, SQUIRRELS
OTHER PESTS



...the *easy* way with
RODAR® II ULTRASONIC *SUPERPOWER*

RODAR II is the super-powerful *professional* ultrasonic pest repeller. Its exclusive dual-transducers blast out ultrasound waves up to 60 and more times the power of other devices. *And power is what makes RODAR II so effective.*

RODAR ultrasound equals a jet engine at close quarters — unbearable to pests, but at frequencies above the hearing range of humans and pets, *and completely safe.*

Use RODAR II where pests exist or are a threat... home, office, apartment, vacation home, farm, restaurant, storage area... Covers up to 3,000 sq. ft. *RODAR II drives pests out and, better yet, keeps them from getting in.*

Rodents, roaches, fleas... RODAR II users report remarkable results. 30-day trial shows how well RODAR II works, *at no risk.*

Handsome simulated walnut: 6⅝" high. 2¼ lbs. Uses less than 5 watts. Plugs into standard 110v. outlet. Complete instructions included. Manufactured by Monadnock in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.

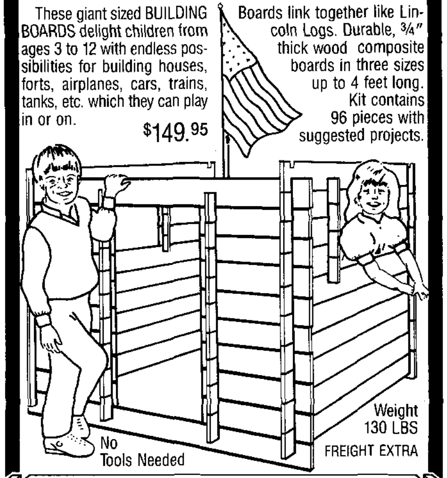
30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE... 12 MONTH MANUFACTURER'S WARRANTY.

TO ORDER... send $119.95 plus $4.00 each shipping & handling (in Mass. add 5% tax) by check, money order, or MasterCard/Visa number and exp. date, to **MONADNOCK SALES COMPANY, Dept.**433, 891 High St., **P.O. Box 189, Dedham, MA 02026,** or CALL **TOLL FREE 1-800-334-0854 Extension 651.** (N.C. residents, or for information, call 617-326-8675). **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER** 433.
(891 High St. is not a local retail location.)

IDEAL INDOOR EDUCATIONAL GIFT

These giant sized BUILDING BOARDS delight children from ages 3 to 12 with endless possibilities for building houses, forts, airplanes, cars, trains, tanks, etc. which they can play in or on. $149.95

Boards link together like Lincoln Logs. Durable, ¾" thick wood composite boards in three sizes up to 4 feet long. Kit contains 96 pieces with suggested projects.



No Tools Needed

Weight 130 LBS
FREIGHT EXTRA

BUILDING BOARDS™

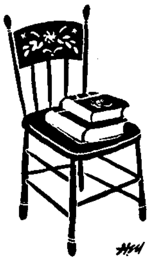
Order by phone (219) 234-3143 — Or order by mail.
Use your credit card. ☐ M.C. ☐ VISA ☐ CHECK
Acct. # ____________ Exp. Dt. ______
Send to: The Ridge Company, Inc., P.O. Box 2859, South Bend, IN 46680
(An Enterprise Zone Manufacturing Company)

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 others and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos adventure. 44 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606Y Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

BOOKS

The Public as Prosecutor

Throughout the eighteenth century and on into the Regency and the early years of Victoria, the sexual peccadilloes of British politicians, provided they were heterosexual (sodomy was a capital offense), might entertain or scandalize the social world but were no detriment to a political career. (Gary Hart, thou shouldst have been running at that hour!) Since politics and the privilege of voting were the business of a compact social minority of the landed and mercantile classes, the private lives of politicians, even when well publicized or satirized, were not threatened by the unlettered, voteless majority of the people. In 1836, Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, was brought to court as the guilty party in a divorce suit. He was cleared after a brilliant closing speech by his lawyer, though the public at large presumed his guilt. But the case did not markedly diminish his political stature, and the following year, when the eighteen-year-old Victoria came to the throne, Melbourne became the most intimate and most trusted of her advisers, and the drollest. (He was the one who at a performance of "Othello" muttered, "How different from the private life of our own dear Queen.")



Fifty years later, an obscure Liberal member of Parliament came home one evening to his London flat and found an anonymous letter darkly announcing, "The one who ruined your wife was Sir C.D." Sir Charles Dilke was a political original, and something of a paradox, who combined a passionate concern for housing and educating the poor with an extraordinary grasp of imperial history and a pride in the Empire. He was generally presumed to be the likeliest successor to William Ewart Gladstone as the next Liberal Prime Minister. He was cited as corespondent in the Liberal member's divorce suit, but the case was dismissed, with the help of an ingenious judge, for lack of airtight evidence. However, in the changed moral atmosphere of the time, and with an enormous rise in the voting population, this was a damaging result, and Dilke had the Queen's Proctor reopen the case. In the second hearing, while he managed to rebut the charges of the "ruined" wife he was compelled to confess adultery with her mother. He was freed on the main charge and congratulated by his friends, but the public verdict was against him. By that time, the public had come to mean the large and literate middle- and lower-middle-class, chapel-going population and the Liberal Party it had created. Dilke's political career was shattered. Only four years later, so was that of Parnell, the dashing Parliamentary advocate of Irish home rule. His dalliance with Kitty, the wife of his friend and Parliamentary colleague Captain O'Shea, lost him the public support even of Gladstone, who never allowed his tolerance of other men's private vices ("I have known nine Prime Ministers, seven of whom were adulterers") to sully his public persona as the epitome of the churchman-statesman. The *Methodist Times* boasted, "Sir Charles Dilke defied the Nonconformist Conscience and is a political outcast today. Parnell despised the Nonconformist Conscience and he destroyed himself and his party."

Between the official, and even the royal, tolerance of Melbourne's hanky-panky and the general condemnation of Dilke and Parnell yawned an enormous ethical gap, spanning the social mores of the Regency and the heyday of Victorian respectability. In the first four decades of the nineteenth century, to have made a public fuss about the existence of a Cabinet Minister's mistress would have been a political impertinence, if not a breach of good manners. By the eighteen-eighties, sexual liaisons were no doubt as frequent as ever, but they had to be screened from the knowledge of those Nonconformist voters, who had become the first politically effective moral majority since Cromwell.

Something of a similar gap—or, rather, an ethical movement in reverse—seems to have existed between the early nineteen-sixties and the early nineteen-eighties. In 1963, John Profumo, Secretary of State for War in the Macmillan Conservative Government, forced by a nattering campaign in a society magazine and a knowing newsletter, spoke up in the House of Commons to protest that there had been "no impropriety whatsoever" in his "acquaintanceship" with Christine Keeler, a young call girl. Three months later, with the tabloids mining pay dirt in the private life of the girl and her raunchy associates, and the Labour Party mounting a damaging offensive, Profumo wrote to the Prime Minister and confessed to a sin far more heinous in British Parliamentary terms than adultery: he had lied to the House of Commons. He had indeed slept with the girl, and he resigned. During the next dozen years, the wholly penitent Profumo labored so unceasingly as a charity worker in the slums of East London that the Queen was pleased, in 1975, to make him a Commander of the British Empire.

In 1983, Mrs. Thatcher's Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, one Cecil Parkinson, had the misfortune to get his mistress pregnant, the rashness to offer her marriage, and the imprudence to renege on the promise before the baby was born. It all came out, to the brash trumpets of the tabloids, and he resigned. As usual, the victim's wife stood by him. Today, he is back in the Cabinet, as Secretary of State for Energy. In Britain, at least, it seems possible now, as it was not possible in the eighty years between Dilke and Profumo, for all to be forgiven. In the long historical context, indeed, Profumo can be seen as probably the last victim of the canon law of Victorian morality. For all the postwar preening about sexual liberation, London's Swinging Sixties, and the legalizing of homosexuality between consenting adults, it is clear that members of Parliament then, whether straight or gay, remained as acutely aware as their Victorian forebears that public disclosure of their inclinations between the sheets would topple their political careers. It is true that members of Parliament were (and probably still are) familiar with the names and habits of the adult delinquents among them. But they formed, even as the United States Senate did, a very exclusive club, which kept mum on principle about the sexual waywardness of its members.

What brought Profumo down, however, was the rumor that Keeler had also slept with a Russian. In the first discussion of Profumo's trouble to be aired in the House of Commons, a Labour member, Barbara Castle, said, "If it is just a case of a Minister having been found with a pretty girl, good luck to him. But what if there is something else, of much greater importance?" The "something else" turned out to be the involvement of Yevgeny M. Ivanov, assistant naval attaché of the Soviet Embassy. The coincidence of a Secretary of War's having the same bedmate as a Russian diplomat triggered, first in the Commons, then in the press, a galloping fear of threats to national security.

The man who brought together Christine Keeler with Profumo, Ivanov, and many other prominent men, including Lord Astor, was Stephen Ward, a society osteopath and portraitist who maintained a salon of sorts that was open to social butterflies, milords, businessmen, and prostitutes. It was also open to perfectly nice, if bewildered, girls whom Ward picked up in pubs and once, at least, on a street corner and invited to share his flat for a day or a week, with no obligation to do more than to listen and to be decorative. He was not, evidently, himself highly sexed, but he was a voyeur, and equipped his sitting room with a two-way mirror through which he and guests so inclined could watch the proceedings in the bedroom. Ward was a charming, intelligent, dissolute, generous fifty-year-old, impossible to pin down as a recognizable social type—a problem that in the end was to baffle and horrify the judge who tried and convicted him. He was so catholic in his affections, so unbounded in his hospitality, so gabbily indiscreet in boasting to one and all about his important friends (Lord Astor was practically his patron) that he chronically exaggerated his personal influence in politics and, in one preposterous fantasy, claimed that in the Cuban missile crisis he had been a decisive go-between in the Foreign Office's exchanges with the Russians (i.e. Ivanov).

Out of this imbroglio of sexual scandal, abuse of Parliamentary privilege, Tory humiliation, and hysteria about Soviet penetration of atomic secrets, Phillip Knightley and Caroline Kennedy (no relation) have produced "An Affair of State: The Profumo Case and the Framing of Stephen Ward" (Atheneum; $18.95). It is the sixth book on the case. Nobody, I believe, has yet put together the vast and odious volume that could be made out of the newspapers that published the barefaced, ghostwritten memoirs of Keeler and her randy partner, Mandy Rice-Davies, whose truths, admitted untruths, and gaudy inventions outweighed the proved evidence at Ward's trial.

It ought to be said, and regretfully, that, apparently to stimulate the reader's taste buds for a scandal that is over twenty years old, Knightley and Kennedy have sauced up the old dish with juicy stuff that sometimes smothers the original. They make Profumo out to have been in the moment of his downfall a rising star in the Tory Party and "clearly Prime Ministerial material." I have not met anyone of influence in or around Westminster, or a political reporter of the time, who believes that Profumo, a competent but uninspiring pro, was ever going any higher than his job as Secretary of War. On the basis of a harebrained, profitless two-week trip to New York by Keeler and Rice-Davies, and an American businessman's friendship with both Ward and David Bruce, the United States Ambassador to Britain at the time, much too much is made of J. Edgar Hoover's bloodshot vision of the K.G.B. running an international call-girl ring and of American Air Force men leaking state secrets to Keeler—a vision that led to the dispatch to London of F.B.I. agents to pursue the hair-raising possibility that President Kennedy (who in fact had never seen Keeler) had slept with her, too. This frenzied investigation proved nothing at all, except that Stephen Ward talked too much "at every dinner party he went to and everywhere else" about the Profumo affair.

It has been routinely said, as a rhetorical throwaway, that the affair "almost" brought down the Macmillan Government. Knightley and Kennedy succinctly show that in fact it did. At the end of a Commons debate, made inevitable by a thundering editorial in the *Times* asking for "earnest and serious men" to take over, the Government held a majority of sixty-nine, enough to rescue the Party but not its leader. Macmillan was allowed to stay on after a promise to Conservative leaders to "lead the Party into the election" and then resign, which is what he did.

What the new book does is to sub-

"When did you two start exchanging high fives?"

Any Recording By Mail

Discover the convenience of shopping from home for any CD, LP or Tape. Our 200 pages of Classical, Opera, Jazz, & Pop titles is the world's largest music catalog. You'll find everything from Basie to Wagner, The Beatles to U 2.

EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG

Now you can order your music by toll-free phone or mail and get quick (UPS) home delivery.

Send $6.00 (refundable on your first order) for 1 year of monthly updates, covering new releases & musical specials plus a **FREE** copy of our 25,000 title Annual Catalog with $50 in merchandise credits. Absolutely no obligation and no unrequested shipments.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM
___Start the Updates & send FREE Catalog $6.00/yr.
___Check or ___Credit card ___Visa___MC___Amex
#____________________EXP______
Name________________________
Address________________________
City/State/ Zip________________________
EXPRESS MUSIC 175 Fifth Ave. NYC, NY 10010
☎ 1-800-233-6357

Two years of restoration, now...
The Bretton Arms.
An intimate hotel set amidst
the natural beauty of Bretton Woods.
A landmark of elegance where service is
the first priority. For those who desire
the finest amenities, accommodations,
downhill and cross-country skiing,
we await your arrival.

The Bretton Arms
❄ 1896 ❄
Bretton Woods, New Hampshire

(800)258-0330 (603)278-1000
Box 14, Bretton Woods, NH 03575
A Mount Washington Hotel Property

Serious Lighting
for Serious Readers
Write or call for FREE Catalog
Levenger Design Company
Dept. NY9, 480-C Concord Avenue
Belmont, MA 02178 (617) 484-0014

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

stantiate—more fully even than the British reporter Ludovic Kennedy's excellent "The Trial of Stephen Ward"—the explicit accusation of the subtitle "The Framing of Stephen Ward." Only a week before Profumo made his denial in Parliament, Ward's name had come into the news in connection with a squalid case being heard at the Old Bailey. A West Indian lover of Keeler's, believing she had deserted him for an old flame, fired shots at the window of a flat where he knew her to be staying. The flat was Dr. Stephen Ward's, and his terrified guests at the moment of the shooting were Keeler and Rice-Davies. Thereafter, the tabloids revelled in their doings and, eventually, in their highly colored confessions. Once Profumo's name had become linked with Keeler's, if only by Profumo's denial, some Cabinet members began to worry that public suspicion would get out of hand—that the odium of the Old Bailey trial, and the underworld lives it had exposed, would pass over to the Government.

The first to act on his doubts about Profumo's denial was Henry Brooke, the Home Secretary (the statutory counterpart of our Secretary of the Interior but in practice more like a White House aide). Hearing of a confidential Labour Party report positively asserting that Profumo had had an affair with Keeler and written her compromising letters, he decided that the only way to rid the Government of the contagion of rumors that mingled lowlife with espionage was to isolate Ward as the responsible virus, to find some charge on which he could be quickly prosecuted. The police were brought in to question Keeler and Rice-Davies. What was fatal to Ward's future was Keeler's statement, almost certainly a lie, that Ward had asked her to find out from Secretary of War Profumo when Germany would receive nuclear warheads. Brooke brought in the head of MI5, Britain's C.I.A., who had professed to have lost interest in the case since Ivanov went home to Moscow. For a while, Brooke played with the notion of prosecuting Ward under the Official Secrets Act, but dropped it when MI5 assured him that there was nothing substantial to go on. (MI5 actually recruited Ward as an agent to report on Ivanov, but once Ward's trial was in prospect MI5 beat a hasty retreat from admission of the fact, which was consequently not allowed to come out at the trial.) Throughout the spring of 1963, the

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

The unexamined life was not worth living.

Don't wait too long to join a Great Books reading and discussion group.
Write:
The Great Books Foundation
A nonprofit corporation
40 East Huron Street
Chicago, Illinois 60611
Call: 1-800-222-5870
In Illinois: (312) 332-5870

FROM $57
SAN FRANCISCO
Enjoy "London in San Francisco" at the Hotel Abigail.
"A Singular In-Town English Country Inn"—British Observer
THE ABIGAIL
FOR RESERVATIONS: 800 243-6510/US 800 553-5575/CA

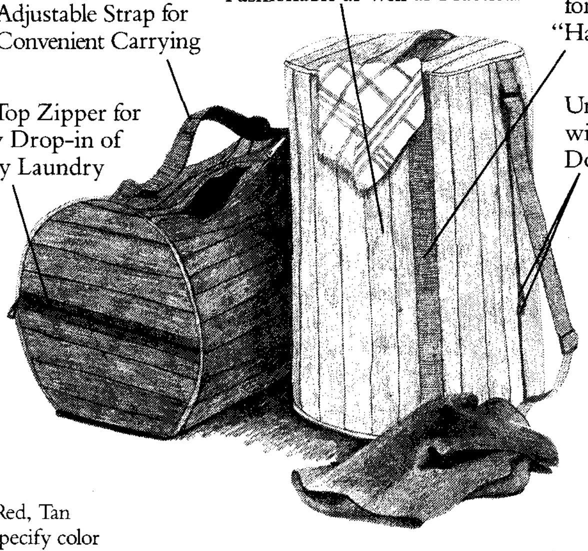
COME VISIT OUR BOOKSHOP

We now maintain a weekend used book shop on Route 28 in Shokan, N.Y., 9 miles west of NYS Thruway exit 19 (Kingston). The books are different from those in our catalogs. Open SATURDAY and SUNDAY, 10 to 5.
EDITIONS (914-657-7000)

police dogged Ward day and night, and acquired a bulging file of transcripts of interviews with Keeler and Rice-Davies and men who had slept with them, and other "confessions," some of them wrenched by intimidation. Four days after Profumo wrote his confessional letter to Macmillan, in June, Ward was arrested, and charged with procuring and living on the earnings of prostitutes.

Knightley and Kennedy very convincingly maintain that no proof was ever offered in court to sustain these charges, and that much evidence to the contrary was never countered, either by the prosecuting attorney or by the judge in his summing-up. It was never proved that Ward had at any time asked for money from the girl guests except to help pay the rent, and there was never any evidence that he lived off the allowances that one or other of the girls received from her various lovers. More often than not, he lent money to female guests who were temporarily hard up.

But lack of evidence is not always a handicap in a judicial system that allows extraordinary license to a prosecutor to characterize a defendant irrespective of the relevant testimony. Even more flagrant, and often remarked on by visiting American lawyers, is the freedom of a British judge to moralize his preconceptions and firmly direct a verdict. In this trial, the prosecutor and the judge did little more in Ward's favor than refine the gross aspersions of the press, so that Ward was thoroughly identified in the minds of the public and, more fatefully, in the minds of the jury as a pervert and a monster. Twice during his summation, the judge noted that Ward had been abandoned by his friends. He made of this a sinister revelation, in a tone worthy of Serjeant Buzfuz: "There may be many reasons why Ward has been abandoned [by his friends] in his extremity. You must not guess at them, but this is clear: if Stephen Ward was telling the truth in the witness box, there are in this city many witnesses of high estate and low who could have come and testified in support of his evidence." This was disingenuous to the point of hypocrisy. Once Ward was seen as a sinking ship by the crew of celebrities, businessmen, Parliamentarians, and playboys who had enjoyed more or less innocent evenings at his flat, or at the cottage Lord Astor had lent him on the family estate at Cliveden, the scuttling operation was on. Even Prime Minister



Is it a Hamper? Is it a Travel Bag?

It's HamperBag!

Luxurious Quilted Nylon, Modern Lifestyle Furnishing, Fashionable as well as Practical

Adjustable Strap for Convenient Carrying

Unique Support for Upright "Hamper" Position

16″ Top Zipper for Easy Drop-in of Daily Laundry

Unpacks Quickly with 23″ Zipper and Double Pulls

HAMPER BAG™ by branco®

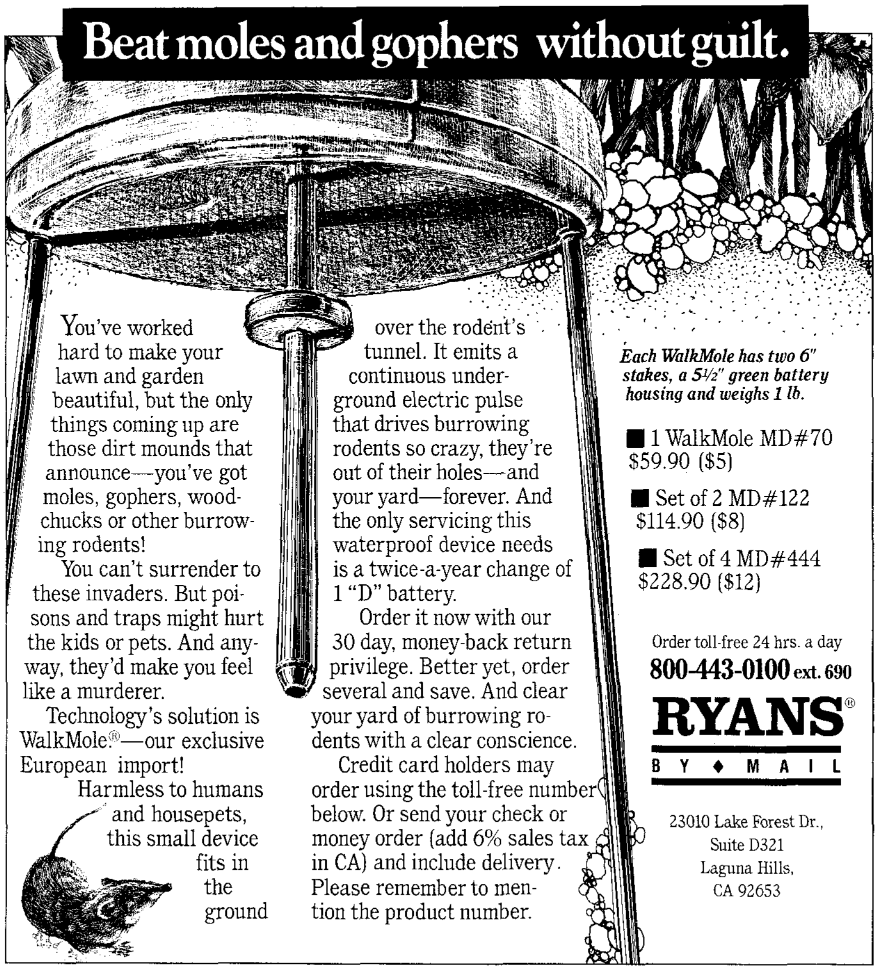
Pat. Pend.
© 1988 Marlene Branco
Made in U.S.A.

Black, Red, Tan
Please specify color
Satisfaction Guaranteed

$48.00 includes shipping
Delivery 4 to 6 wks.

CT. Res. Add 7.5% Sales Tax
Check, M.O., Visa, MasterCard (exp. date)
1-(800) 227-1032 CT Res. (203) 854-8801

Payable & Send to:
BMC, Box 2120A
Westport, CT 06880



Beat moles and gophers without guilt.

You've worked hard to make your lawn and garden beautiful, but the only things coming up are those dirt mounds that announce—you've got moles, gophers, woodchucks or other burrowing rodents!

You can't surrender to these invaders. But poisons and traps might hurt the kids or pets. And anyway, they'd make you feel like a murderer.

Technology's solution is WalkMole®—our exclusive European import!

Harmless to humans and housepets, this small device fits in the ground over the rodent's tunnel. It emits a continuous underground electric pulse that drives burrowing rodents so crazy, they're out of their holes—and your yard—forever. And the only servicing this waterproof device needs is a twice-a-year change of 1 "D" battery.

Order it now with our 30 day, money-back return privilege. Better yet, order several and save. And clear your yard of burrowing rodents with a clear conscience.

Credit card holders may order using the toll-free number below. Or send your check or money order (add 6% sales tax in CA) and include delivery. Please remember to mention the product number.

Each WalkMole has two 6″ stakes, a 5½″ green battery housing and weighs 1 lb.

■ 1 WalkMole MD#70 $59.90 ($5)

■ Set of 2 MD#122 $114.90 ($8)

■ Set of 4 MD#444 $228.90 ($12)

Order toll-free 24 hrs. a day
800-443-0100 ext. 690

RYANS®
BY ◆ MAIL

23010 Lake Forest Dr.,
Suite D321
Laguna Hills,
CA 92653

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★ SINCE 1910 ★

DBS Xpress
For Books: (800) 635-0045
Mon.-Sat. 9PM to Midnight & Sun. 12PM-5PM ET

Congregation

Contemporary Writers Read the Jewish Bible

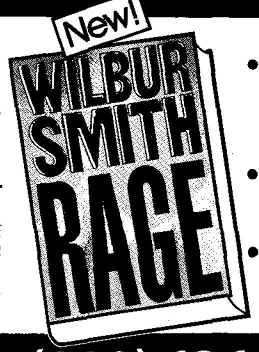
Edited by David Rosenberg

"These essays deftly combine personal memoirs and literary experiences, self portraits of their authors and luminous readings of the texts themselves."
—New York Times Book Review

A Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Book $29.95

Doubleday Book Shops
724 5th Ave. at 57th St. N.Y. N.Y. 10019 (212) 397-0550
Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrap ★ Open to Midnight

BOOKS ON TAPE™



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

(800) 626-3333

Walk Vermont this spring.

Spring in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom brings splendid wildflowers, a profusion of birds, clear rushing waters and pastel hued days. Welcome Spring on our unique walking tours. Day hikes are designed for every level of fitness. Rustic lakeside accommodations, delicious meals and many additional recreational opportunities are included.
Call or write for brochure.

Vermont Walking Tours
Box Y, Craftsbury Common, Vermont 05827 802-586-7767

Macmillan expressed no misgivings about the charges against Ward or the conduct of the trial. But Macmillan, after all, had an administration to rescue. The clients "of high estate" had, for want of a better term, only their good names.

So, in the end, Ward stood in the dock articulate but helpless while all the grateful guests who could have trashed the actual indictment ran for cover in a body. At the end of the seventh day of the trial, after the closing speech for the prosecution and the first part of the judge's summing-up, Ward went home and took "enough Nembutal tablets to kill a horse." Next morning, the prosecutor presented a doctor's note certifying that Ward was too ill to appear in court. Nevertheless, the judge decided to continue. He finished his summing-up, the jury retired, and after four and a half hours found Ward guilty of living off the immoral earnings of both Keeler and Rice-Davies. The judge dismissed the jury and announced that he would delay the sentencing until Ward had regained his health. He never, in fact, regained consciousness, and died three days later. In the light of the Knightley-Kennedy record, it is hard not to second their conclusion that Ward was "the only player to leave the stage with dignity."

To the no doubt vast relief of their heirs and successors, most of the main actors in this shabby play are dead. A month after the abrupt end of the trial, Prime Minister Macmillan published a report on the whole affair, which he had asked a High Court judge, Lord Denning, to prepare for him. Denning was a distinguished jurist, greatly admired, and surely his judgment would put to rest any lingering doubts about the character and the guilt of Stephen Ward. In the result, the report showed Denning to be, if anything, less disinterested than either the judge or the prosecutor. He, too, ignored the relevant evidence of the defense, as well as the record of the prolonged intimidation of Ward, of Keeler, and of a prostitute who first admitted to a tissue of lies against Ward. Denning concluded with a series of untested assertions: "Ward admired the Soviet regime and sympathized with the communists. He advocated their cause. . . . [He was] ready to arrange for whipping and other sadistic performances. . . . He introduced [Keeler] to the drug Indian hemp and she became addicted to it." Ludovic Kennedy, who had sat through the trial, telephoned one of Denning's assistants to remind him that most of the allegations against Ward had been provided by Keeler, Rice-Davies, and other prosecution witnesses who later admitted to wholesale lying. Mr. Kennedy was told that "we were under a lot of pressure . . . and we really didn't have time to read the report of the trial in detail." There is, in fact, little in the Denning report to modify the suspicion that before it was written the author had concluded that Ward was a thoroughly nasty lot and was bound to be guilty as charged.

Ward remains a sad early victim of the berserker license of the media: the rage to exploit prurience and to print and air anything and everything in the sacred name of freedom. And this historic miscarriage of justice can now be seen as a herald of a process that has become common in the permissive society—a seepage, or backup, of the toxic flood of printed and broadcast gossip, rumor, hearsay into the organs of government that were supposed to be sifting the truth. Something of the sort went on in the Iran-Contra hearings and in the Bork-confirmation hearings, in which the responsible committees were at the start so loaded with prejudice on one side or the other as to outweigh the chances of a cool analysis. Before Ward ever came to court, he was doomed by the published lies of Keeler and Rice-Davies, among others, and by the huge accumulation of lubricious detail that spilled over from the slum press into the public's (i.e. the jury's) sense of what the law is about. Looking back to the Regency, that earlier period of tolerance, we can see how the press was limited in those days to what a participant was willing to divulge, and how far we have come since the notorious trollop Harriette Wilson began her memoirs with the passage "I shall not say why and how I became, at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven. . . . I am not in the humour to gratify curiosity in this matter."

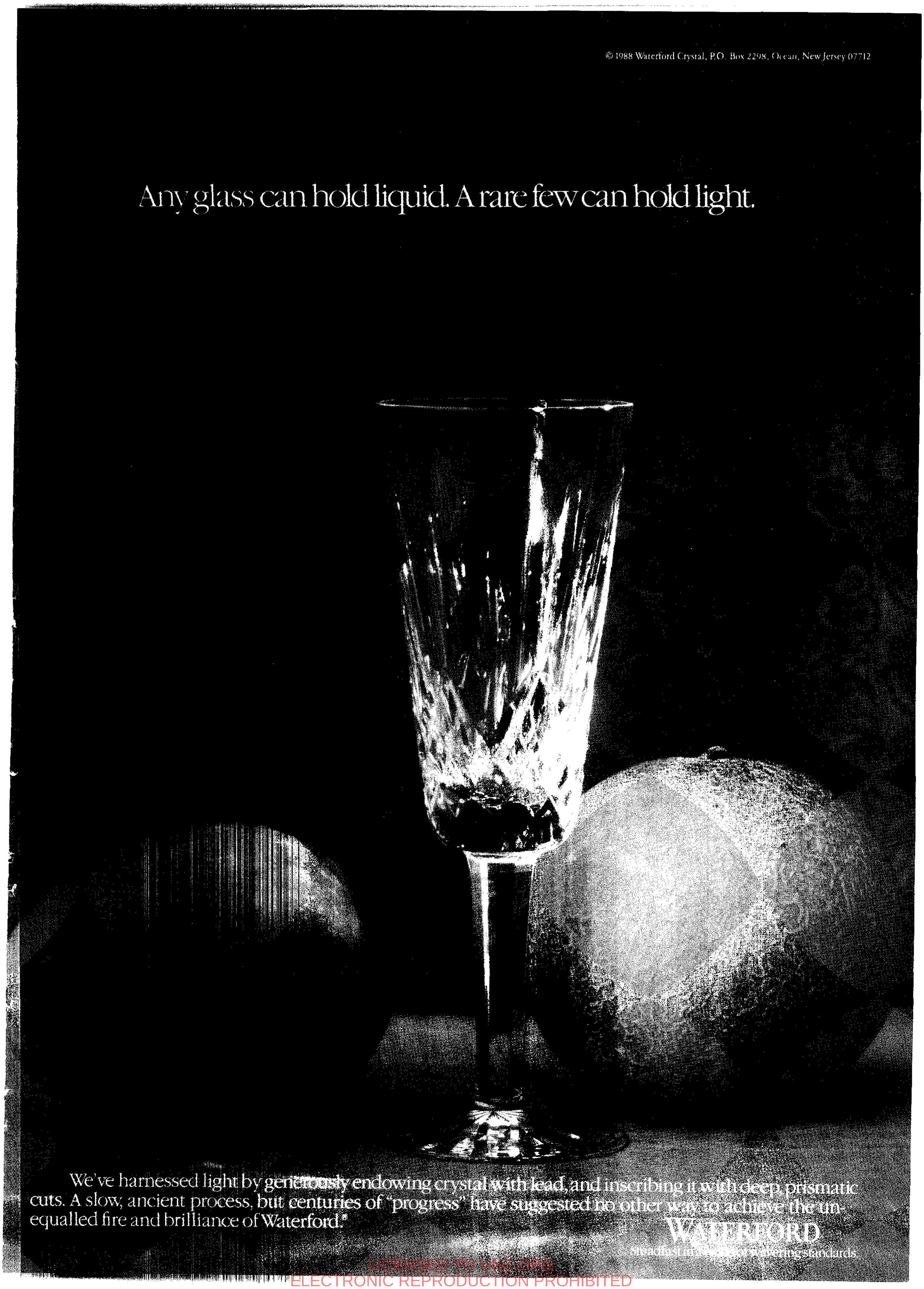
—ALISTAIR COOKE

•

CLEAR DAYS IN TENNESSEE

[*From the Daily Beacon, newspaper of the University of Tennessee*]

In 1978, Tennessee became the first state to adopt a child passenger protection law requiring the parents of children under four years of age to be restrained in a child safety seat.



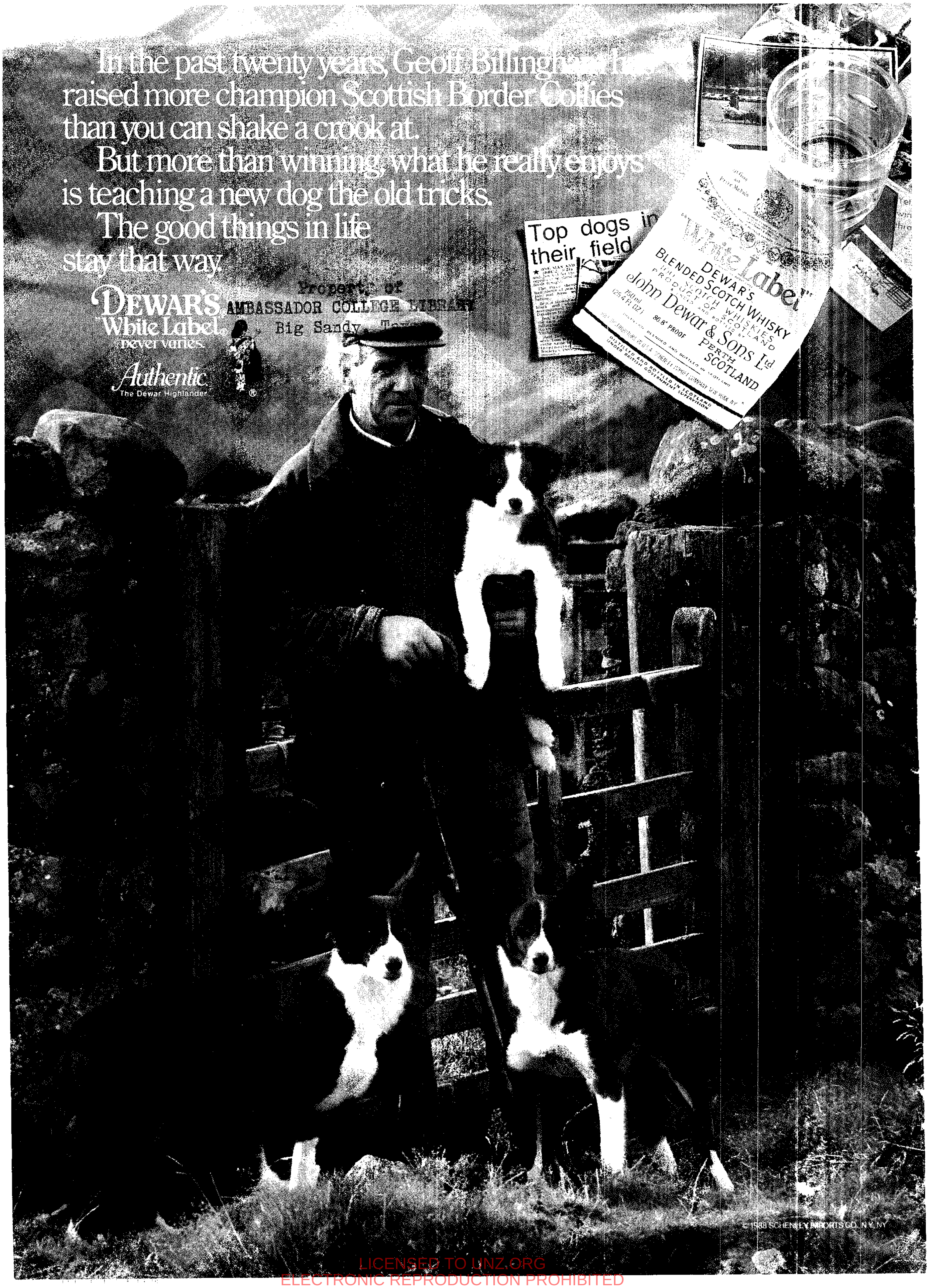
© 1988 Waterford Crystal, P.O. Box 2298, Ocean, New Jersey 07712

Any glass can hold liquid. A rare few can hold light.

We've harnessed light by generously endowing crystal with lead, and inscribing it with deep, prismatic cuts. A slow, ancient process, but centuries of "progress" have suggested no other way to achieve the unequalled fire and brilliance of Waterford.®

WATERFORD

Steadfast in a world of wavering standards.


In the past twenty years, Geoff Billingham has raised more champion Scottish Border Collies than you can shake a crook at.
But more than winning, what he really enjoys is teaching a new dog the old tricks.
The good things in life stay that way.
DEWAR'S White Label never varies.
Authentic.
The Dewar Highlander ®
Top dogs in their field
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
SCOTLAND
750 ml
(25.4 FL. OZ.)
86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
© 1988 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO. N.Y., N.Y.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Tex.